

# ★ PHOTOPLAY

*January*

15c

## EASY TO LOVE

My Wife  
Esther Williams  
By Ben Gage



9P 2/50 3Y R 79138  
MRS C SLOSBURG  
7 CLEVELAND RD  
BROOKLINE 46 MASS

William  
By Paul H



**A SENSATIONAL PERFORMER!**

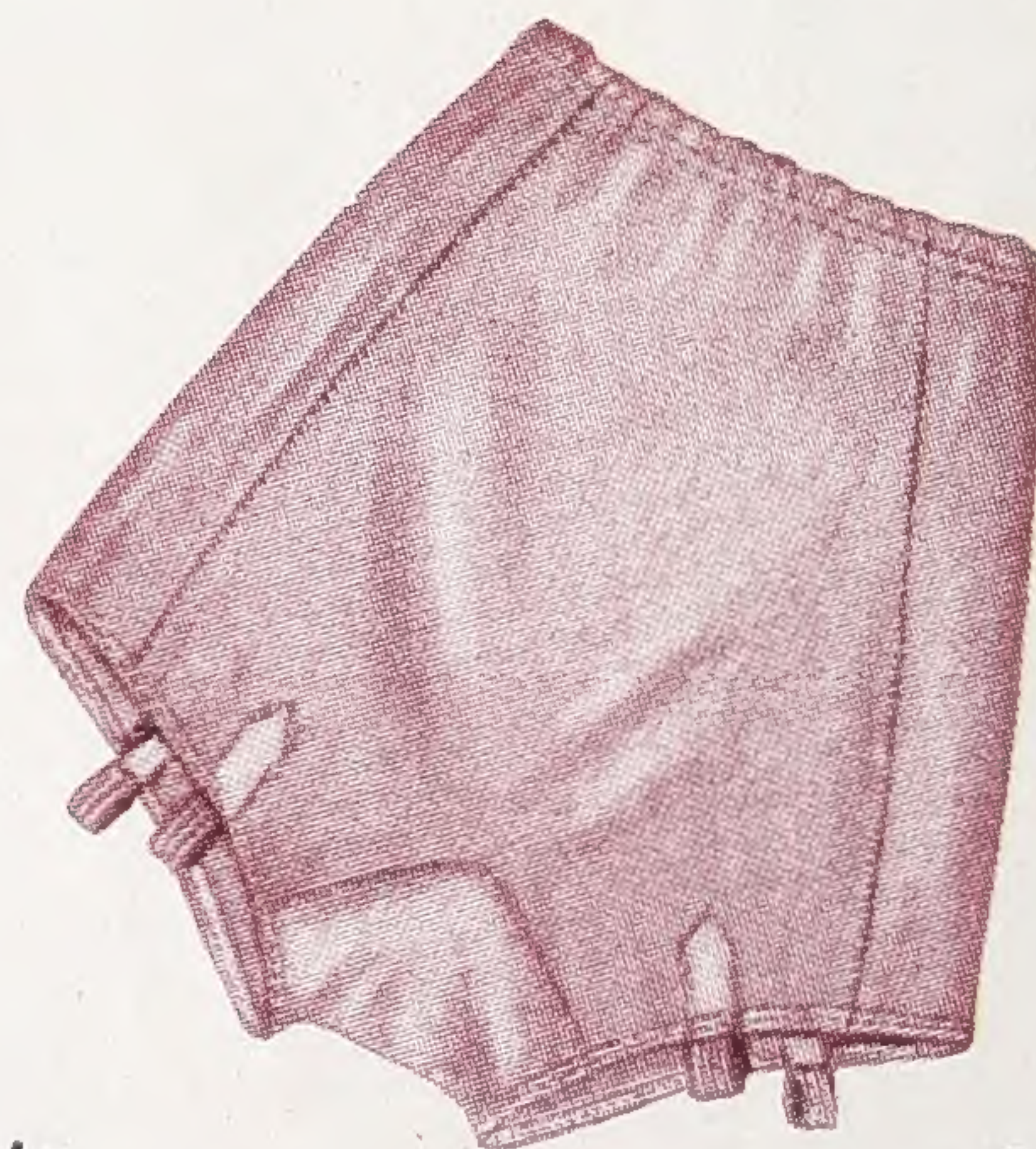


# Suspants® . . . . . fits them all!

Whether your figure is toothpickian, splendiforous or overly endowed, you can hurdle the girdle and look svelte without garter belt when you wear Suspants, the wonder undie. Wear it with garters to keep your stockings up or without garters on stockingless occasions.

*There's a style and size for almost every figure in a fabric for just the tummy and hip control you need.*

RUNPROOF RAYON	\$1.50	DOUBLE WOVEN	\$1.98
LACY BRIEF	\$1.50	KNIT WITH LATON	\$1.98
ALADDIN PRINT	\$1.50	MADE OF NYLON	\$2.50



THE UNDIE YOU CAN WEAR WITH GARTERS

**Blue Swan**

UNDIES • SLIPS • GOWNS

BLUE SWAN MILLS, Division of McKay Products Corp.  
350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

A MCKAY PRODUCT  
Pat. App. for





## THE CUTER THEY ARE THE HARDER THEY FALL

By Sonia Lee

AS THE TOWERS of Manhattan gleamed in the morning sun, Clara's hopeful young heart pounded with eagerness and expectation. "What a beautiful city!" she thought. "My city to be!"

There would be so many fascinating places to see . . . so many famous people to meet . . . such an interesting job in one of the big studios. And, of course, a wonderful man whom she would some day meet and marry.

The vast catacombs of brick and mortar held no terror for her whatsoever. With her courage, her ability, her looks, how could she fail? As the train shot into the tunnel she took a last look at the tall buildings, now warming under the rising sun.

"It's my oyster, my great, big,

beautiful oyster! And I'm the one to open it."

At first, things seemed to go beautifully. She *did* meet a few famous people . . . but they didn't see her a second time. She *did* land a good job . . . but somehow it didn't last. And she *did* meet the dream man . . . but he didn't last, either.

Poor little, cute little Clara! She had every charm but one\*. But without that one charm it is pretty hard for anyone to get by for very long. The cuter they are the harder they fall.

In romance as in business, halitosis\* (unpleasant breath), whether chronic or occasional, can be three strikes against you. The insidious

thing is that you, yourself, may not realize when you're guilty. But why risk offending even occasionally?

Why put yourself in a bad light even once when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple, delightful *extra careful* precaution against bad breath? You merely rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, and instantly your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, less likely to offend. Never, never omit *this extra careful precaution* before any appointment where you want to be at your best.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY



# Don't be Half-safe!



by  
**VALDA SHERMAN**

**At the first blush of womanhood** many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

**There is nothing "wrong"** with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

**Two dangers**—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

**All deodorants are not alike**—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

**Intimate protection is needed**—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

**Don't be half-safe.** During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

(Advertisement)

# PHOTOPLAY

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JUNE ALLYSON



GENE KELLY



JUDY GARLAND

**M.G.M.** presents

a spectacular musical, packed with the beloved hits of the famed song-writing team of Rodgers and Hart; their own story, with all the adventure, romance, high life of the Great White Way.

# Words AND Music

starring

JUNE ALLYSON  
PERRY COMO  
JUDY GARLAND  
LENA HORNE  
GENE KELLY  
MICKEY ROONEY  
ANN SOTHERN

Technicolor

color by

with  
TOM DRAKE • CYD CHARISSE • BETTY GARRETT • JANET LEIGH  
MARSHALL THOMPSON • MEL TORME • VERA-ELLEN

Musical Numbers Directed by ROBERT ALTON    Directed by NORMAN TAUROG    Produced by ARTHUR FREED

Based on the Lives and Music of RICHARD RODGERS and LORENZ HART

Screen Play by  
FRED FINKELHOFF

Story by  
GUY BOLTON and  
JEAN HOLLOWAY

Adaptation by  
BEN FEINER, Jr.

20  
Hit  
Songs

Manhattan  
Small Hotel  
With A Song In My Heart  
Spring Is Here  
Where Or When  
The Lady Is A Tramp

On Your Toes  
Blue Room  
March Of The Knights  
Thou Swell  
Someone Should Tell Them  
Blue Moon  
Way Out West On West End Avenue

I Wish I Were In Love Again  
Mountain Greenery  
Where's That Rainbow  
A Tree In The Park  
A Little Birdie Told Me So  
Slaughter On 10th Avenue  
Johnny-One-Note

A  
METRO-  
GOLDWYN-  
MAYER  
PICTURE



MICKEY ROONEY



LENA HORNE



PERRY COMO



ANN SOTHERN



# Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



## One Permanent Cost \$15...the TONI only \$2

Make your first New Year Resolution—a Toni Home Permanent! Yes, decide right now to give yourself a Toni and have lovelier, more natural-looking waves than ever before! But first you'll want to know:

### Will TONI work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

### Is it easy to do?

Amazingly easy. Instructions in each Toni Kit show you how with simple step by step pictures. It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. No wonder more than 2 million women a month use Toni.

### Will TONI save me time?

Toni puts half-a-day back in your life. For you give yourself a Toni wave right at home. You are free to do whatever you want while the wave is "taking".

### How long will my TONI wave last?

Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as any \$15 beauty shop permanent—or you get back every cent you paid.

### How much will I save with TONI?

You save money not just once with Toni—but *every time* you give yourself a lovely Toni wave! For the Toni Kit with plastic curlers costs only \$2. You can use the plastic curlers again and again. So, for your second Toni wave, all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs only \$1... yet there's no finer permanent at any price!

### Which twin has the TONI?

Attractive Frances and Bernadette Hanson live in New York City. Frances, the twin on the right, says: "My Toni Wave was soft and natural-looking right from the start." Bernadette says, "We're Toni Twins from now on!"



# PLATTER

*Fatter*

By Lester Gottlieb

**HAMLET:** Victor-Red Seal offers a supreme treat; stirring excerpts from this "must" movie with the brilliant Laurence Olivier as *The Melancholy Dane*.

**GENE KELLY:** The imaginative star demonstrates the various styles of such song-and-dance men as George M. Cohan, Fred Astaire, Pat Rooney, George Primrose, Bill Robinson and Eddie Leonard, in a cavalcade of assorted rhymes, clogs and taps that's a dilly. (M-G-M)

**DANNY KAYE:** A new Decca album features the carrot-top in a grouping of Gilbert and Sullivan patter songs. Incidentally, "A Song Is Born" has the waxworkers busy. The ageless Louis Armstrong handles the title song with an assist from another jazz great, Jack Teagarden. The Page Cavanaugh Trio check in with the catchy "Daddy-O." (Victor)

**WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME:** This has two song items geared for the hit class. Listen to Dinah Shore (Columbia) sing "What Did I Do?" and baritone Art Lund (M-G-M) click with "By the Way."

**SO DEAR TO MY HEART:** The new Disney feature comes through with two fine melodies, "Lavender Blue," a cute jingly conceit, and a straight ballad title tune. Dinah Shore sings both of them (Columbia) but practically every other recording artist has done one or the other.

**THE NIGHT HAS 1,000 EYES:** Now it's Vic Damone (Mercury) who turns in a slick performance of the title tune.

David Rose has a lush collection of "Serenades" put together by M-G-M...

A grouping of Russian folk melodies unfolds in a new Columbia album conducted by Marek Weber... Philip Greene and his orchestra play an albumful of familiar classical melodies that the whole family should enjoy. Called "Family Album," it includes such standards as "Elegie," "Barcarolle" and "Souvenir"... Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony" is elegantly treated by Serge Koussevitzky and the renowned Boston Symphony for Victor-Red Seal.

CLASSICAL CORNER

**NOW over <sup>2</sup>/<sub>X</sub> million women  
a month use Toni**



**THOSE GUYS  
IN THE SKIES  
WITH WINGS  
ON THEIR  
HEARTS  
BRING A  
ROARING  
NEW THRILL  
TO YOURS!**

**WARNER  
BROS.  
PRESENT**

# FIGHTER SQUADRON

*The Flying Fist of the Air Force!*

IN COLOR BY  
**TECHNICOLOR**

There's new glory in the air  
and this is the story  
that tells of it—with  
the flyin'-est, fun-lovin'-est  
Yankee Doodle daredevils  
the adventure-screen  
has yet seen!

*If it had  
wings they'd  
fly in it! If it  
had skirts they'd  
fight for it!*

STARRING  
**EDMOND O'BRIEN · ROBERT STACK · JOHN RODNEY · RAUL WALSH · SETON I. MILLER**  
with TOM D'ANDREA · HENRY HULL written by SETON I. MILLER Additional Dialogue by Martin Rackin Music by Max Steiner

DIRECTED BY

PRODUCED BY





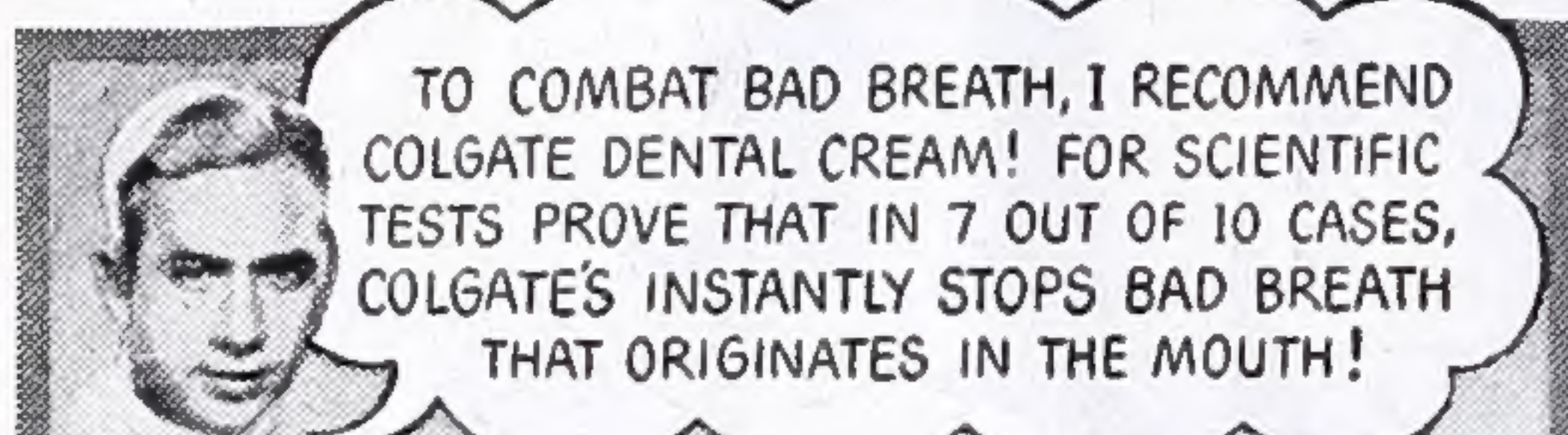
**It's All History  
-but No  
Dates!**



IT'S SO LONG  
SINCE I'VE HAD A DATE,  
I FEEL POSITIVELY  
DATED. I'D RATHER  
MAKE HISTORY FOR  
A CHANGE!



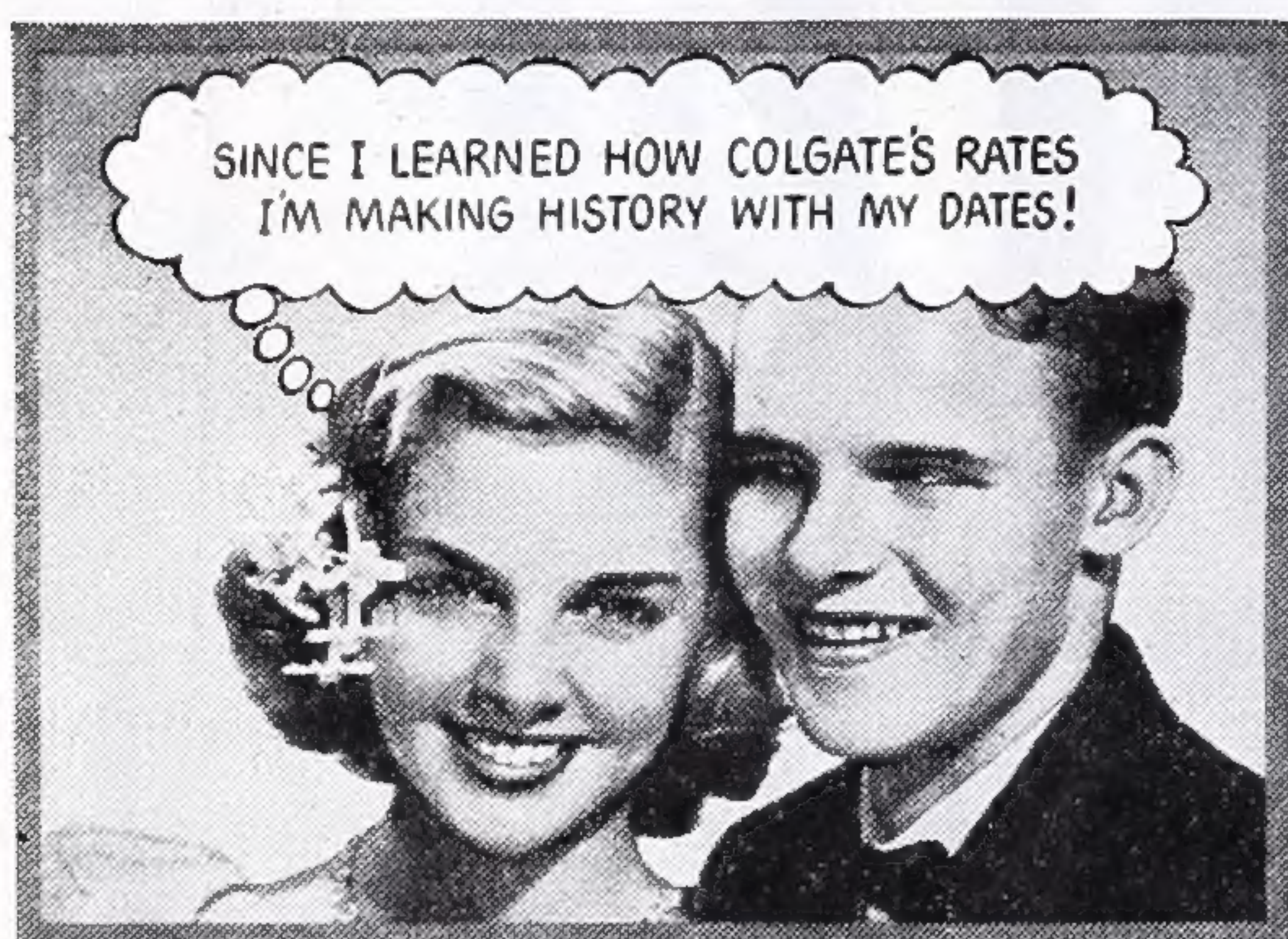
FINE! BUT FIRST, GET  
THE FACTS ON—ON  
BAD BREATH FROM  
YOUR DENTIST,  
HONEY!



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND  
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC  
TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES,  
COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH  
THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"

**LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream**



SINCE I LEARNED HOW COLGATE'S RATES  
I'M MAKING HISTORY WITH MY DATES!

**COLGATE  
DENTAL CREAM**  
Cleans Your Breath  
While It Cleans  
Your Teeth!



Always use  
**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM**  
after you eat and before every date

# What Should I Do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED  
BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



DEAR Miss Colbert:

I'm seeking some good psychology to use on my husband-to-be. I'm not going to ask you should I break with him now, because I'd drop dead if you answered "Yes." He's a wonderful guy, just swell to me, but he's very serious-minded. I'm afraid he is so serious that he may scare away all our friends. He kids with me when we're alone, but when we go out he seems to be afraid to "cut up" or let himself go and have a good time. What I want is some new psychology to get him out of this continued seriousness without criticizing or nagging.

Altona C.

*The psychology I am going to suggest is aimed, not at your fiance, but at you. In order to take the first step toward happiness, husband and wife must admit that each is a separate individual, each different and each entitled to be different. What is natural and easy for you might well be impossible for your fiance. Furthermore, since you are gay and light-hearted, I should think you would delight in the contrast of your serious fiance. Here is one other thought and an important one: In years to come you will have reason to be grateful for his seriousness. A clown is fun for two hours at a circus, but I don't believe you'd find him quite as funny after a performance lasting two weeks. Try the "old" psychology of permitting every human being to be himself and your chances of a happy marriage will increase greatly.*

*Claudette Colbert*

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-four and an accountant by profession. I think my problem is restlessness. I am not too crazy about the opposite sex and have yet to find a girl I could really love. I am terribly choosy about my friends but I always seem to be able to get a date because I dance, swim, play tennis, and spend money extravagantly. Out of the number of girls I meet and date, I can't stay interested in one more than a few weeks. I hope you don't think I'm conceited, but I've been reading your column for a long time and finally felt impelled to state the man's side of some of these cases. Take me: I date a girl and the first thing I know she is asking me what kind of furniture I like, how many children I think a couple should have, and so forth. A man goes out for laughs and fun; a girl goes out on the wedding ring prowl. I'd like to fall in love and establish some sort of security, but I'm not positive I'm right in my job yet and I don't like to be pushed into committing myself, which is what most girls try to do. Do you think a guy of twenty-four is crazy if he says he doesn't want to marry until he is around thirty and then wants to pick out a girl who knows something beside the name of every band leader in the business and the latest slang cliché?

John J.

*I gather that you have your opinions, but you are half afraid that they are not popular opinions, so you feel you should*

*almost be ashamed of them. Nonsense. From the letters I receive, I have concluded that frequently a girl is inclined to maneuver a man into a position from which he cannot "with honor" withdraw. I think you are wise, since you feel no job security and since you are tormented by a type of emotional restlessness, to avoid entanglements. Also, I think many of my readers will be enlightened considerably by your suggestion that a prospective wife should be more homemaker than party girl.*

*Claudette Colbert*

DEAR Miss Colbert:

I am thirty-five years old. I look younger than my years, but I am a broken-hearted and lonely woman. I have one brother and one sister, both married, but it has been understood in the family that I would remain at home with my mother and father, both of whom are in excellent health. If I attempt to go out with girl friends more often than once a month, Mother makes a fuss. When I have a date with a man, Mother is pleasant during his first two or three visits, then she becomes unbearable. Two years ago I met a fine man who took an immediate interest in me. We started to go steady after three dates, but at the end of two months Mother was so terrible that I couldn't have him call for me at my home. She would criticize me, make fun of my appearance, point out all my faults, always laughingly, of course, as if it were a joke. I began to meet this man at the home of a girl friend and for several months things went along quite well. However, once in a while he would say, "Your voice sounded like your mother's," or "I think you resemble your mother more than your father," or some such thing. Finally he stopped calling me. He was transferred and I received a letter from him occasionally. In one he said he wished he had met me away from my home town; he thought it would have made all the difference between us. I knew what he meant. Last night I received an invitation to his wedding. I am sure that I would have been the bride at his wedding if it had not been for my mother. When those who should love one and want only the best, seem to be enemies, what can a woman do?

Louella P.

*More crimes are committed in the name of "mother love" than one can imagine. Yours, however, is a fairly easy case because both of your parents are in good health. The situation is heartbreaking, indeed, when a mother is ailing and a child can take no definite action. You should begin to make a life for yourself. If you possibly can, try to find an apartment and invite your girl friends and eventually your boy friends to your own home. Simply strike out for yourself and refuse to listen to all the criticism, which will inevitably result. At thirty-five you can make a good life for yourself if you will show some spirit; in five years it may be too late.*

*Claudette Colbert*

(Continued on page 8)



at 10 a.m.  
...hired!



at 1 p.m.  
...dated!



at 6 p.m.  
...dined!



at 9 p.m.  
...what now, little  
girl, what now!



**BUT** later (much later)  
...they just couldn't  
say goodnight!...



MEMO

HARRY M. POPKIN presents

LARAINÉ DAY  
KIRK DOUGLAS  
KEENAN WYNN  
HELEN WALKER  
in

**'My Dear Secretary'**

The funniest  
100 minutes  
on film!



Now you can  
see what really  
happens when  
the boss is  
"in conference!"



See the  
BIG  
parade  
of  
Sec's!

with RUDY VALLEE · FLORENCE BATES · ALAN MOWBRAY

GALE ROBBINS · IRENE RYAN · GRADY SUTTON · Produced by LEO C. POPKIN

Written and Directed by CHARLES MARTIN · A Harry M. Popkin Production · Released thru United Artists



# Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



*Because*

**Veto gives you  
Double  
Protection!**

*So effective* ... Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

*So gentle* ... Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. *Doubly Safe!* Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!



**Veto  
Lasts and  
Lasts  
From Bath  
to Bath**

(Continued from page 6)

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am now sixteen and in the tenth grade. I have an older sister who had to get married when she was fourteen. The people in this little town have named her "bad girl." Because of this I have no real friends. My sister doesn't even live here; she moved away during the war, but when I walk down the street people look me over and I know they are thinking, "There goes that bad girl's sister." I have tried to make nice girl friends, but when the mothers find out who I am, they forbid their daughters to go with me. The oddest thing of all is that my sister is now very happy, her husband is successful and they have a pretty little daughter. I am glad for her, but sometimes I feel as if I am paying for her mistake and it doesn't seem fair.

Edith M.

*You musn't jump to conclusions that people are talking about you; ninety percent of the time people talk only about themselves. So dismiss from your mind the fear that you are being called names when you pass down the street. You should look out upon the world instead of feeling that it is scowling upon you. Don't waste your energies in self-pity. Keep busy, keep your mind active. If the mother of one girl is so stupid as to rule you out as a companion, turn your attention to another girl. Remember always: No one can hurt you emotionally except yourself. You can refuse to be hurt.*

*Claudette Colbert*

Dear Miss Colbert:

My husband and I both love children, so, before we were married, we discussed having a family and decided that we wanted at least four youngsters.

However, we had been married nearly five years before our first child came along. Because my husband is an attorney, he made great plans for having a son to follow in his footsteps and to inherit the business. Our son was born prematurely, but he seemed lusty and strong. My husband and I were in the height of our glory until we discovered that the baby was blind. Specialists have warned us that until medical science progresses far beyond its present stages, nothing can be done. Meanwhile my husband has grown morose. He refuses to have anything to do with the boy and can scarcely bear to be in the same room with him. To me, my husband is distant and indifferent, although the doctor has assured him that the baby's blindness is not my fault. An added problem is that the doctor does not think it would be wise for me to have another child. I have been thinking of divorcing my husband, accepting his financial help until our boy is old enough to be left with a good nurse-teacher, then striking out and building a new life for my son and for me.

If I could reach my husband by tears, by reasoning, by some appeal, I wouldn't be so desperate, but he simply walks out of the house when I try to discuss our situation. There is no other woman; his friends have told me that he works at his office until all hours of the night and accepts the most difficult cases, and they advise me to persuade him "to take it easy." He won't listen.

(Mrs.) Rosamond F.

*You must not for an instant believe that your situation is hopeless, for with courage you will be able to hold your family together. For the sake of your son, you should start at once to take instruction at some institution which specializes in preparing the sightless for a contented and a useful life. There are*

*such institutions in every large city in America. Ask your doctor to direct you to such a foundation, so that you will be equipped to speed your son's progress. Probably you have not fully understood your husband's nature, even during the pre-parenthood days of your marriage. I suspect that your husband is a man to whom pride is everything; pride in himself as a man, in his family, in his profession. Pride can be a splendid thing, but it can also make a man bitter and cruel, unless it can be turned to useful purpose. What you must do is to make your husband proud of his ability to aid his son; flattery may turn the trick.*

*Finally, you must not despair of having another child or children. If your mind can be set at rest about the development of your son, your physical condition might improve enough to surprise your doctor.*

*Claudette Colbert*

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have a baby daughter who is causing me much concern. You see, I keep wondering what would happen to her if I should die. Suppose my husband should marry again; would the woman he chose bring up my daughter the way I'd be proud to have her grow up? The thought frightens me and is always uppermost in my mind.

I brought the subject up at dinner one night but didn't get much consolation. My husband said merely that if anything happened to me he would have his mother rear our little girl. That was the last straw. To bring her up in the environment of my mother-in-law's home would be something I could not bear to think about. Perhaps I should explain that I am in the best of health. I am only twenty-three but I think things of this nature should be planned in case of accident.

Denise C.

*Your state of extreme anxiety is not unusual for the new mother of a first child. You love the baby to distraction and so you are calling up horrors with which to worry yourself. You should talk quite frankly to your doctor. Remember that any woman who is tormented by such anxieties as you have described may not have regained her strength following the birth of her baby. Also, remember that the things we fear almost never happen. The world is essentially a warm and friendly place and the welfare of children is dear to the heart of God. Talk to your doctor and then renew the faith within your own heart.*

*Claudette Colbert*

*Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of*

*Claudette Colbert?*

If you would, write to her in care of Photonlay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.



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with *Ellen* **DREW**

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Screenplay by ROBERT D. ANDREWS and BEN MADDOW

Directed by HENRY LEVIN • Produced by JULES SCHERMER



# INSIDE STUFF

## Cal York's Gossip Of

**Around Town:** Jane Wyman and Lew Ayres continue to see each other but not so often in public . . . The advice on infant care given over the telephone by Shirley Temple to Jane Withers, whose baby is a year younger, is something to hear. It took motherhood to establish a real friendship between Shirley and Jane who were once screen rivals . . . Marie McDonald, pretty as a picture in her polka-dotted frock, planted "The Body" in a booth beside Cal at Romanoff's, softly singing the chorus of "Nature Boy." It expresses Marie's philosophy, she says, of "just to love and be loved," which may be an explanation of her radiance these days . . .

**Why You Fan, You:** Hollywood personalities receive a great variety of fan mail, some of it flattering and some critical. Cornel Wilde passed on to his friends, one he recently received which reads: "Dear Cornel: I see all your pictures and like you very much. You are my very favorite star. So I wonder if you will send me on any scraps of film that have been cut from your movies.

I have gophers in the front yard and if I burn the film in their dugouts, they will die. Thank you very much." Cornel can't make out whether to be flattered or sore.

**The No-Tie Boy:** When the Van Johnsons telephoned the much sought after Montgomery Clift to invite him to a dinner party, the town's newest rave hesitated. "It's okay," Van assured him, remembering his own bachelor days with their flood of invitations, "just telephone us when you decide." The next day Monty phoned back. "Look, I want to come," he said, "but the truth is I don't own a tuxedo." Evie assured him it would be quite all right to borrow one from his studio, where they were always ready to help out. An hour or two before the party was scheduled, Monty phoned again. Again Van remembered the old days when he had telephoned last regrets to a hostess and thought to himself, "my social blunders are now catching up with me." But he was wrong. Monty merely called to say he had the tux but had forgotten the tie.

So, at their insistence, he came early and wore one of Van's black ties. Incidentally, Clift comes from a family of affluence where black ties have never been a problem. But he is so little interested in the social side of Hollywood and so sincere in his career, all else goes by the board.

**A Loper Party:** Hollywood's famous designer, Don Loper, knows how to give a charming and interesting party with just the right groups of people. One week the Italian artists will gather, with Rossano Brazzi and Valentina Cortessi present to lend interest, and the next week the English and Americans will be present. At one of Don's recent gatherings we watched the way Greer Garson repeated Buddy Fogelson's stories, with a real pride in her man. Buddy never leaves her side and between these two there's a wonderful unspoken but definite flow of understanding.

Incidentally, Greer is the only woman we know who would dare wear a bright red dress that makes her own red hair an odd orange color by contrast.



When Jean Peters went to the Los Angeles County Fair she sampled everything—including floss candy!



Three for the show-ing of "Apartment for Peggy": Dan Dailey, with wife and Barbara Lawrence, turns that big grin fan-wards



# Hollywood

**Chit Chat:** Seems odd to see sedate and serious-minded Ronald Reagan courting pretty girls all over again. His latest at Mocambo was pretty Shirley Ballard . . . The actor that astonishes other actors the most is Burt Lancaster who is not only a screen sensation but is co-producing his own. Fear that it can't last prompts Burt to get going, a fear that he shouldn't have bought a new home or car lest all will be over tomorrow; a fear that keeps him from basking or relaxing for a moment. And he with those face, them voice, those force yet! Other actors should please note . . . Audrey Totter admits she's in love with writer Charles Grayson but Cal believes Audrey too career-minded for marriage at the moment. . . . Ask the paralytics in the local Veterans' hospitals where Susan Peters spends most of her time and watch their faces light up . . . Our vote for the soundest marriage in town goes to Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, who subordinated her career to marriage. They live away from the Hollywood whirl on their secluded ranch and love it.



A bit of all right! Maureen O'Hara and Dana Andrews gave Londoners and this Buckingham Palace guard a preview of their nineteenth century costumes for "Affairs of Adelaide"



Howard Duff and Ava Gardner corner comedienne Kay Thompson at Beverly Wilshire party. For Danny Kaye's scream-impersonation of Kay at her best, turn to page 50

## INSIDE STUFF





# INSIDE STUFF



There's a new look to Shirley Temple—but it's not just husband John Agar that's causing it—it's the new shortie bob the junior missus is wearing

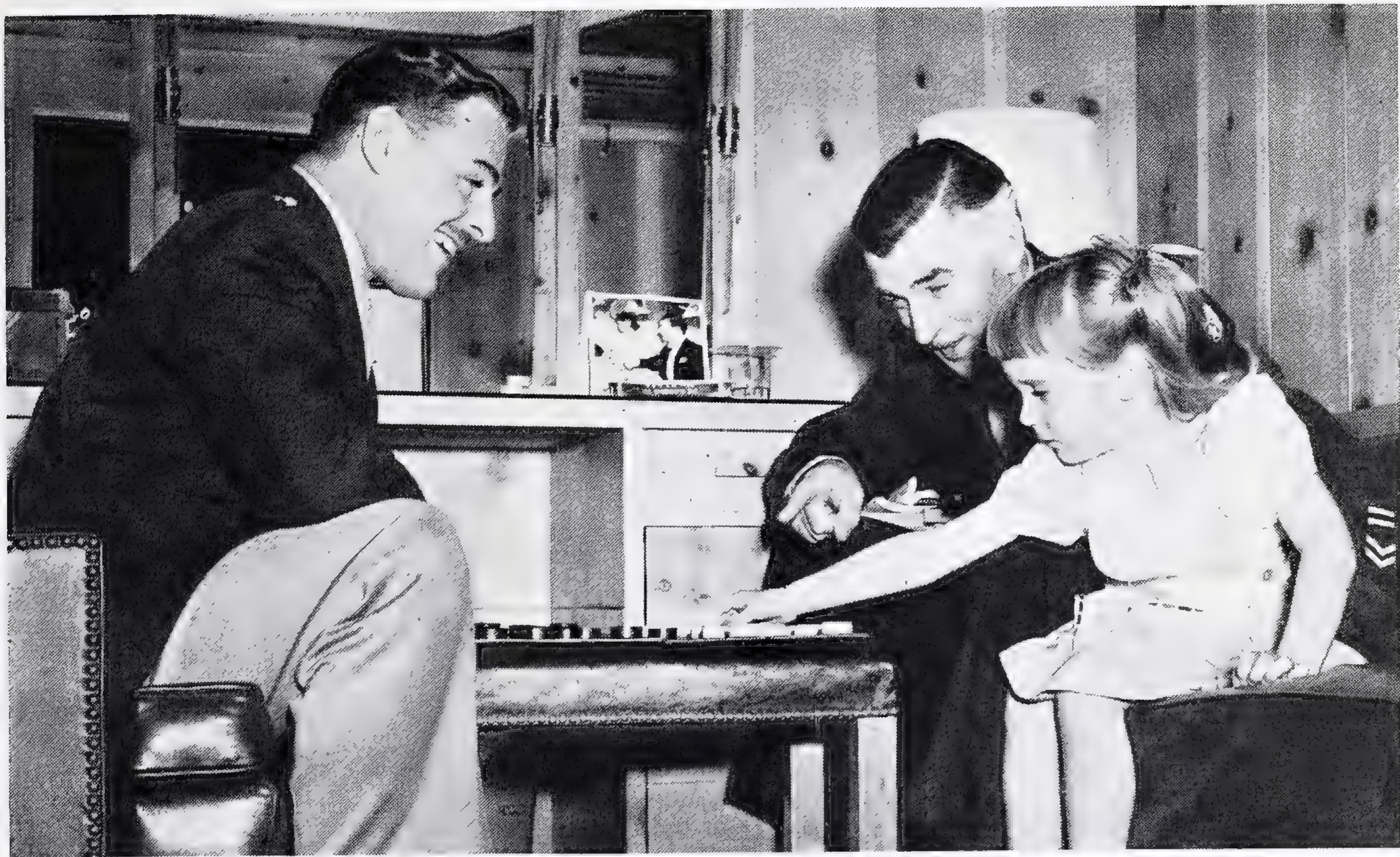


Breakdown—from happiness: Jane Wyman was overwhelmed by congratulations she received from Rosalind Russell and other stars for her performance in "Johnny Belinda"



Floored—by their director Robert Sinclair, Ty Power and Gene Tierney rehearse a love scene for their latest film, "That Wonderful Urge"





A lady with a mind of her own, Judy Donlevy doesn't need coaching to know the best move in checkers. Daddy Brian and Walter Pidgeon take the beating like the soldiers they are for "Command Decision" roles

**Star Tour:** It occurs to Cal that the place to see stars is the fur shop of Al Tietelbaum in Beverly Hills. Not a day goes by but some star, and often a half dozen a day, will be found trying on Al's luscious stoles or coats. Recently we spotted Loretta Young, with her husband Tom Lewis, replacing the coats that Loretta lost when her home was robbed. Next day Dorothy Lamour was trying on mole jackets and the following day it was Greer Garson, Mrs. Jack Benny, or any of a dozen others. What a Cook's Tour for the fans, if only they knew. Speaking of shops, we dropped by the swank hat shop of Rex, with a sweet young thing, to suddenly come face to face with Garbo, who still remains the mysterious but adored idol of the stars themselves. The actress was having her old felts reblocked, if you please. At the Girls' Soft Ball games in Burbank, one can always spot Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Dan Dailey and many other Valleyites, while at the Westside market on the Strip, it's a most unusual day not to find three or four of filmdom's great and some of them males, with their shopping baskets on their arms. So, it's all in knowing where to look, we suppose, if it's stars you want to see in Hollywood.

**The Flynns:** The unpredictable Flynns are at it again, with their family spats and misunderstandings, making newspaper copy. A pity it is, too, for they are deeply attached to each other and their two little girls, Diedre and Rory.

The contention seems to lie in the desire of Errol, who has sown a mean oat in his day, to live the quiet life and the yen of Nora, who was married so young, to find pleasures more compatible to her



Too sad to shine at the "Johnny Belinda" showing, Ronnie Reagan made a smiling come-back later, when he dined out with singer Dorothy Shay



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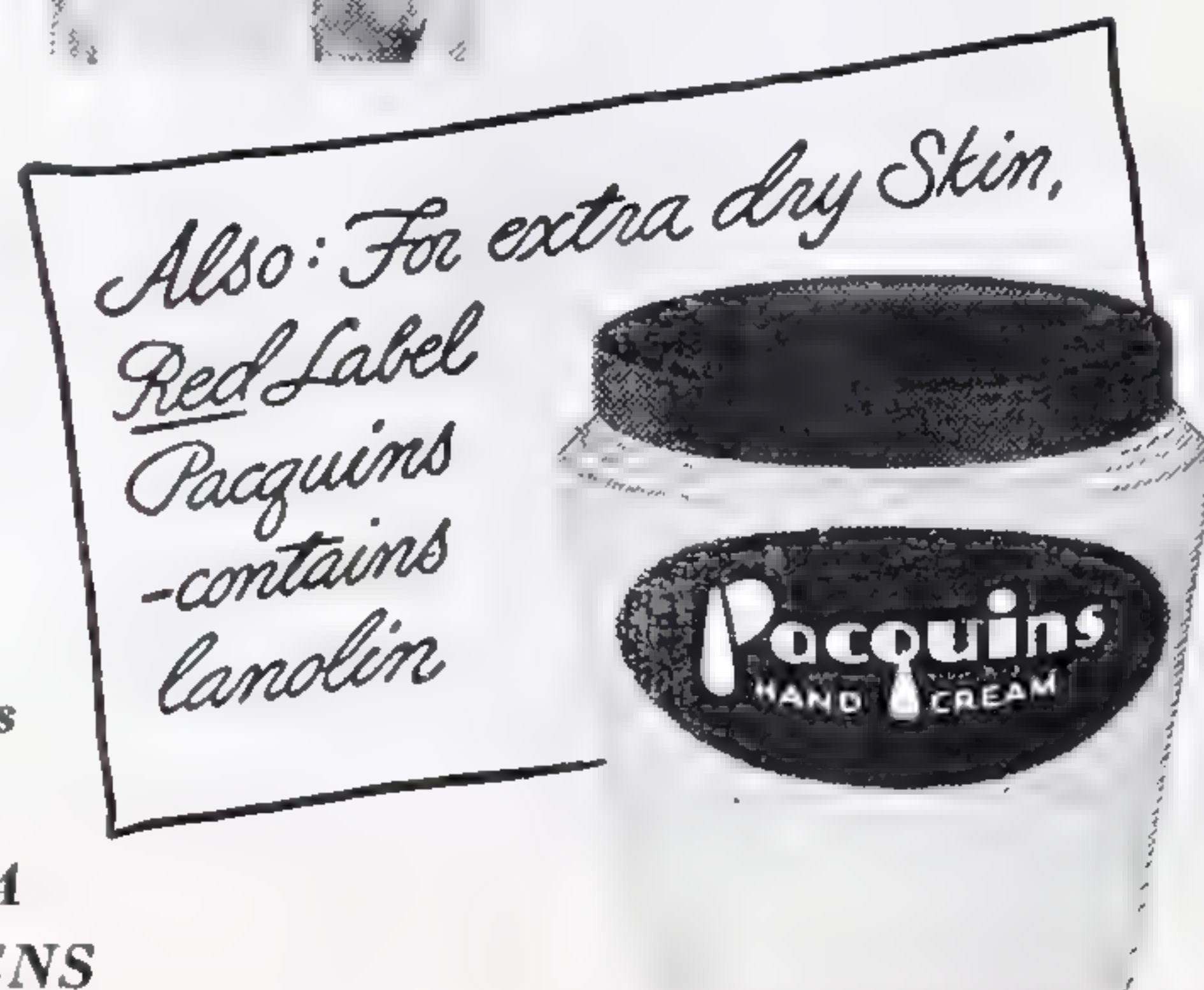
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Among the famous stars who use Pacquins are: GERTRUDE LAWRENCE • LYNN FONTANNE • VERA ZORINA GLADYS SWARTHOUT • RISE STEVENS



ELIZABETH WILKINSON, R.N., says: "We nurses scrub our hands 30 to 40 times a day. Pacquins was made for us. I use it faithfully. Pacquins was originally formulated for nurses and doctors."



## INSIDE STUFF

twenty-five years. Too, the several years Nora lived with her parents and baby Diedre after her marriage, while Errol played solo in his hilltop home, served to provide a basis for their future incompatibilities. Nora had independently gone her way while Errol went his. When Errol finally urged Nora to join him in his own home with their two children, it was too late for readjustments. But they tried and tried hard. After a more than hectic spat, Nora decided on a trial separation despite Errol's pleas. Evidently the lady had had enough and nothing could dissuade her.

**Bits and Pieces:** It looked like Mother's Day on the Fox lot recently when Ann Sothern with her little daughter Patricia, Jeanne Crain with her small son Paul and Linda Darnell with baby Lola all visited the studio on the same day... Rory Calhoun takes turns with the cooking which makes his little bride, Lita Baron, very happy... Bets are that Bob Taylor won't make those three consecutive pictures in England. His wife Barbara Stanwyck may be the reason. Bob doesn't care to be apart from Barbara a whole year.

**About Bob:** There's been a lot of talk about Bob Walker lately. And no one feels worse about it than Bob. He has been unhappy these last few years. It is rumored he's still carrying a torch for his ex-wife Jennifer Jones. However, Bob is too intelligent a young man to believe the answer to any problem can be found in a bottle. The trouble is that Bob takes off to his beach house to brood and finally deliberately goes on the town—to get away from himself and his troubles. He is always filled with remorse afterwards. Bob does not drink consistently and even two or three cocktails are too much for him. We hope he'll straighten out and become the Bob Walker of old.

**Ginger Again:** The feud between Ginger Rogers and Judy Garland is said to have started when Judy paid a courtesy visit to the set of "The Barkleys of Broadway" to visit Fred Astaire, a good friend, and to pay her respects to Ginger who took over the role Judy was unable to play. But instead of being cordially received, Judy is said to have been asked to leave by Miss Rogers. Whether these are the facts or not, Cal can judge only by a similar experience several years ago when Cary Grant invited us to visit him on his set. His co-star was Ginger. After greeting us, Cary asked us to be sure to wait until after the next scene as he wanted to chat. While Cary was discussing some piece of action, we were requested to leave at once, after Miss Rogers's stooge had talked to the assistant director. Pandemonium broke loose in the studio when Cary discovered what had taken place. The publicity director was called by the frantic actor who wanted to know what had happened to his guest. Learning that we had been requested to get ourselves out of sight, he personally expressed his chagrin. So, if the same treatment were accorded Judy, a star on her lot, by a borrowed actress, we know exactly how she feels.

**A Day with Gable:** It was a drizzly Sunday when Clark Gable invited Cal out to his Encino ranch for the day and a potluck dinner. With the logs from the fireplace sending out cheerful warmth

ON SALE AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA



over the brightly beautiful room, we found ourselves relaxing in the pleasant glow and the quiet, sure strength that emanates from this man. Whatever goes on in his own heart and soul no one will know. But that he has achieved the thing Hollywoodites claim to want most, an inner peace that comes from a quiet mastery over circumstances, there can be no doubt. In brown riding breeches and brown turtle-neck sweater, he's quite a figure of a man. After a wonderful dinner, Clark helped clear off the table to make it easier for the one servant who was there that day. Simply and quietly, he lives from day to day. He makes no compromises with ideals, let loneliness or any of its plaguing attributes have at him through the years. With feet placed solidly in the ground of common sense, he still remains a greater romantic figure than any he has ever portrayed. He will always be one of the greats in Hollywood history.

**Diana Decides:** "When I fall in love and know it's the real thing, I'll marry as soon as possible. I just don't believe long engagements work out."

Diana Lynn spoke with that firm conviction of hers so well camouflaged with twinkles and dimples. She met John Lindsay at the home of Stewart Martin and his wife Angela Greene, announced her engagement in late October and made wedding plans for December when "Bitter Victory" would be completed. John, a thirty-year-old brown-haired lad who came here from Milwaukee, is now established as a successful architect. He admired Diana from afar for a long time and the minute the Bob Neal romance was over, he set out to capture her heart.

Diana, on the other hand, admits she was almost certain John was the one while she was finishing "Every Girl Should Marry." "But that title had nothing to do with it," she smiles.

**Set of the Month:** John Lund and Paulette Goddard sat on elaborate thrones and held court. Paulette, in robes of gold cloth and wearing a jeweled crown, was *Lucretia Borgia* and John Lund, her second husband. The first spouse had been conveniently strangled by the *Borgias* before director Mitch Leisen opened the story that was being unfolded on a Paramount sound stage. Everywhere there was pomp and circumstance, intrigue and glitter. Between scenes Paulette told Cal of her plans to take off for Europe again in the early winter. "Here in Hollywood, my life is different," she said. "I study ballet, languages, read and work, I like it. Gives my life a balance." She looked down at the whale-boned stiff bosom of her gown. "It's authentic, I'll say that for it, but darned uncomfortable," she said. Lund was something to see in velvet headdress, jeweled tunic and tights. Macdonald Carey was transformed into a ruthless meanie with a smart beard and armored tunic. It seemed incongruous somehow to have this Renaissance villain tell how his two-year-old Lynn had fallen and knocked out her two front teeth and how Mrs. Carey had taken a sewing course and had just finished her first frock. This blending of the real and unreal is typically Hollywood, we thought, ambling off the set as John and Paulette sentenced some poor knave to a flogging.

**Dan Dailey:** To those who saw Dan Dailey at work for the past year, who knew something of the terrific schedule that kept him going from one picture to another with hardly a breathing spell between, his AWOL (Continued on page 64)

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✓ (F) The O'Flynn  
(Universal-International)

IRELAND is the place, 1797 the year of this adventure yarn that has Douglas Fairbanks Jr. rescuing damsels in distress and wriggling out of tight corners with his customary aplomb. The fair lady who inspires Doug to such deeds of daring is Helena Carter ("River Lady"), and the handsome scoundrel threatening their happiness is Richard Greene. There's a good deal of hocus-pocus about a secret document which the traitorous Greene seeks to intercept on its way to Helena's father, the Viceroy of Ireland. But Doug, armed with his trusty shillelagh, goes into action, proving himself a formidable foe. It is all far removed from atom bombs, the housing problem and such.

As Greene's sweetheart, Patricia Medina is fetching and Arthur Shields makes an amusing bailiff. But it's Junior who steals the spotlight. Well, he's producer, actor and co-writer, isn't he?

Your Reviewer Says: In the romantic Fairbanks tradition.



Adventure and intrigue: Douglas Fairbanks resists Patricia Medina's charms to rescue his own lady love

✓Good    ✓✓Very good    F—For the whole family  
      ✓✓✓Outstanding    A—For adults

BY  
ELSA BRANDEN

# Shadow

✓✓ (F) The Accused (Paramount)

IF ever there was a lovely lady in distress who needed a chivalrous male to defend her, it's schoolmarm Loretta Young. Since he is attorney Robert Cummings, as clever as he's likable, Loretta and the audience can rest assured that all will end well.

A sweet, gentle creature who teaches psychology and has yet to learn about love, Loretta accepts a ride from brash young student, Douglas Dick. While resisting his advances, she accidentally kills him. Although it looks like a drowning accident, investigator Wendell Corey suspects foul play and probes into the affair with painful persistence. As Dick's guardian, Cummings is drawn into the case but he doesn't have to consult his law books to know that Loretta acted in self-defense. Besides, he loves the gal even if she is a brainy university professor.

The story is an absorbing one. Loretta delivers a topnotch performance, Cummings is a credit to the legal profession and Corey scores as the understanding cop.

Your Reviewer Says: Suspenseful murder meller.

Lady in distress: Involved in a murder, Loretta Young is protected by Bob Cummings against Wendell Corey's accusations







Inspiring pageant: Ingrid Bergman, Jose Ferrer and a cast of thousands bring the legend of *Joan* to life

## ✓✓ (F) *Joan of Arc* (Sierra-RKO)

**M**AGNIFICENT is the word for Walter Wanger's Technicolor production starring Ingrid Bergman as *Joan*. It is pomp and pageantry on a spectacular scale.

Ingrid has the wholesome quality of the simple peasant whose fervent faith in God is unshakable. Although she knows nothing of military matters, she heeds the Heaven-sent voices directing her to lead her stricken country to victory. Miraculously, she rallies an army to drive the English from French soil. The tide is turned and the weak and vacillating *Dauphin*, unforgettably and vividly portrayed by Jose Ferrer, at last ascends the throne. It is then that *Joan*, betrayed by the *Dauphin*, becomes a pawn of scheming statesmen who brand her a witch and heretic.

*Joan* is helpless against such powerful enemies as the *King's Chief Counsellor* (Gene Lockhart), the *Archbishop of Rheims* (Nicholas Joy), the *Count of Luxembourg* (J. Carrol Naish) and the *Count-Bishop of Beauvais* (Francis L. Sullivan).

Your Reviewer Says: An eye-filling, soul-satisfying epic.

# Stage

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 91.

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 60.

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 89.

Journey into madness: Olivia de Havilland with Mark Stevens and Leo Genn in the picturization of a best-seller



## ✓✓✓ (A) *The Snake Pit* (Twentieth Century-Fox)

**O**CCASIONALLY, a picture comes along so powerful in its impact that it leaves you gasping. "The Snake Pit," taken from the novel of writer Mary Jane Ward, belongs in that category. Daringly different, the humor is on the grim side.

As *Virginia*, an inmate of a State Insane Asylum, Olivia de Havilland turns in one of the most remarkable acting jobs of this or any year. Her portrayal is so terrifyingly realistic that you had better stay away if you're the squeamish type. But for those adults who can take the harrowing sights and sounds of an overcrowded institution harboring mental wrecks of every description, here's an electrifying, memorable movie.

Leo Genn is a standout as *Virginia's* doctor, Mark Stevens invites sympathy as her husband. Celeste Holm and Glenn Langan head a long list of supporting players. Olivia, however, is our candidate for a whole row of diamond-studded Oscars.

Your Reviewer Says: Shockingly good.  
(Continued on page 18)





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"RED CANYON". COLOR BY  
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*Now Yours—  
Jergens  
Beauty Kit!*

## ✓✓ (A) Unfaithfully Yours (Twentieth Century-Fox)

**T**HE new Preston Sturges comedy serves as a splendid showcase for Rex Harrison, giving him ample opportunity to strut his stuff. A celebrated symphony orchestra leader, Rex suspects his beautiful young wife of infidelity. Since she's Linda Darnell, looking simply ravishing in a series of eye-catching costumes, it doesn't seem altogether impossible. To Linda's bewilderment, her husband is *Prince Charming* one moment, *Bluebeard* the next. That's because he is tortured by the thought that the woman he adores is engaged in a clandestine affair with his personable secretary, Kurt Kreuger ("The Dark Corner"). Rex plots ways and means of avenging himself but, when he attempts to carry out his clever schemes, he makes a miserable mess of it. Rudy Vallee gives one of his stuffed-shirt characterizations as Harrison's meddling brother-in-law; Barbara Lawrence, blonde and brittle, is Rudy's sharp-tongued missus. Lionel Stander plays the maestro's manager, à la Gregory Ratoff; Edgar Kennedy is a music-loving, clownish detective. It all stacks up to audacious, adult entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Smooth, slick satire.

## ✓✓ (F) Kiss the Blood off My Hands (Universal-International)

**M**URDER is an ugly business whether by accident or design. And when the culprit is rugged Burt Lancaster, a belligerent chap full of primitive impulses, it's doubly regrettable. Lovely Joan Fontaine thinks so after their impromptu meeting in her London flat. Instinct tells her Burt is a bad egg and it's best to stay away from him. But he's so persistent, she's so lonely . . . and only human, after all. Their chance at happiness seems slim, however, when sly Robert Newton, a witness to the murder, keeps popping up with disconcerting regularity. Burt is all for committing one last crime, then starting life anew elsewhere but Joan, bless her, knows that running away never works. Convincing her headstrong sweetheart of that is something else again. Director Norman Foster and performers Fontaine, Lancaster and Newton turn Gerald Butler's novel into a highly effective romantic melodrama.

Your Reviewer Says: A lively, lusty thriller.

## ✓ (F) The Paleface (Paramount)

**I**N this fancy powwow that Paramount has staged for its favorite comedian, Bob Hope tangles with Injuns and—more dangerous still—with the gal known as *Calamity Jane* (Jane Russell to you). A bungling dentist, Bob is forced to flee town after manhandling an outraged patient. His covered wagon makes a handy hideout for Jane, a tough-talking, two-gun female under government orders to track down a band of renegades smuggling ammunition to the Indians. Jane gets Bob to marry her, but there isn't time for a honeymoon, what with arrow-shootin' redskins and gun-totin' whites besetting them at every turn. However, Hope manages to serenade his bride with a breezy ballad called "Buttons and Bows." Robert Armstrong and Jack Searl are a pair of conniving crooks on the warpath for the scalps of Bob and Jane. Although there are snickers here and there, nothing develops to send you into hysterics.

Your Reviewer Says: Technicolor travesty on the Old West.



✓ (F) **Hills of Home**  
(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

**LASSIE**—cleverest canine of them all—learns how to swim in this Scottish tale told in Technicolor.

For forty years, Doctor Edmund Gwenn has been administering to the physical needs of the folks in the glen, often risking life and limb to come to their aid. *Lassie* becomes his loyal assistant but it takes a real emergency before the dog plunges into the swollen streams and comes through with flying colors. Young Tom Drake is the hand-picked candidate to succeed Gwenn—and very nice, too. Tom's farmer-father, Rhys Williams, fights the idea of his son becoming a doctor but it's a losing battle with Gwenn and pretty Janet Leigh on Tom's side. Donald Crisp is Gwenn's staunch and sensible friend and Reginald Owen plays tavern keeper with a misplaced sense of humor.

Everyone speaks with a decided burr—except *Lassie*, who needs no words to convey her canine sentiments.

Your Reviewer Says: A doctor and his dog.

✓ (F) **Blood on the Moon**  
(RKO)

**SOME** men kill for principle, some for money, others because they are plumb trigger-happy. In Bob Mitchum's case, it's a little of each. A born trouble-shooter from Texas, Bob becomes embroiled in a bitter dispute between his pal, Robert Preston, and cattleman Tom Tully. Once Mitchum learns that Preston and crooked government agent, Frank Faylen, are scheming to get Tully's herds for next to nothing, with the aid of the unsuspecting homesteaders, he isn't too happy about the deal. Then, too, there's Tully's forthright young daughter, Barbara Bel Geddes, to stir Bob's conscience and his heart. So he switches to Tully's side and from there on out, it's a fight to the finish with no holds barred, between Mitchum and Preston.

Superior acting plus exciting scenes of stampeding cattle and shots of the snow-covered Rockies lend realism to a routine rough-and-ready Western. A uniformly fine cast includes Walter Brennan and Phyllis Thaxter.

Your Reviewer Says: Mitchum on the range.

✓✓ (F) **He Walked by Night**  
(Eagle Lion)

**B**RISTLING with action, this cops-and-robbers movie takes you behind the scenes of the Los Angeles Police Department. Homicide investigators Scott Brady and James Cardwell are assigned by Sergeant Roy Roberts to capture the killer of a fellow-policeman.

Richard Basehart, cold and callous to the core, is their man. He appears to have an amazing knowledge of their tactics, always beating them to the punch. How he is finally trapped makes for a vivid, thrill-packed picture. Basehart and Brady give praiseworthy performances.

Your Reviewer Says: High-voltage crime.

✓✓ (F) **The Red Shoes**  
(Rank—Eagle Lion)

**F**OR the greater part of this bizarre story within a story, you'll be enthralled... unless ballet bores you. Based on the Hans Christian Anderson fairy tale, the film describes how the crimson slippers of a dancer compel her to keep on her toes, literally speaking, until she drops from exhaustion. As the charming and talented dancer, Moira Shearer is a tragic figure, torn between career and love. Impresario Anton Walbrook, makes her famous and is beside himself when his protégé falls in love with young composer Marius Goring. The film affords an intimate glimpse into the ballet world. There's the temperamental Leonide Massine, the venerable Albert Basserman and the brilliantly performing corps de ballet.

Your Reviewer Says: Mr. Rank dramatizes the dance.

(Continued on page 60)



Drama beyond the footlights: A glimpse into the fascinating world of ballet and the private life problems of Marius Goring, Moira Shearer and Anton Walbrook

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# YELLOW SKY



20<sup>th</sup>  
CENTURY-FOX

with  
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HENRY MORGAN · JAMES BARTON · CHARLES KEMPER

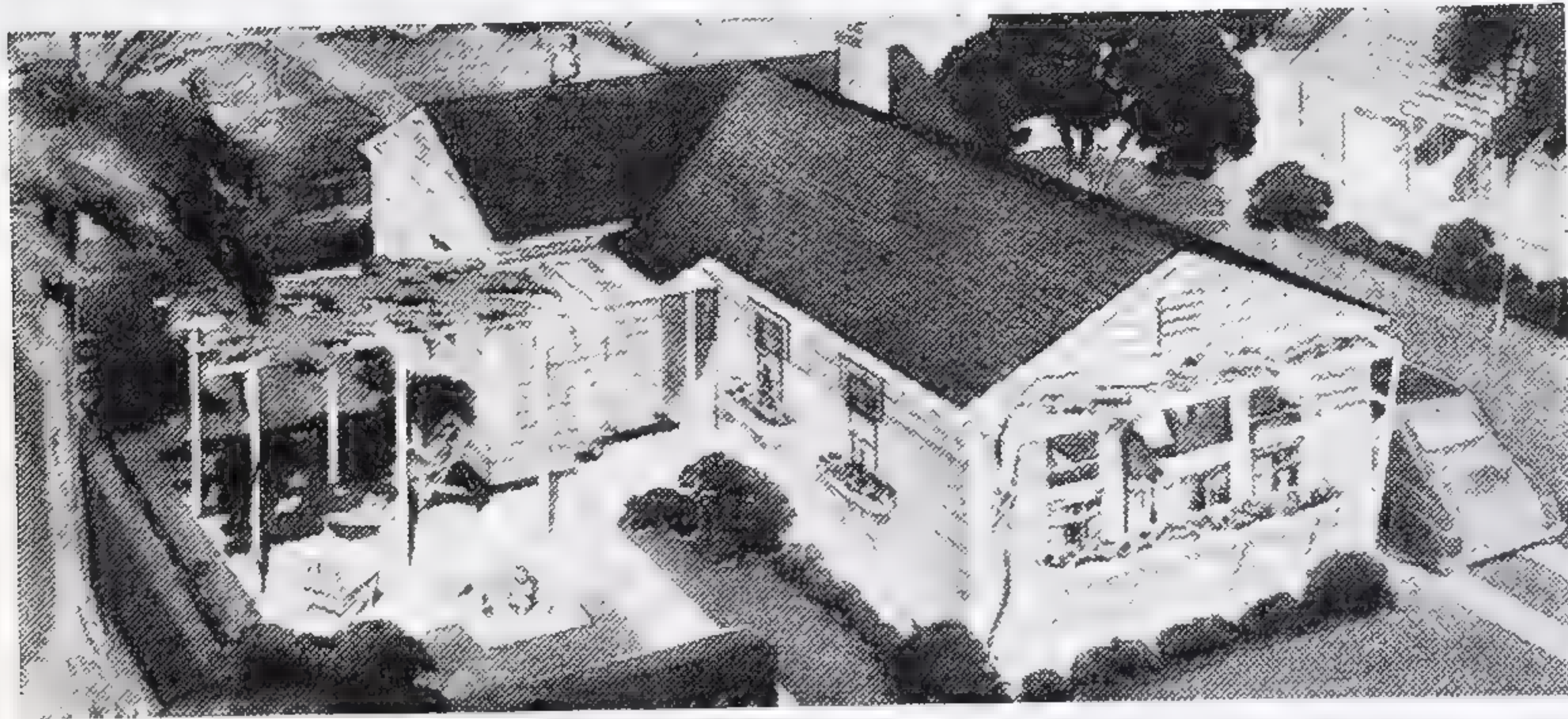
Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN Produced by LAMAR TROTTI

SCREEN PLAY BY LAMAR TROTTI  
BASED ON A STORY BY W. R. BURNETT



# SECOND CHANCE

To Win Photoplay's Industry Engineered Dream House



This house, completely furnished, and the land on which it stands, will go absolutely free to the person who supplies the last line for the jingle below

**R**EAD these simple rules:

1. Simply write or print in the space indicated on the coupon that appears on the right—or on another sheet of paper—your last line for the Photoplay Jingle. Make your last line rhyme with “me.” Then fill in your complete name and address and mail your entry to: Photoplay Contest, P.O. Box 12, New York 8, New York.

2. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight December 25, 1948.

3. Anyone living in the continental United States may enter except employees and the members of families of employees of Macfadden Publications, their advertising agencies and The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation; and employees of members and staff of the National Retail Lumber Dealers Association.

4. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in his or her own name. Joint entries will not be acceptable.

5. Entries will be judged for originality, interest and aptness of thought by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation—an independent contest judging organization. Judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

6. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications and may be used as they see fit. No entries will be returned.

7. The winner will be announced in the April, 1949, issue of Photoplay. This contest is subject to all Federal and State regulations.

## PHOTOPLAY DREAM HOUSE ENTRY BLANK

Write a last line for this jingle:

Here's a home that is perfect for me,

Engineered by a great Industry.

A Photoplay prize,

Where happiness lies

(Fill in line to rhyme with “me”)

Example: It's a dream with a life guarantee.

Please print name and address and mail to:  
Photoplay Contest, P. O. Box 12, New York 8, N. Y.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

See page 90 for details of house and furnishings



# Diamonds



The village store now holds coming attraction for Lana, shown on her return from Europe with Bob Topping

THE long distance operator said, "Ready with Mrs. Topping in Greenwich," and I said quick-like, "Hello, Lana. What's all this about you retiring when the baby is born? Are you really giving up your career?"

There was some whirling, static scratching in the phone, I thought at first must be disturbance on the line until my girl friend's voice came booming through breathing fire.

"I *certainly am not*," said Lana Turner Shaw Crane Topping, every word underlined with emphatic clarity. "I'm glad you called me, Louella: I want to stop those rumors once and for all.

"Why should I, as hard as I've worked for years, throw everything out the window? I'll *always* work. I love to act. But right now, Bob and I are thinking of nothing but the baby."

"How do you suppose the talk caught on like wildfire that you were giving up the screen forever?" I put in.

"Oh, I suppose it began when the doctor said I was run-down and must do a lot of resting. So Bob and I stayed out of night clubs in New York, led the simple life, dined early and took walks in the Park before turning in by ten o'clock. That's such a different type of life for me, it's liable to start any kind of talk.

"Right now we are out at Bob's home in the country. And, oh Louella, you don't know how much we are hoping for a little boy!"

The heaviness had gone out of Lana's conversation and all the dramatic excitement of waiting to become a "little mother" for the second time was (Continued on page 83)



# And Diapers

Lana's off on a new set of dreams. She's being a lady-in-waiting in typical Turner style!

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Lana's plans for Cheryl, merry-go-rounding with Van Heflin's little daughter Vana, include a small brother for a playmate



Lana on "The Three Musketeers" set: An actress even in private life, she lives the role she is playing at the moment



# Why I'm not afraid to marry Wanda

He's just a guy with a dream and

a handful of medals—she's a star

who has the whole town talking.

But their love gives them the cour-

age to take the Hollywood hurdles

BY AUDIE MURPHY

SOMEWHERE around Christmas time, probably just about when you are reading this, I hope to be making Wanda Hendrix—Mrs. Audie Murphy.

In a small church somewhere, if things go as we now plan, there'll be a minister saying, "Do you, Audie, take Dixie Wanda to be your lawful wedded wife?" When I answer, "I do," I will mean it and that's for sure.

Ordinarily, I'm not much of a church-goer. Neither is Wanda. But when this marriage takes place, it will have to be solemnized, because it will be the high point of our two lives. I want an organ playing soft and little Skipper beaming beside me, all toggled out in a white dress and veil.

If that sounds sentimental, that's okay. I got sentimental overseas, like lots of other guys who were in uniform. In all that filth and loneliness and pain, you either dreamed of the good things, or you went nuts.

This will be our first marriage. It's also the first engagement either of us have ever had. It will be our only marriage, I hope. (Continued on page 85)

Two hearts in harmony: Audie and Wanda prefer listening to love songs together







Fraker

*"Skipper" of Audie's dreams: Wanda Hendrix, star of "Miss Tatlock's Millions"*



# Easy

When they feel sentimental, they wisecrack. When they're together, it's a sideshow. But wherever Esther goes, it's home

BY BEN GAGE

**I** FIRST dated her when I was a GI in the radio division stationed at Santa Ana.

I had only just met her. But I had gotten her phone number. I was a sergeant and sergeants have a lot of confidence. So I phoned her and said:

"Hey, pretty girl, are you busy tonight?"

She said, "Yes—but actually it's none of your business."

I said, "Madame—you are addressing a sergeant of the U. S. Army and it's your patriotic duty to keep up the Army morale."

Since she was a very patriotic girl and also a girl with a sense of humor, it was a date.

I loved her on sight. She is easy to love. Practically everyone, up to millions, have the habit. I not only loved her, I liked her.

On our first date I took her to the Pit Barbecue in Glendale and a movie afterward. The movie was "The Song of Bernadette." She enjoyed the picture tremendously. She cried all through it. I didn't like it and she said it was because she had cried so hard and didn't look pretty enough to be seen and go get something to eat afterwards. I was hungry. When is a GI not so?

We were married in Westwood and our reception was at the home of our friends Melvina and Ken McEldowney. Esther's family home wasn't big enough to hold our relatives. It was a tiny house. Esther was born in the living room. There wasn't room in the bedrooms, they already were full up with babies.

That's my Priority One for liking her. She's a family lover, as (Continued on page 68)

When the Gages get together it usually means a gag for Ben's radio show



Esther's charm lies in her naturalness—there are no barriers between her and people



# To Love



Cover Girl

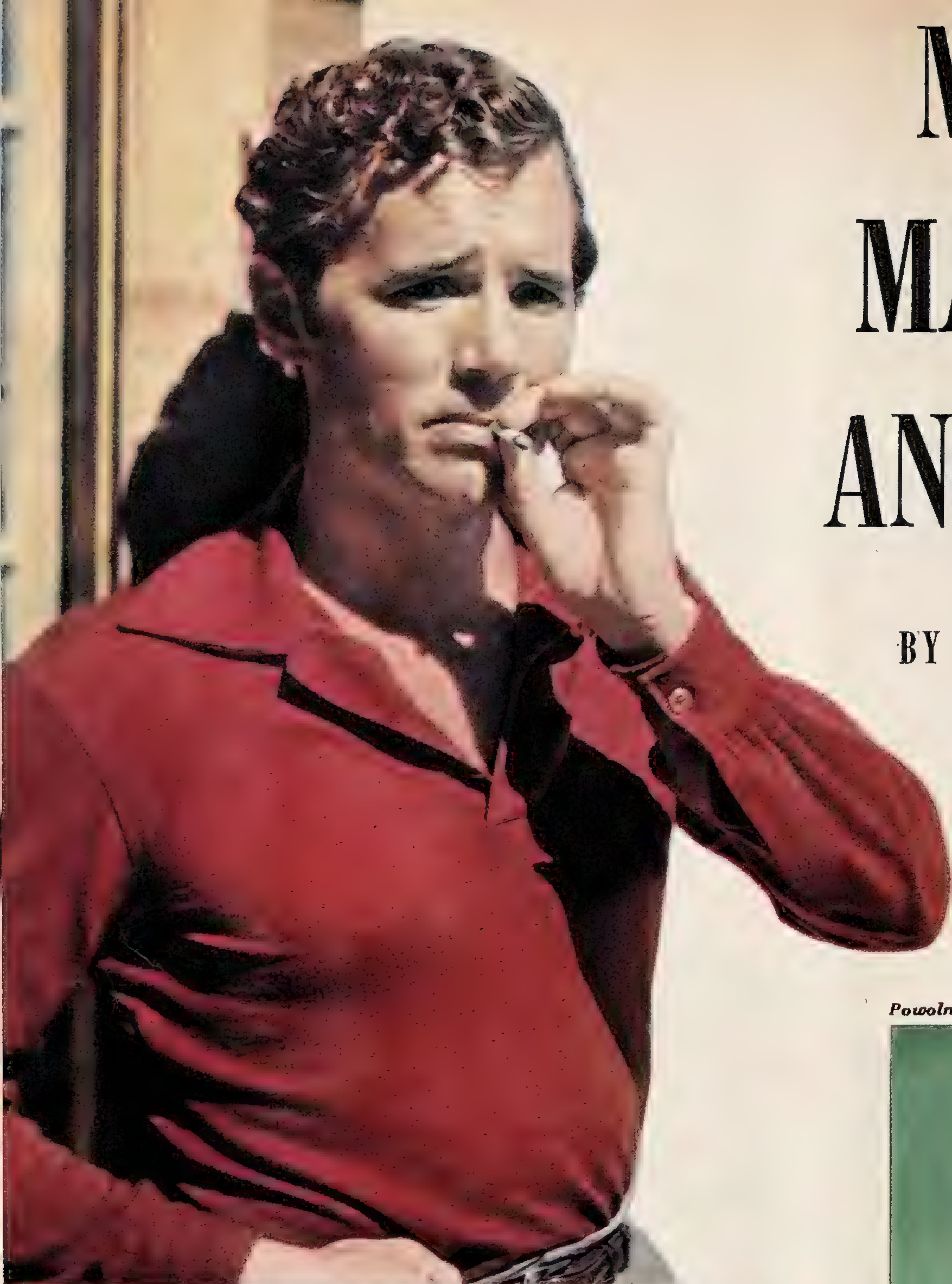
Esther Williams, of "Take Me out to the Ball Game," is still a kid about surprises—especially honeymoons. Ben is planning their sixth!



# MUSCLES, MAGNETISM AND MENACE

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

Smooth and potent: Howard Duff  
has the impact of a triple Scotch



*Powolny*



Sock appeal: Richard Widmark's is due to have an  
even higher voltage when the gunfire dies down!

*Estabrook*



Peerless Peck: A blend of poet and  
peasant and a way with all girls

*Powolny*



Some triple-threat reasons for putting your heart  
on guard against these men of distraction

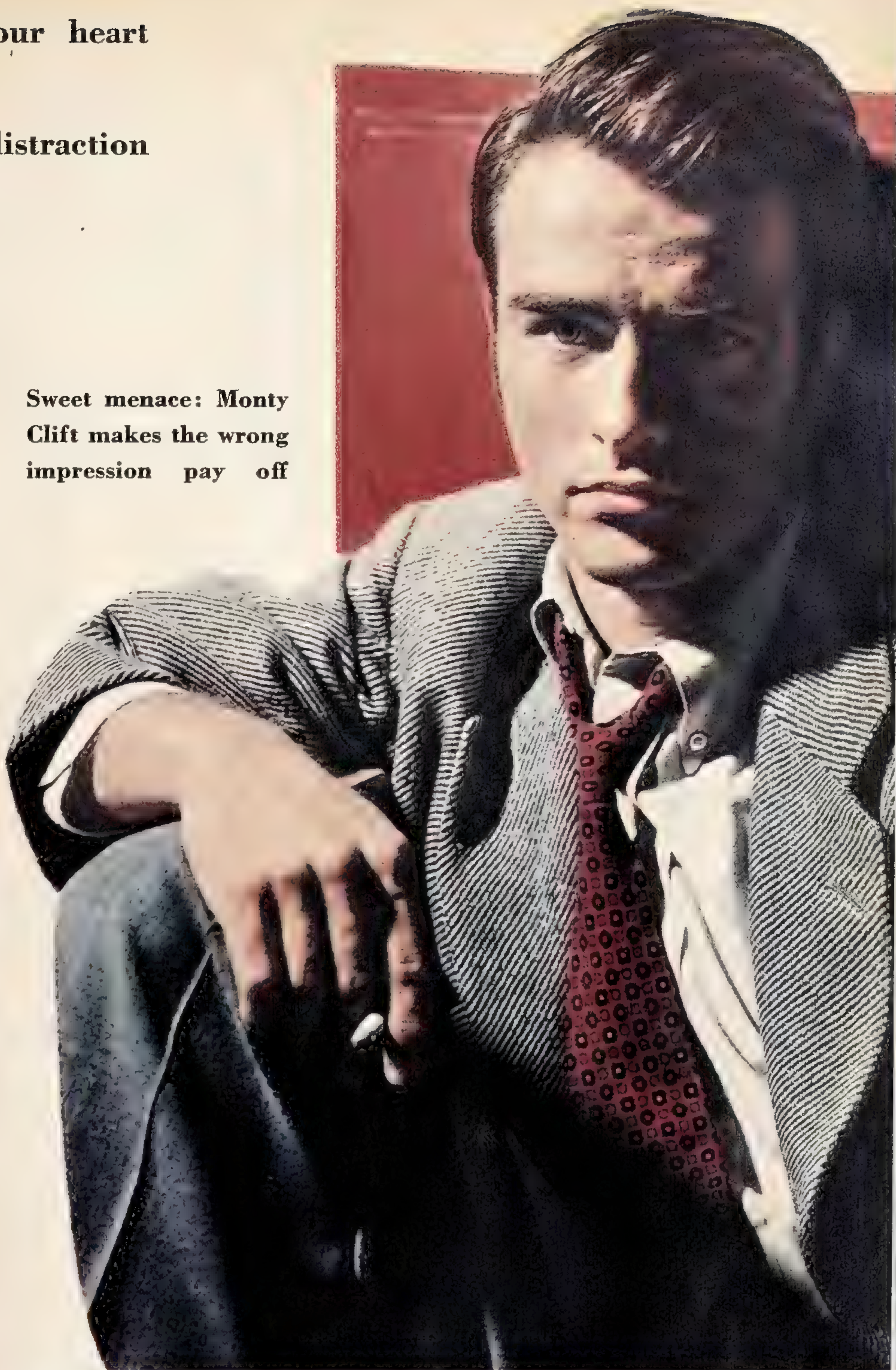
I HAVE, I figure, spent enough woman hours studying brawny specimens on the screen, in portable dressing rooms and across tables at Twenty-One to qualify as an unchallenged expert on muscles, menace and magnetism. As one who has taxied with Gregory Peck, waltzed with Tyrone Power and slid down White House banisters with Van Johnson, I figure I know a million-dollar hunk o' man when I get close enough for a good look.

Well, step this way, girls. I have consulted my charts, taken my temperature and looked at that handy piece of furniture known as the crystal ball. I am ready to reveal the names of the lucky lads who not only are here today, but will be here tomorrow—the heartbreakers of the next five years.

Suppose we take them in alphabetical order.

John Agar: Here's the type every red-blooded American girl who walks (*Continued on page 92*)

Sweet menace: Monty Clift makes the wrong impression pay off



Longet



Heart specialist: A hint of weakness in his collar-ad charm keeps you yearning to reform Farley Granger

Sigh-bait: Peter Lawford looks like a boy and acts like the man femmes want

G. Morris



Fink-Smith



# I'm Hollywood's Cinderella

Her glass slippers are the shoes of *Roseanna*

*McCoy* and her Prince Charming is a guy named Sam

BY JOAN EVANS

**I**T WAS at three-twenty p.m. on Monday, August 30th, that Mr. Samuel Goldwyn told me, "I have decided to give you the part."

That part was *Roseanna McCoy*, from the picture of the same name. I knew, of course, such a break was just about the most thrilling thing that could happen to any fourteen-year-old girl anywhere. I have learned since that it is the first time that anyone my age, and completely unknown to the public, has been starred in the title role of a picture.

My mother, Katherine Albert, and I both cried. With joy and excitement. But the next day when people began calling me a *Cinderella*, I began to be unhappy. It was only when Katherine pointed out that they were saying "Hollywood Cinderella" that I began to understand.

You see, I simply never have had a cruel stepmother, a haughty older sister, or anyone pushing me around. Instead, I have had a simply wonderful life. (Continued on page 79)



Joan made her professional debut at nine in her father's stage hit, "Guest in the House"

Real fairy godmother, Joan Crawford, tossed a cocktail party to introduce her namesake to Hollywood







*This is the love scene in the test with Farley Granger  
that made Joan a star overnight*







# Moving Day

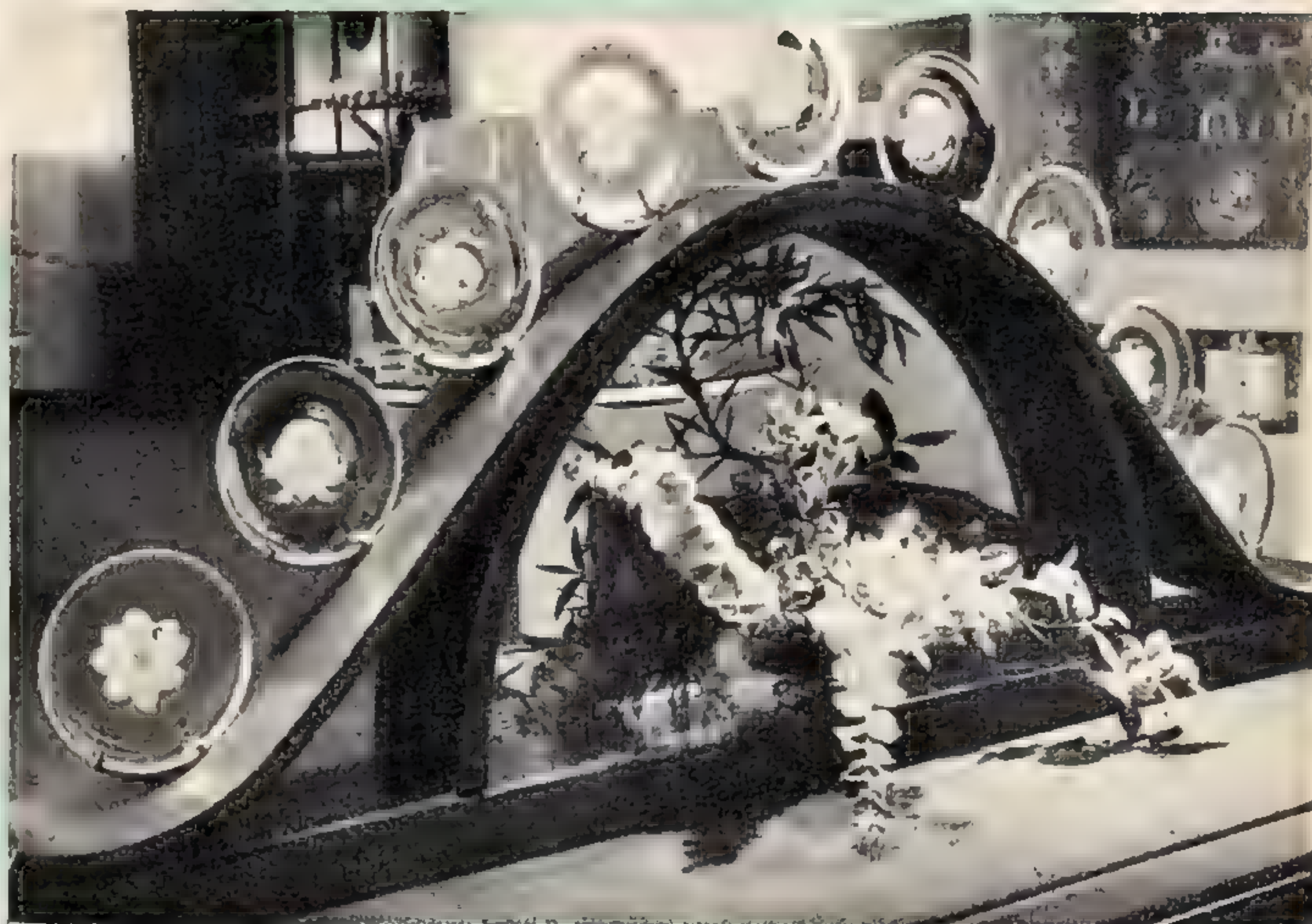
**T**HIS morning the alarm clock went off with its usual five-thirty effectiveness. As I snapped awake, I thought, "But this isn't a working day." Then, realizing what day it was, I barefooted across the carpeted floor to drink my usual three glasses of cold water and take a shower. Shivering a little, I thought that even my family would appreciate my mania for orderliness on this day—even if that mania had upon occasion caused me to do such foolish things as throw away the ration books when cleaning out a kitchen drawer.

In just a few hours Bob and I would leave the little house I had moved into when he was in the Navy. Like half of America, we had dreamed that, come the war's end, we'd build our dream house. We had paced back and forth over the acre we'd bought. We were the pair who knew exactly what we wanted. Our dream house had been long and carefully planned and we wouldn't change a detail! So, like many others, we postponed building the dream until it could be ideally realized. Lately, being practical instead, we had bought an old but larger house, fitted it as much as possible to compare with our dream house and today (Continued on page 70)

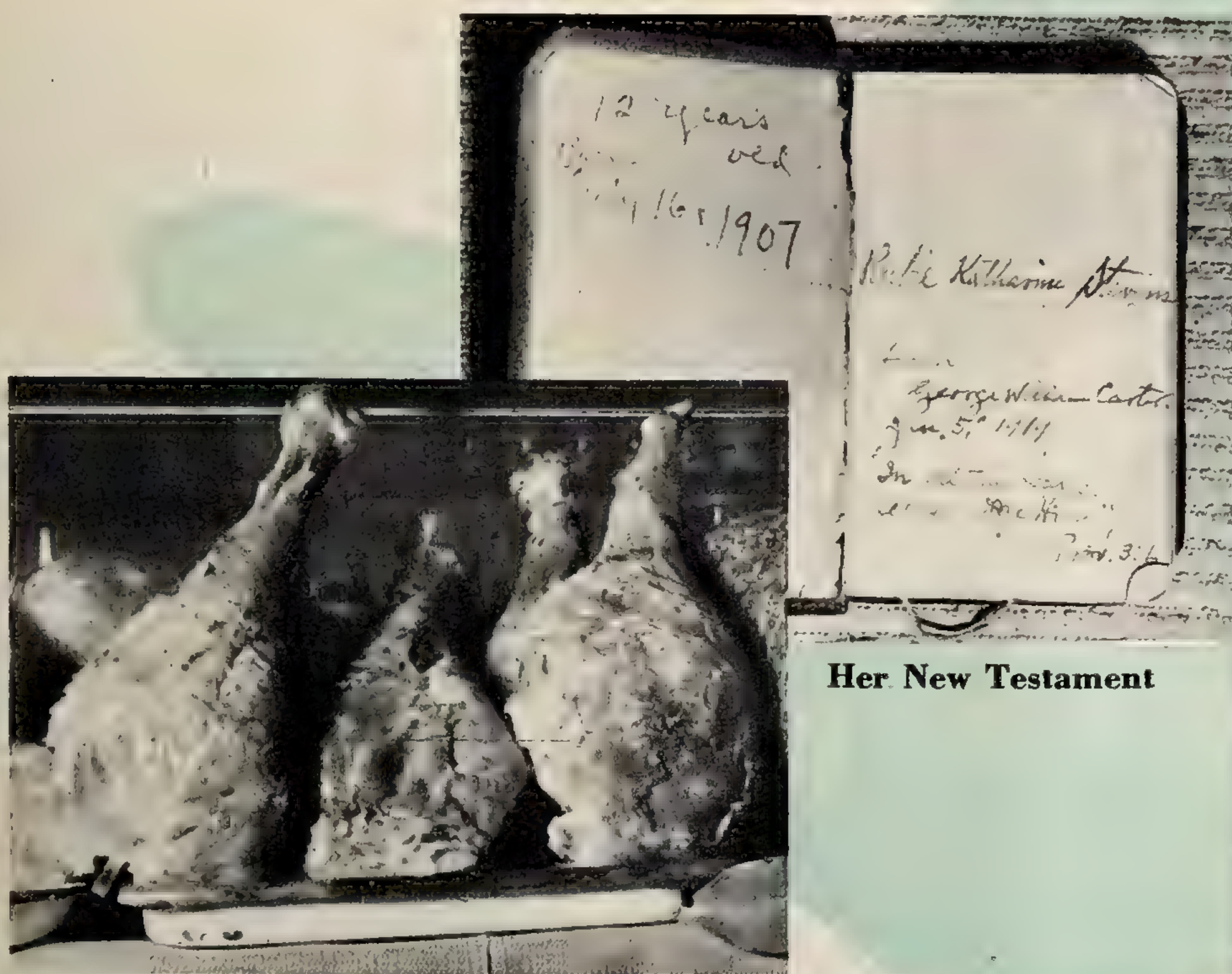
BY BARBARA STANWYCK

What objects would tell  
the story of your life?

These mark milestones for Barbara



The crystal in  
Steuben's window



Her New Testament

Turkey legs in a delicatessen



Painting of a dancer  
by Paul Clemens





# FULL HOUSE

The 21 Club in action: David Holt, Darryl Hickman (*The Set-Up*), Bob Arthur (*Green Grass of Wyoming*), Jane Powell (*Luxury Liner*), Raymond Roe (*June Bride*), Colleen Townsend (*Walls of Jericho*) and Betty Lynn (*June Bride*)



Bob Arthur welcomes the gang. He instigated the 21 Club, says none of the members drink or smoke. All of them are greatly interested in music, keep pretty well informed on current events

The 21 Club is the young idea of how to get  
away from it all—for the only old thing about it is . . .  
boy meets girl!

The gang closed in when song writer Holt played "Cuddle up a Little Closer"







21

Bob got help from Raymond Roe in rolling up the rugs for dancing. Bob's date, Colleen Townsend, who takes her shoes off when she dances, was excited about her first trip East for Detroit premiere of picture, "Apartment for Peggy"

21

**H**OLLYWOOD has a new club. It has no clubhouse. It has no meeting date. The gang gets together at each other's houses whenever studio schedules permit an all-around free evening. The 21 Club, as it is called, got its name because that is the average age of the group. Bob Arthur started the club when he became lonely for the companionship of kids his own age and realized that others must feel the same way. Informality and fun are the passwords, and every so often a party crasher named *Dan Cupid* drops in to add to the excitement.



Bob's collection of records was main attraction for the group. They all wanted to hear his French songs. Colleen clamored for an old Mills Brothers record, "That's the Way It Is"

21

Snacks between dances were followed by a sit-down supper and gab-fest. Bob's housekeeper had prepared stacks of sandwiches, potato chips, olives, and an unbelievable number of soft drinks



21



# It Will Be A Grand

... some star offenders will follow these bright

**NINETEEN FORTY-EIGHT** goes out with a whimper! 1949 comes in with a bang—we hope! And here's wishing *you* in general, and *Hollywood* in particular—A HAPPY NEW YEAR! But it isn't enough to wish, we have to work to *make* it happy. And that won't be too difficult. . . .

If . . . Bette Davis cuts out the temperamental tantrums and acts like a grand human being again, as well as a great movie star. Talk about "Winter Meeting"—or shouldn't we! Bette's

working weather chart was frosty plus and it didn't thaw too much in "June Bride." Even Ernie Haller, a gentle character and Bette's once friend and favorite cameraman, told me that so far as he is concerned, Bette was a 1948 negative. Here's pleading there'll be a positive change for the better in 1949.

If . . . Joan Crawford finds an honest-to-goodness mate to love and cherish and vice versa, until divorce do them part. *Dan Cupid* certainly shot his 1948 arrows below the belt

Drawings by Kroll

1. Jeanne Crain
2. Joan Fontaine
3. Olivia de Havilland
4. Howard Duff
5. Ava Gardner
6. Janet Leigh
7. Frank Sinatra
8. Jennifer Jones





# New Year In Hollywood IF...

new resolutions

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

for Joan. And if he doesn't come through with something more durable than Red Barry, Peter Shaw or Greg Bautzer in 1949, Joan might as well cancel his contract. And then we columnists would have nothing to write about.

If . . . Errol Flynn puts into practice all those fine sentences about how he is now a home boy and how he loves his wife Nora, etc. etc. And the sweet-talk will be more convincing if Errol doesn't battle quite so much with his beautiful young wife.

If . . . Olivia de Havilland says to sister Joan Fontaine, "Let's kiss and make up" and if Joan says to Livvy, "Okay, let's!"

If . . . Audie Murphy makes a hit on the screen in his first starring picture "Bad Boy." "He's a very proud person," Wanda Hendrix tells me. "He won't be happy married to me unless he does as well with his career, as I do with mine." That's why Audie balked at marrying Wanda when they met and fell in love two years ago. He (Continued on page 66)

- 9. Joan Crawford
- 10. Bette Davis
- 11. Victor Mature
- 12. Errol and Nora Flynn
- 13. Larry Parks
- 14. Judy Garland
- 15. Jimmy Stewart
- 16. Margaret O'Brien and mother







Linda Christian and Ty: Only Linda knows the answer to the questions she asked that certain fortuneteller

# POWER'S PROGRESS

While the world buzzes about his

marriage, Ty Power goes his way.

It is the way of a man with a future





**I**N Italy, in the very old town of San Gimignano, where, hundreds of years ago, Dante preached to the people, stands an ancient church. Friends of mine visiting here last autumn were astonished to see a young man of the fifteenth century kneeling, in religious abandonment, at the foot of the altar.

It was Tyrone Power. He had stolen away from the "Prince of Foxes" company, on location at San Gimignano, to make his devotions. For Tyrone is an ardent, practising Catholic. When he married the divorced Annabella, he was somewhat estranged from his Church for a time. But he does not mean this to happen again. All of which explains why he didn't marry Linda Christian in Rome this summer, as they planned. The Archbishop of Los Angeles recommended to the Vatican that Tyrone Power and Linda not be permitted to marry in the Church until Tyrone is legally free. His divorce from Annabella is not final until January, so at the eleventh hour, the marriage was postponed.

It amazes me to see how quietly firm Tyrone can be when something is deeply important to him. The announcement of his wedding had been made. Linda had her beautiful wedding dress from Fontana. Tyrone's clothes had come from his tailor. Gene Markey, in Rome to serve as best man, had his wedding finery. The Countess DiFrasso's beautiful house had been rented. We all had been invited to a wedding breakfast. And we went to a wedding breakfast too—even though no wedding preceded it.

That breakfast was something to behold. Countess DiFrasso's house in Rome is rarely lovely. The furnishings are in the most perfect taste. The gardens offer a variety of flowers. The silver, crystal and linen bear the DiFrasso crest. (Continued on page 88)

Linda Christian hoped to get the role that Wanda Hendrix plays with Ty in "Prince of Foxes"



Europe has a name for him—Tyronie Povoro



# difficult— that's me

He walks out when company stays late, goes on periodic fad-jags, even installed ice water in his bed—but that's only half of what's wrong with Ford!

BY GLENN FORD

**I** GET tired reading about how wonderful movie stars are. You and I know it's not possible to be absolutely perfect. If, for instance, you've ever been led to believe *I* approach being an ideal man, ask anyone who actually has to bear up under the strain of *me* at close range. Holy cow—you'll receive a blast!

I'll come clean:

I'm not the social light most wives want. I'm not good in polite conversation because I just don't care about gossip. To me, the differences in people are only differences in human nature. I'd rather be silent than trite. Ellie used to ask me what happened at the studio. If it had been the usual sort of day I'd answer, "Nothing." She's finally realized I refuse to discuss the obvious. Luckily for me, she recognizes this trait is too basic in me to change.

On the other hand, it never occurs to me to deny myself an honest opinion whenever one hits me. Ellie is constantly telling me I hurt acquaintances with my straight talk to them. If we have company that wants to stay late and I've had a hard day with (Continued on page 61)



On the home set: Eleanor, Peter and Glenn Ford



Peter and his pop experiment with homemade kites







*Frankly Ford-Glenn's current picture is "The Return of October"*



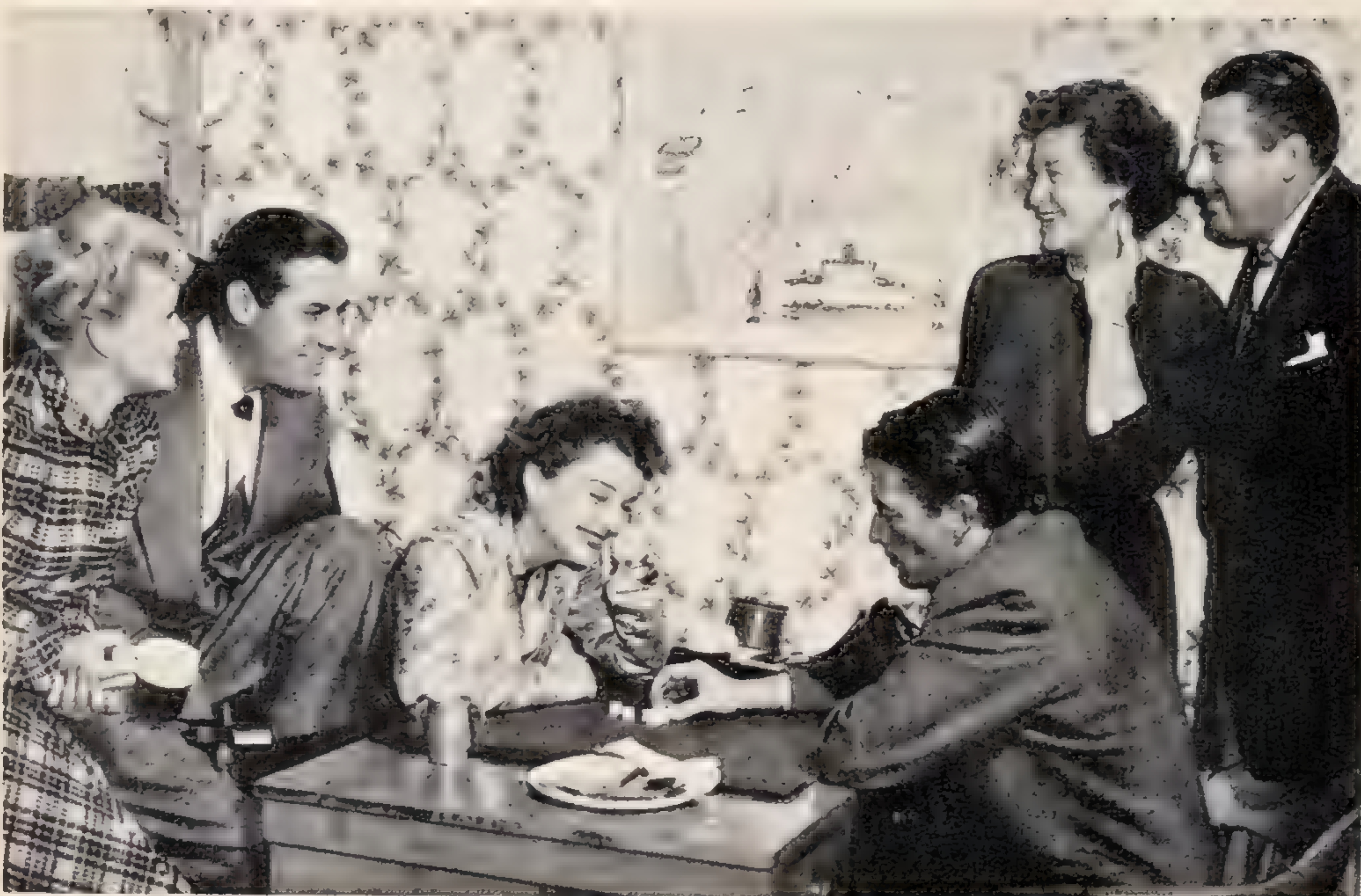
# IT'S OFFICE

Jimmy Stewart arrived with new girl friend, socialite Gloria Hatrick McLean



**R**EMEMBERING all the gruesome holiday office parties we have attended, we decided to give a party in our new little penthouse office and see if we couldn't take the curse off the accepted routine! We strenuously object to the usual type office party—not enough ice, warmish store food in leaky paper cartons, no organization, just chattering people with nothing to do.

First, we borrowed an electric rotary spit—one of those new stainless steel barbecues that neither smokes nor drips. (If you can't borrow a portable barbecue, you can do magic things on a hot plate, which costs about five dollars.) A couple of hours before the party we spread out papers and prepared everything very simply. We popped a whole cooked ham out of the can, scored it and stuck it with cloves and put it on the spit. In the dripping pan we dumped one glass of clear apple jelly, a cup of white sherry and  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb.



Good fun for any party was the anagram dice game John Hodiak brought. While Mrs. Peck, John, Anne Baxter, Kay Mulvey and Bernie Williams watch, Greg throws the six dice. Trick is to form a word with each throw





# PARTY TIME

of butter which all melted as the ham browned and made a delicious basting sauce. We filled celery hearts with Roquefort cheese with brandy (a prepared mixture) and cream cheese, about half and half.

We stuffed large pitted black olives with blanched almonds and sprinkled garlic salt over a huge wooden salad bowl of potato chips.

If you are using the electric plate, you can't offer a more attractive delicacy than sizzling little hamburgers on trimmed slices of bread. Make them the night before, shape them (tiny and flat) and put them in a baking dish with wax paper between each so they won't stick together. Here's our recipe for hors d'oeuvres hamburgers: 1 lb. ground round steak, 1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup light cream, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp. Tabasco sauce, 1 tsp. dry mustard, 1 tsp. salt, pepper to taste. Mix well. This should make between thirty and forty tiny hamburgers. Let your guests make

their own as part of the fun. Minced clam canapes are simple to make and always a favorite: 1 lb. cream cheese mixed with a 7 oz. can of minced clams, juice and all. A dash of Tabasco and a few drops of lemon juice add zip. Serve in a bowl with a plate of crackers or potato chips nearby so your guests may dunk.

Our local store, the Beverly Hills Gourmet, delivered everything. And none of the preparations made such a mess that it all couldn't be whisked away in a hurry.

Everyone made their own sandwiches. We solved the ice problem by using a picnic icebox and used paper plates and napkins. Five and dime glasses were wonderfully gay. And our huge Christmas wreath added a welcoming note. If you want to help the Yuletide spirit even more, serve punch or hot, buttered rum. A little different from the usual heavy eggnog or Tom and Jerry. But here we leave you on your own.

Take a new lease

on your office party

life with these

recipes that will put you

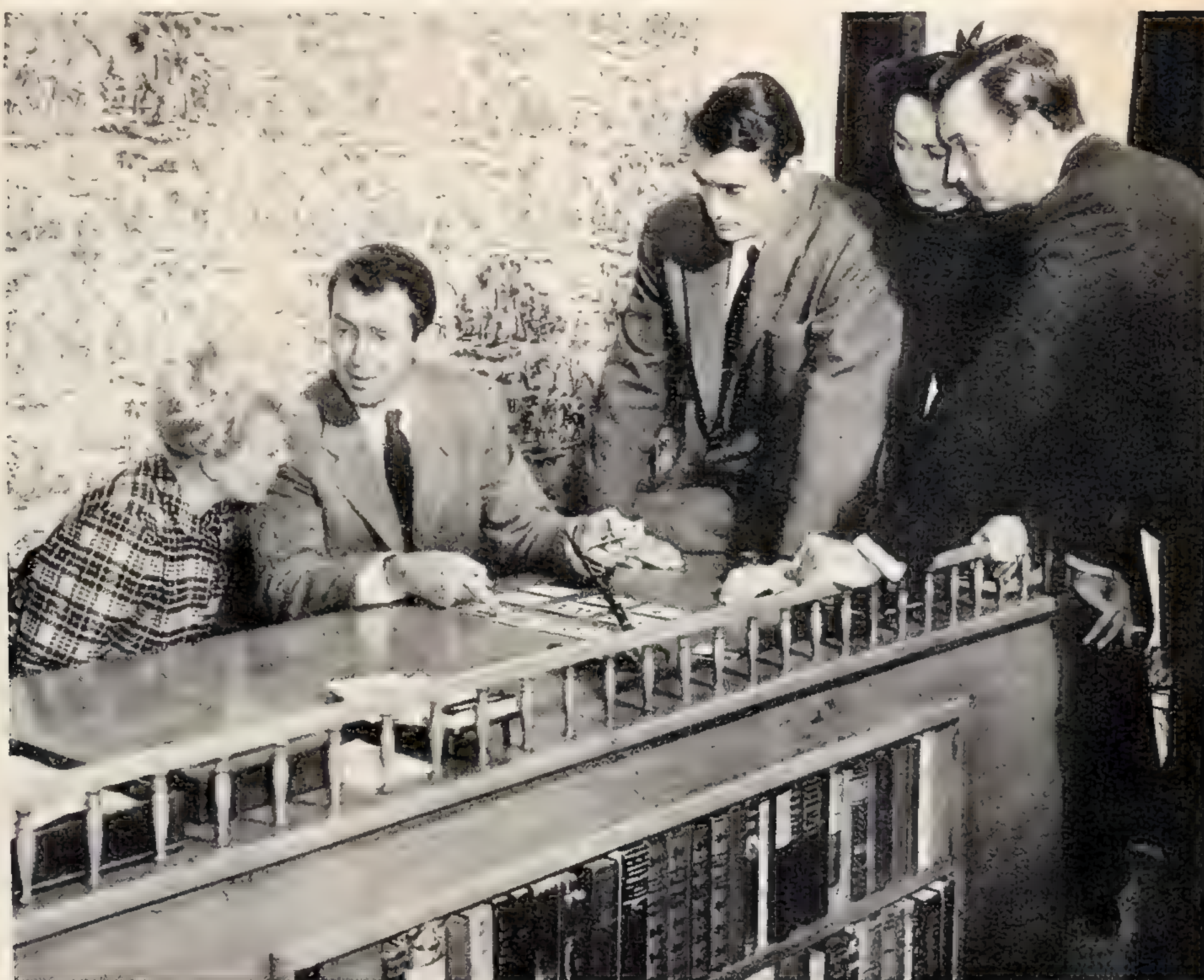
at the head of the fun

department

BY KAY MULVEY



Another reason why Jimmy's a popular guy—he tells fortunes! Eager beavers are Mrs. Greg Peck, Greg and the Zachary Scotts



Office party innovation was portable rotary spit for baking the ham. Greg and Anne teamed up on sandwich making—John and Zach kibitzed with bites!





The rolling Hollywood hills back-drop Paramount's great sound stages

# HOLLYWOOD TOUR

The guarded doors to a great movie empire swing wide—  
with this Photoplay pass  
to Paramount Studios

Genius at work: Here Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, Paramount producing team, dream up hits like "Emperor Waltz," "Foreign Affair"



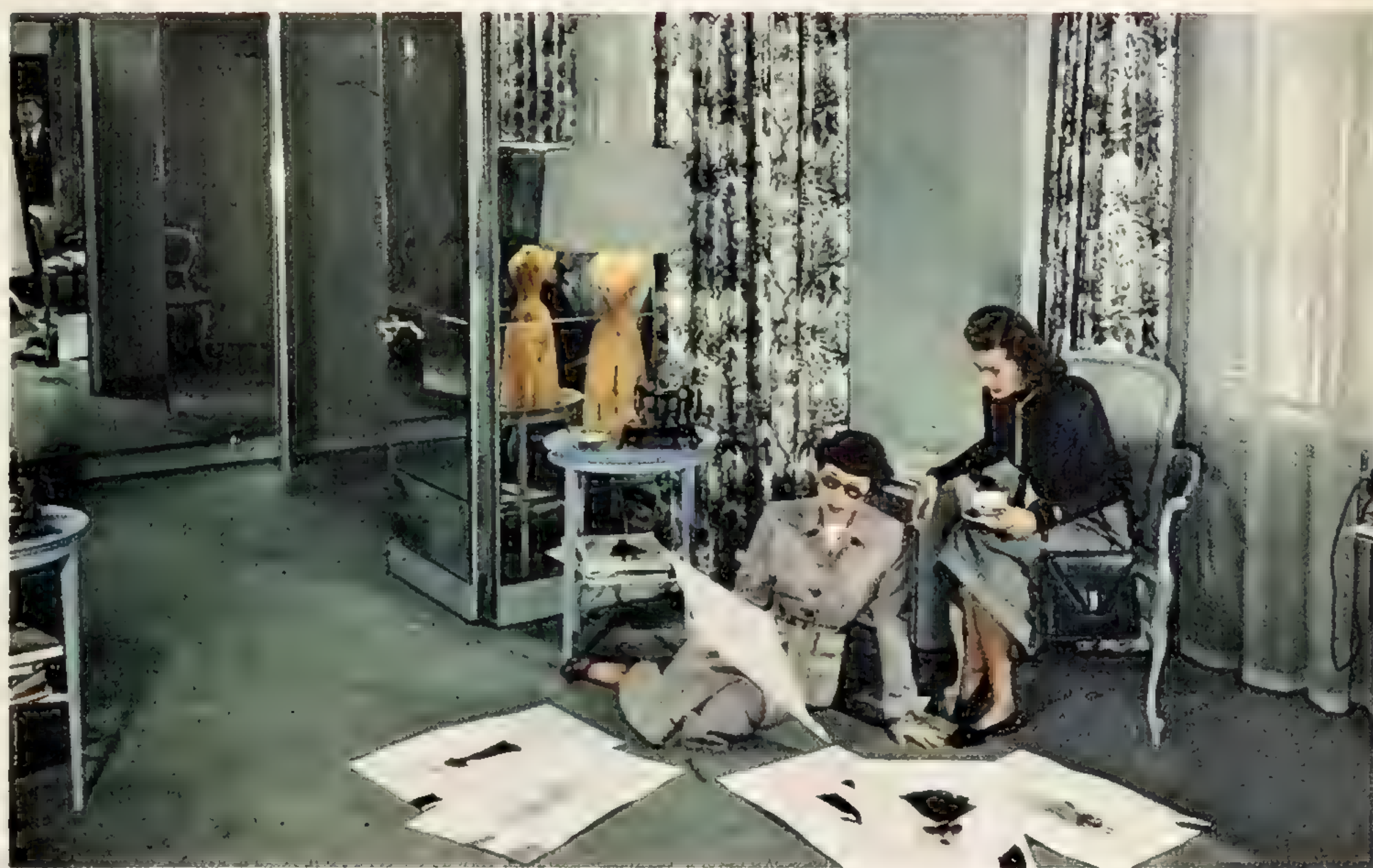
**T**HE Paramount Studios are just beyond the Hollywood hills. Most movie companies, having departed from the town they made famous long ago, are now situated in the Valley or out Culver City way. But Paramount remains in Hollywood, not far from the corner field where the old barn—in which the studio had its beginning—used to stand. The executive buildings face the streets surrounding the studio acres. But only the few for whom the big iron gate, policed day and night, swings wide ever see the heart of the studio—the big stages, the commissary, the dressing rooms, the make-up department, the dressmaking salon or the busy streets peopled with actors and actresses wearing the costumes of many ages and many countries.





Sue re-did Alan Ladd's dressing room about three years ago—decorating it with early Americana which they picked up on trips East. Sometimes Sue packs a lunch for Alan, who likes to eat in his dressing room and then lie down and relax

Everybody meets at the commissary: Standing is Pauline Kessinger, manager. Clockwise are John Lund, Ilka Chase (in rear), Wanda Hendrix, Bob Stack, Bruce Cabot (back to camera), designer Mary Kay Dodson



In this room fashions are born—for Paramount stars. Edith Head, top fashion designer, discusses with Brenda Marshall sketches of the clothes Brenda will wear in her film "Whispering Smith"

## HOLLYWOOD TOUR

On the studio green, before Dressing Room Row, Mary Jane Saunders, who debuts in "Sorrowful Jones," gets a golf lesson from Bob Hope







Six girls with the same dream—stardom one day: These extra girls are on their way to rehearsals for a swimming pool sequence in a musical picture



The cameras have stopped grinding: Irene Hervey, Alan Ladd and director Lewis Allen discuss the day's shooting on "One Woman"



Cecil B. deMille, producer of many great films, at doorway of studio gym—which originally was the old barn in which he made his first pictures



Who hasn't heard of the front office?





Like Wanda Hendrix, stars wait for wagon, bringing coffee, cake, candy, as eagerly as kids watch for the Good Humor man

Jim Davies gives stars like Billy De Wolfe the works—in his studio gym, where Jim is definitely the boss



## HOLLYWOOD TOUR



Here is the famous Front Office Row

The greenhouse dates back to the days when Dorothy Lamour made jungle pictures. Today, surplus plants are sold to employees like Mona Freeman







Old fashions with a new  
look: Betty Grable ("That  
Lady in Ermine") now appearing in  
"When My Baby Smiles at Me"

*Powolny*





For Betty and Angie,  
rehearsing a dance routine,  
friendship is set to sweet music

# Her Divided Heart

**She fools her public but**

**not her working partner, who**

**discovered these things about**

**Grable worth recording**

**BY ANGIE BLUE**

**F**OR almost eight years I have lived with Betty Grable in all her working hours. In my job as assistant to the dance director at Twentieth Century-Fox, I have the specific assignment of working out, with my boss, all of Betty's dance routines, rehearsing her in them and checking the final performance when it goes on film.

The first thing I had put in my little book about Betty was that she was good—good at her job, that is. I admire people who do their work well. That was in 1932, and we were both kids. Betty was doing a specialty dance in "The Gay Divorcee" at RKO. My sister Theodora and I (we were "The Little Blue Sisters" then) were doing a number in the same film. We sat on the set and watched Betty dance. She was so quick at taking direction, so vibrant and alive in projecting the stuff she had just learned, that I was impressed.

Nine years later, we landed on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot simultaneously. It was the Big Break for both of us. Our first job together was on "Moon over Miami" and I had a new note for the little book at the end of our first day of work. Betty came in, in the morning, to learn a routine Hermes Pan and I had spent weeks working out. In an hour she knew it as well as I did. At noon, word came down that the producer would come on the set in the afternoon to look at the number. (Continued on page 71)





Danny Kaye was terrific as night club entertainer Kay Thompson. Jack Carson (above), George Burns, Van Johnson, Jack Benny impersonated her partners

The Mitchums made monkeys out of friends who tried to guess who were behind those masks. It was Bob and Dot's first appearance since their reconciliation



Shirley Temple, as Marie Antoinette, was judged the prettiest gal there. The lensmen asked her to present a watch to General Grant (Georgie Jessel) in appreciation of swell job he did as M. C.

# FOCUS ON FUN

Stars shone, flash-bulbs popped and the Hollywood Press Photographers' Ball became the year's most dazzling frolic





With encouragement from Larry Parks, Shelley Winters frightened Betty Garrett with toy lizard. Later the joke was on Shelley when she flirted with a "gent" who turned out to be Mrs. Dan Duryea



Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly, song-and-dance men, brought down the house. Frank's footwork was so good everyone suspected Gene had coached him

Ted Briskin as a Maharajah was a stickler for accuracy and showed up with three wives: his own, Betty Hutton (*below*), Paramount press representative Lindsay Durand and her daughter Diane



June Haver showed ringmaster, Dr. John Duzik, a few tricks. The ball at Ciro's saw Photoplay's Hymie Fink and Sterling Smith lauded for their good works







Reagan fumbles, Edwards recovers—the mike—in a consequence that called for some double play on Q. 5

1. Q: Do you have a tendency to be too talkative?

A: *Yep. I talk too much.*

2. Q: That's probably your shortest speech on record. What's the longest?

A: *When I was a sports announcer, I talked about the Chicago Cubs for five hours and thirty-five minutes one hot day. It was 108 degrees in the shade and that seemed plenty long. Some double-header, too. In the last inning—two down, one to go—the pitcher threw a long low curved one right over home plate and . . .*

3. Q: And you're OUT. It's my turn at mike again. Have you ever talked yourself into trouble?

A: *A million times. "Why don't I keep my big mouth shut?" I keep asking myself—later. As for example, when a young lady asked my advice about a boy friend she'd broken with, I told her. Three weeks later, they made up. Now guess who doesn't speak to whom.*

4. Q: Can you admit it when you're wrong?

A: *Yes, except for one thing and I have to laugh at myself there. The only place I have trouble*

# Play Truth

Ronnie's a fast talker but when words failed him, Ralph was in there pitching—some fast consequences!

GAME CONDUCTOR—RALPH EDWARDS



The penalty for passing Q. 11 really had Ronnie burned up!

*taking it sitting down is in a critical discussion of my acting. Then I find myself really boiling and making speeches of justification for the scene. Usually with, "But you don't understand what I was doing there . . ."*

5. Q: What spoken words do you most regret?

A: *Sorry, I can't be outspoken on that one. Edwards: Okay, Ronnie, there's a penalty for with-holding. As a former football star and sports announcer, let's see you carry the ball and announce your play at the same time.*

6. Q: Which is your favorite role—actor or

(Continued on page 80)



# or Consequences with Ronald Reagan

Tune in Truth or Consequences with Ralph Edwards

Saturday on NBC, 8:30 P.M. EST

Sidestepping Q. 14 put Ronnie  
in step with an old ambition



Stalling on Q. 19 had Ronnie, of "John  
Loves Mary," in the saddle of a dilemma!



Follow the all-American impulse

to do something different and let

your home life go Western

# Star in your home



by *that famous*  
*Hollywood director*  
*and decorator*  
mitch leisen

**W**OULD you like to make your money and your time go a little further? Would you even like to have your life go a little further—and have more fun in the bargain?

You can do all this by simply giving your home a more Western accent. It isn't by any accident that a style of furniture and interior decoration called California modern is rising in this country. Except for the early American pieces, both genuine and reproduction, this California modern—sometimes called Monterey modern, sometimes flossied up and called Swedish modern—is among the most rapidly selling styles in home furnishings.

And it should be. The reason is that (a) it is relatively inexpensive. (b) It is ideally suited to modern American life. (c) No woman has to work eight to ten hours a day keeping up such a setting. So today, when the back-to-the-home-for-fun movement is growing stronger and stronger, this casual, friendly type of living is in the ascendancy. It has always been a Western attitude to attain the maximum comfort with the least possible effort. Combine this with the all-American impulse to do everything efficiently and you really get a beautiful blend. So, (Continued on page 84)

The patio is on a Western basis in the Burl Ives homestead—with avocado trees for summer shade, fireplaces for sunset chill







The Dan Duryeas' barbecue terrace makes entertaining informal fun, provides extra room for growing boys' activities



Cathy O'Donnell entertains Nancy Ross, singer on the Breakfast Club show, in her outdoor living room above Sunset Blvd. Iron furniture, charming and practical, includes nest of tables for serving



# '49

# fashion steps



by Photoplay's  
Reporter  
about-town

edith gwynn

**Brush up your past pretties and make them modern accessories for it's smart to look backward, today**

**N**OW, of course, is the perfect time to talk about furs—especially the kind that can be carried over almost to the end of spring—though one wintery job that must be mentioned is the unique navy-blue seal casual coat that Doris Day has. (We don't suggest you rush out and get one like it unless you have at least four other fur coats!) The front closing is banded with navy ribbed wool and it has push-up sleeves. The coat is lined with the blue wool too. It's stunning over sports clothes. Then there's that wrist-length black Persian lamb jacket of Joan Bennett's, cut so simply and youthfully that it looks well over *anything*—and light enough in weight to wear any time except when the sun is really beating down.

But the really important thing about furs, is the fact that everyone out this way has gone mad for capes—all kinds of capes. And that's where your *old* furs come in because the styles, shapes and sizes of the capes are so varied. Skipping the luxurious, full-swaying fur capes, how about the new, almost tiny, just-around-the-shoulder type of fur cape so popular with some of the film city belles? That old fox jacket—or bedraggled muskrat coat of yours, can emerge as a smart, snugly fitting little cape or a really short one that is full and buttons at the neck with no collar. If you'll just cut it up—and let some furrier refurbish it for you!

Anita Colby has a darling-shoulder cape (almost like a little shawl—except that it hooks in front) fashioned of merely four rows of sable skins. The cape is in straight rows—so that it really never reaches the neck, and the hooks are invisible, for they're covered by the full, furry sable tails in little bunches of two or three, over the closing. It's obvious that this little number would be much less expensive, but just as pretty and flattering in many kinds of fur—any kind, in fact, except those that are completely flat. And a perfect complement to any (Continued on page 81)

**Fashion of the month: Joan Leslie's separate Elizabethan-styled collar of black Persian lamb can be worn with dresses, suits or even a ski outfit**





Mrs. Astor's beautiful skin has the clear, smooth look of faultless grooming

Mrs.

*Ellen Tuck Astor*

You see her, and you *feel* the special quality of her charm. For her lovely face brings you the glamour, and distinction, and warm responsiveness that are so much a part of her inmost self.

So much that is *You* speaks for you in *your face*. It is the out-going expression of *your* inner self—the *you* that others see first—and the *you* they remember best. Do help your face, then, to look clear and bright and lovely—so it can *express you happily*.

*She  
uses Pond's!*

*"To my mind — there is just no better face cream,"  
Mrs. Astor says*

**YOUR FACE** has a fascinating way of telling the story of *You*. And—your face is what *you* make it! Never let your skin lose its soft color, get a grayed look. *Always* at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) do this "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with your Pond's Cold Cream. *This is the way:*

**Hot Stimulation**—splash face with hot water.

**Cream Cleanse**—swirl Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. This will soften and sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.

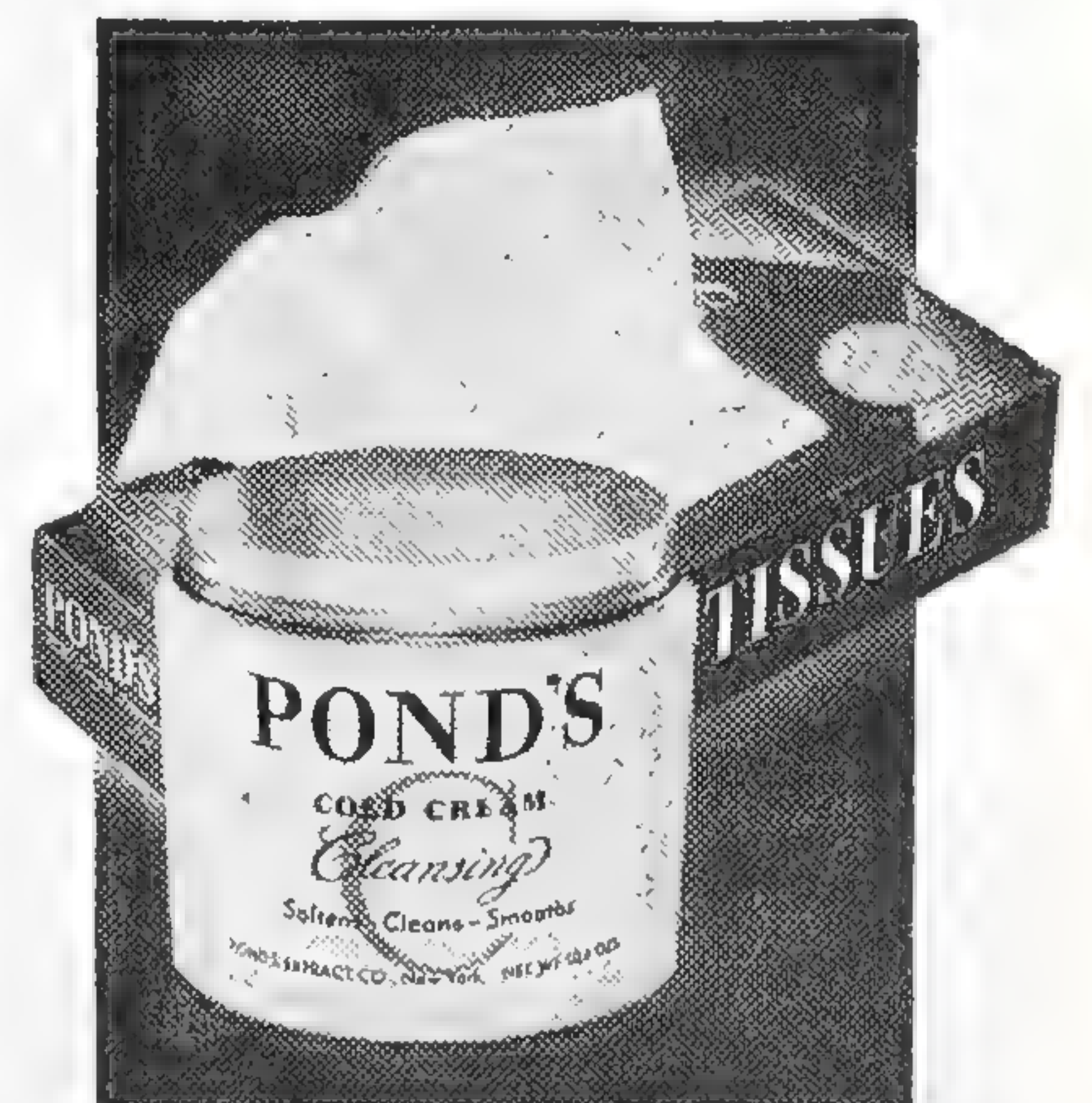
**Cream Rinse**—swirl on a second Pond's creaming. This *rinses* off last traces of dirt, leaves skin lubricated, immaculate. Tissue off.

**Cold Stimulation**—a tonic cold water splash.

See your face *now!* It looks and feels *re-made!* So clean and rosy! So *very* soft!

Literally, this Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment acts on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream wraps around surface dirt, as you massage—sweeps it *cleanly* away, as you tissue off. *From the Inside*—every step quickens beauty-giving circulation.

It's not just vanity to develop the beauty of your face. *Look lovely* and it slips over into how you think and feel and act. It gives you a happy confidence—brings the real Inner *You* closer to others.



Pond's—used by more women than any other face creams. Today—get this favorite *big*, dressing-table size of Pond's Cold Cream.



# Photo-

HOLLYWOOD STAR ADVENTURES



"WHEN I READ THE SCRIPT OF 'LITTLE WOMEN', I FOUND THAT MY PART OF 'JO', THE TOMBOY OF THE STORY, CALLED FOR ME TO LEAP OVER A NEIGHBOR'S FENCE--AND DRESSED IN HOOP SKIRTS, NO LESS."



SO JUNE DECIDED TO PRACTICE. WITH MATERIALS OBTAINED FROM THE STUDIO PROP ROOM, SHE FASHIONED A MAKE-SHIFT HOOP.

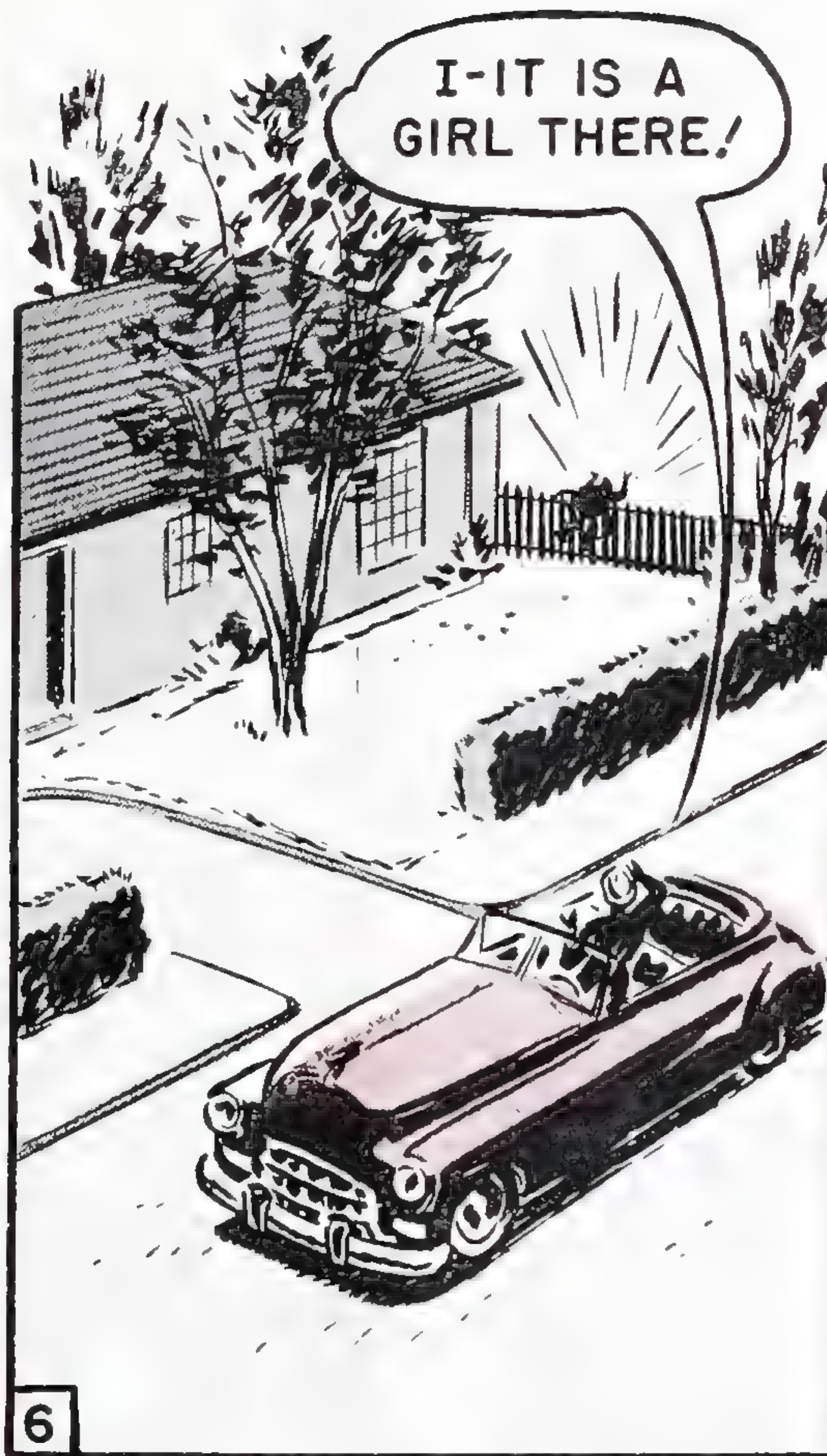




# Plays

TOLD IN COMICS

## "JUNE ALLYSON- FENCE JUMPER"





There's Nothing  
Quite Like **Alka-Seltzer**

tiveness. (3) Alka-Seltzer's fizzing effervescence speeds its pain-relieving action and so helps bring relief fast, pleasant relief.

Next time you have a headache, take Alka-Seltzer for really fast relief! Remember, there is nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer. Here's why: (1) Alka-Seltzer contains one of the world's most effective pain-relieving agents. (2) This pain-relieving agent is protected by valuable alkaline buffers for increased effectiveness.



**for HEADACHES** ACID INDIGESTION  
DISCOMFORT OF COLDS  
MUSCULAR ACHEs and PAINS

Alka-Seltzer spells relief  
When nagging headaches  
Bring you grief.  
Alka-Seltzer does the trick  
Does it right  
And does it quick.



**Joe Kelly**  
of the  
**Quiz Kids**  
N.B.C.  
SUNDAY  
AFTERNOON

(Continued from page 19)

### ✓ (A) *Macbeth* (Mercury-Republic)

SHAKESPEARE has been interpreted in various ways, but there's never been a noisier production of "Macbeth" than this rearranged version of The Bard's blood-curdling tale of murder and revenge in eleventh-century Scotland. Long before the final reel, your ears will ring from all the bellowing, accompanied by crashing music and deafening peals of thunder.

Actor-director Orson Welles makes a wild-eyed, primitive *Macbeth*, eaten by remorse for the brutal slaying of his king. It is *Lady Macbeth*, spiritedly portrayed by Jeannette Nolan, who plants the evil idea in her husband's mind only to recoil when he plots further crimes. In order to remain ruler, *Macbeth* has *Banquo* assassinated but *Malcolm* (Roddy McDowall), son of the murdered monarch, escapes. Together with *Macduff* (Dan O'Herlihy), he organizes an army to besiege the castle and kill the tyrant. The stark Scottish landscape adds a weird note to a picture that has its moments of high dramatic interest.

Your Reviewer Says: "Full of sound and fury . . ."

### ✓ (F) *Walk a Crooked Mile* (Columbia)

ANY time Dennis O'Keefe decides to give up acting to become an FBI man, the chances are he will be a great success. He's that convincing as Uncle Sam's undercover agent on the trail of Russian atom bomb spies in California. O'Keefe and Scotland Yard detective Louis Hayward pool their clues, make their brilliant deductions and have many close calls in the line of duty. Apart from their formidable foreign foes, there's the suave American scientist who turns out to be a *Benedict Arnold*, and his attractive assistant, Louise Allbritton, under question, too. A swift-moving, entertaining spy thriller.

Your Reviewer Says: A double-barrelled baffle.

### (F) *Road House* (Twentieth Century-Fox)

IF you think *you* have troubles, wait and see what Ida Lupino and Cornel Wilde go through. It's really grim! And all on account of that no-good guy, Richard Widmark. A road house owner, Widmark works up a terrific peeve over the romance between manager Wilde and entertainer Lupino. Celeste Holm, a lovelorn lady who gets nowhere with Cornel, hits the proverbial nail on the head when she says that, for someone without a voice, Ida surely can put over a song. Whatever else is wrong with this movie, there's plenty of action. In fact it becomes incredibly melodramatic until, in the final scene, the ill-starred lovers are in a worse jam than ever.

Your Reviewer Says: Roughhouse in a road house.

### (F) *The Gallant Blade* (Columbia)

LIFE is one duel after another for Larry Parks. In this swashbuckling affair, he is not only a gallant blade but a busy one. Not too busy, however, to dally a bit with fascinating Marguerite Chapman. To be sure, when Larry thinks she has sold him out to treacherous Victor Jory, he is more inclined to kill than kiss her. Jory

plans to plunge France into war with Spain, much to the displeasure of General George Macready. As his valiant aide, Parks saves France practically singlehanded. For all its elaborate sets fairly swarming with sword-happy characters, "The Gallant Blade" is decidedly on the dull side.

Your Reviewer Says: Foul deeds dressed up.

### ✓✓ (A) *The Decision of Christopher Blake* (Warners)

BE prepared to weep when you see this picture which movingly depicts the evils of divorce. It has lovely Alexis Smith and English actor Robert Douglas (in his American screen debut) in the leading roles. Ted Donaldson is their deeply disturbed son who finds it so difficult to choose between them when they decide to separate. As a highly sensitive lad, given to nightmarish daydreams, Ted turns in an admirable job. Cecil Kellaway makes an understanding judge and John Hoyt a competent attorney.

Your Reviewer Says: Effective drama on divorce.

### (F) *Kidnapped* (Lindsley Parsons-Monogram)

THIS latest version of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous novel of the 1750's is a curiously flat and lifeless affair. Roddy McDowall struggles with the role of the orphaned young Scot, *David Balfour*. The boy's villainous uncle, Houseley Stevenson, seeking to cheat him of his inheritance, has him kidnapped by Roland Winters. That son of a sea dog plans to sell the lad as a slave. But the ship is wrecked and Roddy escapes together with Daniel O'Herlihy, a political outlaw. The two are joined by Sue England, a bonny lass with a taste for adventure.

Your Reviewer Says: Tepid version of the Stevenson classic.

### ✓ (F) *Rogue's Regiment* (Universal-International)

EVIDENTLY, Dick Powell enjoyed chasing those opium smugglers in "To the Ends of the Earth," for in this fast-paced film, jam-packed with violence and intrigue, he is once more a clever American sleuth operating in the Orient. This time Powell is after Stephen McNally, an ex-Nazi attempting to escape trial in Germany by joining the French Foreign Legion at Saigon. McNally finds a friend in wealthy, unscrupulous Vincent Price. The beautiful female spy is willowy, wide-eyed Marta Toren whom you saw in "Casbah." But rest assured Dick gets his man in the final reel and, lucky fellow, his woman, too!

Your Reviewer Says: Spy hunting in Saigon.

### Best Pictures of the Month

*Joan of Arc*  
*The Snake Pit*

### Best Performances of the Month

*Loretta Young in "The Accused"*  
*Olivia de Havilland, Leo Genn in "The Snake Pit"*

*Ingrid Bergman, Jose Ferrer in "Joan of Arc"*

*Rex Harrison in "Unfaithfully Yours"*



## Difficult—That's Me

(Continued from page 40) an early studio call ahead, I don't mind announcing I've got to get some sleep. If we are stuck at a dull party, I'll hiss in Ellie's ear, "Honey, let's get out of here!" We do, but if I were alone I'd not ease out the slow way she prefers.

Ellie and I seldom go to Mocambo's, Ciro's, or any of the other Hollywood spots. For me those places are too jammed and artificial; people go there to be "seen," not to relax. Being seen on the screen is enough! The first time I ever took Ellie dancing we went to Earl Carroll's and before we knew it, everybody had cleared off the floor to watch us. She is a marvelous dancer and I was expected to be on a par with her. Sad, but I'm a young Abe Lincoln when I get up to samba.

Shunning formal private parties is another of my husbandly faults. To me "being in Society" means working at becoming a phony. My goal is to *not* be in it! Depending on the nods and frowns of the frivolous appalls me. I've found I can't make any social contacts outside of the movie colony, because people unfamiliar with a studio's erratic hours and demands will never understand why actors can't fit calmly into plans for dinner parties and weekends.

I DON'T even want "a congenial little group" of Hollywood pals with whom Ellie and I can gather regularly. That's "living" they tell me. Well, it may be. Yet I'm living, too—in my own way. I suppose this theory seems to be sheer stupidity, particularly in the movie world where *who* you know is supposed to far outrank *what* you know. I won't argue it; I'm committing a major crime in the view of ninety-nine out of a hundred authorities. I don't care.

I have no "Hollywood" friends. I like meeting new people, swapping experiences and fun with them; yes. But I do not look at every acquaintance as a potential friend to be cultivated carefully. Real friends, in my book, are few. They take a long, long time to develop. I have a half-a-dozen I cherish. They have liked me and put up with me through all my low times. None of them is connected in any way with the movies. One's in shipping, one in banking, one is a lawyer. Their sincerity has been well proved.

As a Marine sergeant, with my hair crew-cut, I was seldom identified as Glenn Ford, which was the way I wanted it. I'll never forget one evening while I was in uniform. I took Ellie to a swank hotel in Coronado. We sat in the spacious dining-room for exactly one hour and twenty minutes—and no waiter ever came to take our order! At last someone came over and tipped me off that they didn't want mere enlisted men eating there, and that was how they froze them out. A lot of us guys had to take it on the chin like that, and now we're unimpressed with being smiled at when we're on a decent payroll. Recently, Ellie and I stopped overnight at that same hotel. The manager sent her special flowers and me a fancy bowl of fruit. We got the glad hand because we were from Hollywood. I discovered my true value in the service, so I take all flourishes for the fleeting moment they're meant.

The quiet life the Fords lead is a sacrifice on Ellie's part, naturally. She's much more of a mixer than I am. After living in barracks during the war I came back with a terrible desire for privacy in my spare hours. I'm the original stay-at-home now. I have my own movie projector so we can see pictures without going out. I have my record collection,

## Are you in the know?



Which gal would you ask to complete a foursome?

- ☐ A Suave Sally ☐ A numb number ☐ A character from the carnival

Your steady freddy asks you to produce a date for his pal? Here's advice! Choosing a gal less winsome than you, can doom the party. It flusters your guy; disappoints his friend. Best you invite Suave Sally. You can stay confident—regardless of the day of

the month—with Kotex to keep you comfortable, to give you *softness* that *holds its shape*. No treachery with Kotex! It's the napkin made to *stay* soft while you wear it. And your new, all-elastic, Kotex Sanitary Belt is so snug-fitting! Doesn't bind!



How much should she have tipped him?

- ☐ 10%  
☐ 25%  
☐ 15 to 20%

Don't wait 'til a waiter wears that "why don't you do right" look. Hone up on tipping! 'Taint what it used to be, so leave a little extra on that silver tray. A 15 to 20% tip pays off, in good service. And for certain times there's a special service Kotex gives . . . your choice of 3 *absorbencies*, designed for different girls, different days. It pays to try all 3: Regular, Junior, Super Kotex. You'll find the one absorbency that suits *your* needs *exactly*!



What clan does her plaid represent?

- ☐ Frazer  
☐ Macpherson  
☐ Black Watch

For the Highland touch in togs—have a fling at "ancient tartans": top-rating plaids with authentic patterns, representing actual clans. A genuwyne *Macpherson*, for instance, as shown. And when your own clan meets, have fun—even at calendar time. Why be self-conscious, with Kotex preventing telltale outlines? Those *flat pressed ends* don't turn traitor . . . *don't show*. (As if you didn't know!). And that exclusive safety center provides *extra* protection.

More women choose KOTEX\*  
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER





Those **BAD DAYS**  
CAN BE **GOOD DAYS**

**MIDOL**

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL  
**PERIODIC PAIN**  
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"

PERSONAL SAMPLE—In plain envelope.  
Write Dept. N-19, Room 2500,  
1450 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.



RELIEVES CRAMPS  
EASES HEADACHES  
CHASES "BLUES"

pool table and a television set that takes us to the fights and wrestling matches the comfortable way.

But home isn't a placid place! Let's not lie about it: I have the awful habit of falling for fads. That upsets everyone around me! Suddenly I seem to go crazy and take off on tangents. I'm seized with a new yen and a passion to excel at it. When I was hottest over classical records I gathered some seven thousand platters, all personally and lovingly selected. Later I took up stamp collecting. I bid personally at every stamp auction in Los Angeles and New York, knew every dealer. Then lamps became my weakness and I cluttered the house with fifteen very special beauties we didn't need. Pipes got me, so I collected two hundred. This led on to tobacco mixing. I haunted every tobacco shop in town, sent to Ireland, England, and Turkey for unusual blends, and then sat up all hours painstakingly mixing them. It appears if you let tobacco sit under ferns it'll take on an exceptional flavor—I had six ferns in one room, mothering my international tobaccos.

**M**Y enthusiasm over tomatoes was the one that got the better of me. Tomato plants are deceptively small. I happily planted them in our front yard, back yard, and between the bushes in our rose garden. They all bloomed at once. We had to stew them, store them, stuff them down us, and give them away.

Only two weeks ago I had, I think, the most wonderful bed in all Hollywood. I built in every convenient gadget imaginable. Not only had my phone and books on side shelves, my radio and electric clock in the headboard, but I also added a faucet there with running ice water. The crowning touch was my television set, installed at the foot of the bed. To Ellie, however, it was the final straw. She said the television set threw the whole room off balance.

"Look, honey," I cried to deaf ears, "I can lie in bed with my head on the pillows and just gaze at everything!" I still have it only now it rolls away when I'm not watching it.

I'm a worrier, totally lacking in the gay, devil-may-care air. My fretting isn't about any of the conventional problems, nor about what lurks in our tomorrows. I just stew about my work. I think an actor can portray the facets of life eloquently only by maintaining contact with reality—another reason I don't follow the so-called "Hollywood life."

This brand of concentration isn't an endearing trait either. On the sets I'm forever asking if I can't try the scene just once more. As I drive home I keep re-

hashing the day's work, reenacting my scenes over and over to myself. Then I bring my roles home with me. I read with awe about the actors who don't! I should be self-disciplined enough not to, but I'm plain moody, and when I get into a role I live it as much as I can. When I was playing a Civil War colonel I'd come home and just sit and glare. The South could not lose!

Ellie is always glad when I'm making a comedy, for while it lasts I'm perpetually sunny. While I was making "The Loves of Carmen," Ellie had to say a number of times, "Now *Don José*, I'm not *Carmen*, so take it easy!" Then we'd both have to laugh and I'd snap out of my hamming for a while. After we saw "A Double Life" she said, "You see what you could come to?"

I have a miserable memory. I forget *everything* that doesn't interest me. My wife grows desperate trying subtly to turn on a light in this blank portion of my brain. When she's away on personal appearance tours, Ellie's remedy is to park a detailed appointment book beside my bed. Its details are filled out minutely. She writes down the smallest things—things only I could forget. I finish my evenings by checking off: "Put the dog out," "Lock the front door," and "Turn out the lights." That is, if I don't forget to read the book in the first place!

You've the right hunch about me and anniversaries. They seem completely unimportant to me. A week before our wedding anniversary, or Valentine's Day, or what-have-you-to-observe, Ellie makes a trailer on the coming attraction by noting it on one of the lists she's constantly preparing for me.

I don't write letters. What's more alarming, I'm one actor who admits he is an absolutely sorry businessman. If you've been propagandized into believing actors are now all sane and shrewd about their earnings, here's the great exception. I invested in a mine that was an absolute bust. I let myself buy a piece of a prize fighter who didn't become a champ and pay off. I thought financing a midget auto racer was a bright scheme. So for discipline I've tied myself down to required monthly payments on my home and annuities. This keeps me out of many money troubles I could otherwise inflict on myself.

Now let me confess my greatest sin: I don't feel guilty enough about my faults to reform! With so much asserted perfectionism rampant in this funny Hollywood, I hope this rates me as strictly human. Like you, maybe . . . If not, then go right ahead, and moan, "Holy cow—what a character!"

THE END

## listen to "GRAND OLE OPRY"

every Saturday night over NBC

Hear Red Foley sing his famous folk ballads.

Read the story of Red Foley's life in the January issue of

**TRUE STORY**

magazine complete with full-color autographed photograph.







Celeste Holm  
makes happiness a habit

## Beauty Spots

### Has What It Takes

By  
MARY  
JANE  
FULTON

CELESTE HOLM, as you know, won the Academy Award as the best female supporting player for her work in "Gentleman's Agreement." If you missed her in that picture,

you can see her in her latest one for Twentieth Century-Fox, "Chicken Every Sunday." Besides having exceptional talent, Celeste successfully combines her career with marriage to Schuyler Dunning, head of American Airline's Hollywood office. While we were teasing with her at Delmonico's during a recent New York visit, she received a telegram from him—all in double talk, which made it a private message. He must have said something funny, because she laughed aloud when she read it. They're always joking, she explained. And she's sure this is one reason why they get along so well.

### Intimate Facts

Too many married people, Celeste believes, take each other too seriously, especially where the little things pertinent to grooming are concerned. A couple should, of course, be so much in love that nothing gets on their nerves. But Celeste feels that if your man objects to your using his razor, you should get one of your own. They have razors for women, of course. She advises, too, that you keep your hair nicely in curl by giving yourself permanent waves as often as necessary. And, she urges, don't leave hairs and powder in the washbowl, not that these trifles alone will hold a man. You must, of course, be kind, considerate, thoughtful, and not nag—even if he leaves the cap off the toothpaste and throws towels on the bathroom floor! In other words, Celeste contends, it's a good idea to love your man for his faults, too. She qualifies this statement, however, by adding that it's wise to avoid opportunities for fault finding—by seeing to it that there is ample closet and drawer space, by keeping out of your husband's way by having a dressing table on which to keep all your cosmetics, or a special drawer or shelf in the bathroom. Then there'll be no reason for him to be annoyed with you—and, who knows, maybe he'll profit by your neat example.

# Before your daughter marries... should you tell her *These Intimate Physical Facts?*



## BY ALL MEANS! And here is scientific up-to-date information *You Can Trust—*

The time to speak frankly to your daughter is *before* she marries. She should be fully informed on how important vaginal douching two or three times a week often is to feminine cleanliness, her health, marriage happiness, to combat odor, and always after menstrual periods.

And she should be made to realize that no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to tissues as modern ZONITE!

### Warns Girls Against Weak or Dangerous Products

How unfortunate is the young woman who, through ignorant advice of friends, uses such 'kitchen makeshifts' as vinegar, salt or soda. These are NOT germicides in the douche! They *never* can give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

Won't you please realize how *very important* it is to use a germicide defi-

nitely *intended* for vaginal douching—one powerfully germicidal yet one safe to tissues as ZONITE has proved to be for years.

ZONITE positively contains no phenol, no bichloride of mercury, no harsh acids—overstrong solutions of which may damage tissues and in time even hinder functional activity of the mucous glands. You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as needed* without the slightest risk of injury. It's positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating*.

### Truly A Modern Miracle!

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Leaves you feeling so sweet and clean. Helps guard against infection. ZONITE *kills* every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you *can be sure* amazing ZONITE DOES KILL every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE at any drugstore!

### FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. PP-19, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**Zonite**  
FOR NEWER  
*feminine hygiene*



# INSIDE STUFF

Time out for fun: Edmond O'Brien, Olga San Juan and Bob Stack make minutes count at a party get-together



Betty Grable, Preston Sturges and Olga again—on "Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" set



Janet Leigh and Bob Neal dined together before she left for New York to visit Barry Nelson

(Continued from page 15) came as no surprise. They should really make a film with Dan and call it "How Tired Can You Get?" We watched him make several scenes for "Chicken Every Sunday" and noted the weariness that seemed to weigh him down. Only when director George Seaton called "camera" did Dan attempt liveliness. With the endless weeks of dance rehearsals that precede a Dailey picture, with the actor sometimes rehearsing for one movie while making another, plus his misunderstanding over the Friar benefit, it's no wonder he decided to call a halt. The pity is the publicity that follows such a drastic measure. When will Hollywood ever wake up and realize an actor is a human being and not a machine?

**Round-Up:** The way Humphrey Bogart drives Lauren Bacall up over lawns, curbs, around trees and down grades in that new bantam car of his, you'd never dream they were expecting a baby . . . Hollywood wonders if being an aunt to sister Joan Fontaine's baby will cause Olivia de Havilland to forget their dif-

ferences. Joan's husband, Bill Dozier, certainly hopes so . . . Veterans who receive visits from lovely Elizabeth Taylor never stop talking of her beauty. Neither do the Hollywood lads, either . . . As usual, Jimmy Stewart claims he has no wedding plans when Gloria McLean is mentioned but take it from us, Jimmy likes her better than any girl he's met in a long time. You should see him look at her!

**Red Skelton:** As a comedian in Hollywood, Red Skelton is unique. He's neither feverishly apprehensive over material nor hopelessly wed to his job of being funny. He's the most naive of the funny men, never given to smut in either his everyday or professional dialogues. Like a kid, he loves circuses (his father was a clown). A real camera fiend, he spends most of his off-screen, off-radio time endlessly taking pictures. Once at a theater opening, it was discovered that the NBC cameraman hadn't showed up. Red, who never goes anywhere without his camera, pitched in and did the job for him. He lives in Bel-Air with his wife, a non-

professional, and his two babies, Valentina Maria and Richard Freeman who, without yet knowing it, pose endlessly for their father. He listens to every word of advice from his ex-wife, Edna Skelton Borzage, a farseeing woman who helps write his programs. He puts on a half-hour show after every radio appearance that kills the customers who know that with the advent of television, Red, with his flexible features and ability to transform himself into any character with a single gesture, will top them all. He never says an unkind word about anyone. He respects the talents of other comics and laughs long and loud at their jokes. He possesses a wistful something that lends reality to any character he plays. Six-feet-two, brown-eyed, dimple-cheeked, red-gold hair, he's the handsomest of the funny men and never suspects it. He's unbelievably simple and regrettably sorry for you if the pictures given him don't measure up. And when you laugh your head off at "The Fuller Brush Man" or "The Southern Yankee," he's pleased because you're pleased. He's a good Joe.





# LAUGHING Stock

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

Tune in Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Story," Mutual Broadcasting System, Wednesday, 9:30 p.m., E.S.T.

FOR twelve years, William Powell has been having an argument with his dog, the lowest-slung dachshund I have ever seen. The dog still barks at Powell when he comes home at night.

"If a burglar knocked at the door," says Bill, "the dog would lead him to the safe and the family silverware. But when I walk in he barks. So I just bark back. We've been doing that for twelve years."

James Mason's widely publicized love of cats is consistent. He wound up a letter to Charles Chaplin concerning "Monsieur Verdoux" with: "Needless to say, my wife and I were delighted to note that Verdoux had the right attitude toward cats." (Blue-beard Verdoux murders his multiple wives but scolds his young son for pulling a cat's tail.)

Not in the script: "My only fear in Hollywood is the close-up. Every time I shake my head, my nose keeps getting out of focus."—Jimmy Durante.

Someone told Abe Burrows that there was a noiseless popcorn bag on the market. "A noiseless popcorn bag?" said Abe. "Hooey. Tell 'em to make 'em noisier. I can still hear the dialogue."

Doris Day tried to look sultry when she first arrived in Hollywood to crash the screen. But it wouldn't work. Doris says: "I tried making like Bacall and Lamarr and keeping my eyelids three-quarters shut. But it looked silly and I ran into things because I couldn't see. So I opened my eyes and then Hollywood discovered me."

No hamming allowed at the Joan Fontaine-Bill Dozier home. Whenever Joan goes into an overdramatization of anything, Bill cracks: "Watch it, Smithfield."

Because of various and sundry obstacles, a kid picture took about two years to make. The juvenile hero was a boy of twelve at the start. "We finally managed to get the film in the theaters," a make-up man said, "but we had to shave the boy first."

Pat O'Brien and Gene Fowler were discussing a certain Hollywood director noted for his fisticuffs while in his cups and also for the fact that he usually gets knocked flat on his face.

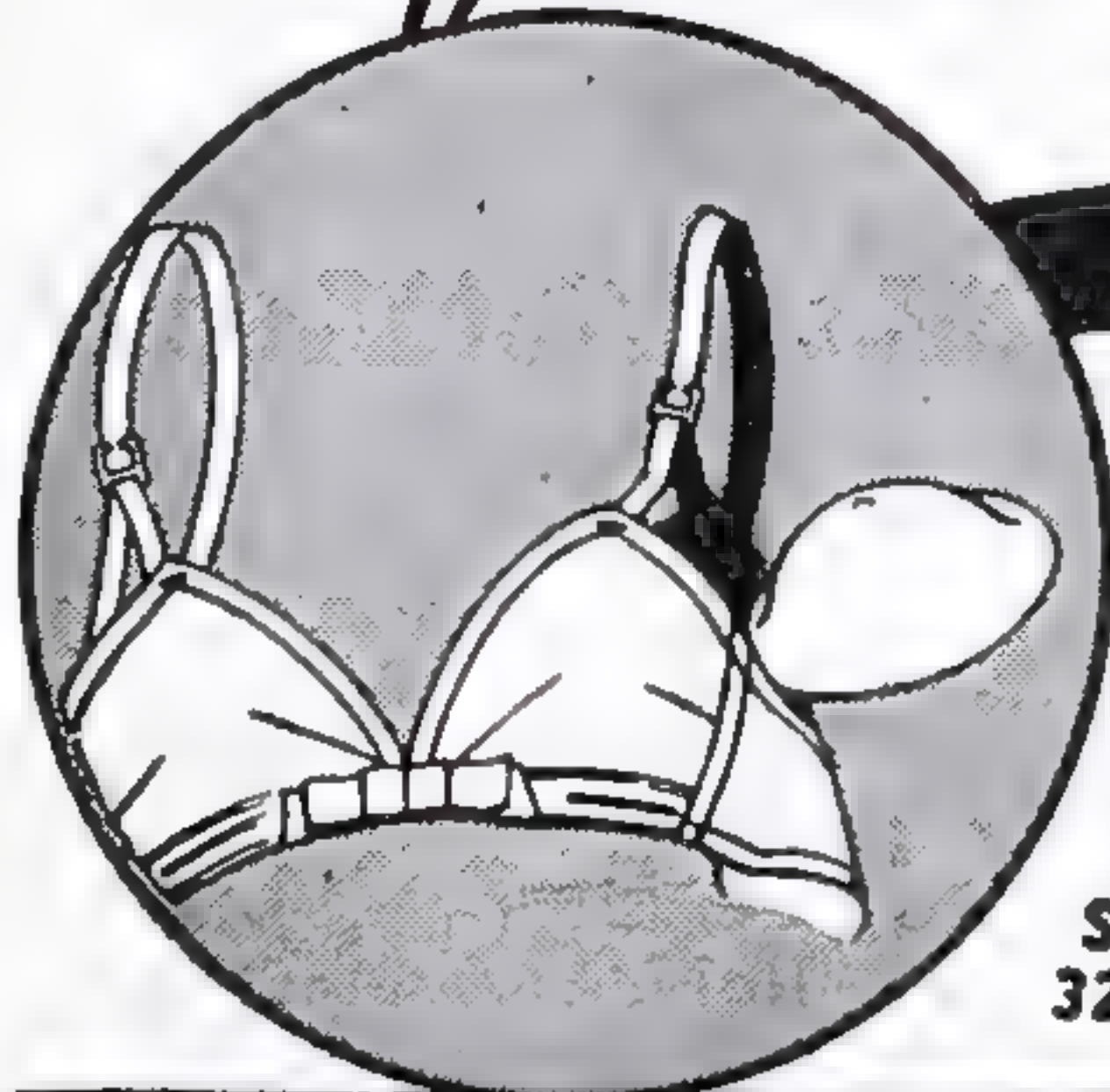
"Has that guy ever won a decision?" asked Pat.

"Once," said Fowler, "against a door."



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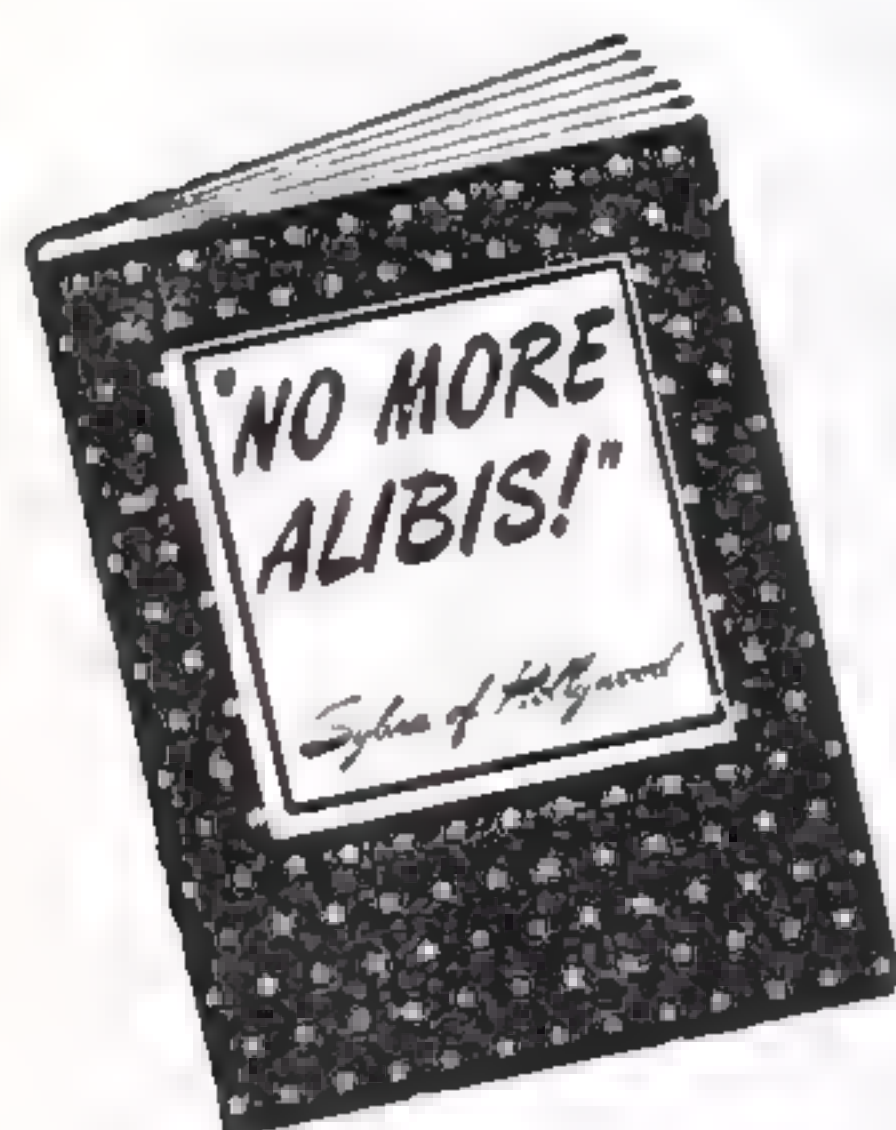
## Picture Yourself as a Hollywood Beauty

Well—why not? What has a movie star got that you haven't got?—

"Look at yourself in the mirror. Why, you'd be lovely if you didn't have those big hips, if you didn't have a protruding stomach, if, if, if! Well, knock those 'ifs' in the head. Start to work! Get busy! Use your brains, your common sense and courage!"

The above paragraph is from Sylvia of Hollywood's book *No More Alibis*—a truly amazing, stimulating and inspiring book. A book that should be required reading for every gal—regardless of age. For here in 128 pages Sylvia gives you her most successful beauty secrets. She tells you how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names—tells you how she developed this star's legs—how she reduced that star's waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful youthful figure.

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(Continued from page 37) couldn't get a job. He starts 1949 with a job and Wanda.

If . . . Ingrid Bergman breaks down with the press. Ingrid is a very intelligent, charming person and a swell interview—if you can get her. If! And when you do, she's usually in a desperate hurry to go somewhere else. So, when she gets a bad picture like "Arch of Triumph," the press is in a hurry—to write the truth. How about a new resolution for 1949, Ingrid—to win the Golden Apple as the most popular Hollywood actress in 1949.

If . . . Linda Darnell can restrain her huge appetite so she can keep her figure without ruining her health with reducing pills. Nature intended Linda to be plump. Fate made her a film star. Linda's in the middle. I hope Santa fills her stocking with willpower.

If . . . Betty Grable stays on top at the box office. And if her mate, Harry James, can hang up his trumpet and get a job that will keep him at home. The way it is now, Harry spends six months of the year on the road, while his blonde Betty languishes alone with the children.

If . . . Jeanne Crain makes more movies like "Apartment for Peggy." Jeanne has always been a fine little actress, but in this one she is sensational. And 1949 will be really wonderful if Edmund Gwenn, Jeanne's co-star, gets back into the good health groove.

If . . . Ronald Reagan finds happiness with another woman. Jane Wyman divorced him in 1948 because she was bored by him. That seems a heck of a wrong reason to shed the father of your children. Of course Ronnie *did* give a lot of his time to different committees for this and that, but real love is understanding. So I guess it wasn't there.

If . . . Fred MacMurray breaks down just once and gives an interview that has a "bite." I mean it will be a grand year for columnists!

If . . . Ava Gardner says "yes," the next time Howard Duff asks her to marry him. Duff has been trailing Ava for more than a year. He sets the sun, moon and the stars according to his dream girl's smile. But that's as changeable as a politician's promise. "I want to be a top movie star before I marry," Ava always tells me.

If . . . Rory Calhoun will get a movie to match his popularity with the bobby-sox crowd. So far it's been publicity and paltry parts in pictures. Whether his marriage to Lita Baron will help or hinder will be answered fully in 1949.

If . . . Lew Ayres won't be so gosh darned sensitive every time something is written about him. Most of the Hollywood reporters are kind but when they link Lew with Love he screams. Lew has been married twice—to Lola Lane and Ginger Rogers. Maybe he'll do it again for luck in 1949—with Jane Wyman?

If . . . Gail Russell and Guy Madison will stop their adolescent game of pretending they are married or vice versa. This has been going on too long to be amusing. I can visualize the day in 1949 when a breathless Guy or Gail may call to report, "We've just gotten married." And I can hear a chorus of "So what!" from the Fourth Estate. But to be more cheerful for a minute, it's a cinch for them to wed, as they are so obviously in love.

If . . . Lana Turner cuts out the high living after her baby is born—and before—and refuses to pose for any photographs that show her with an added chin. It will be a grand year for me personally if Lana returns soon to Hollywood because I like her and something is always happening in her vicinity.

If . . . Judy Garland puts her personal compass on an even keel and finds emotional stability. In 1948 Judy behaved like an erratic thermometer. One day she'd hit a hundred in friendliness—the next it would be below thirty in aloofness. Judy gets mad when you tell her she is too thin. But if she will only gain a few solid pounds they *might* act as a buffer for her taut nerves and insomnia.

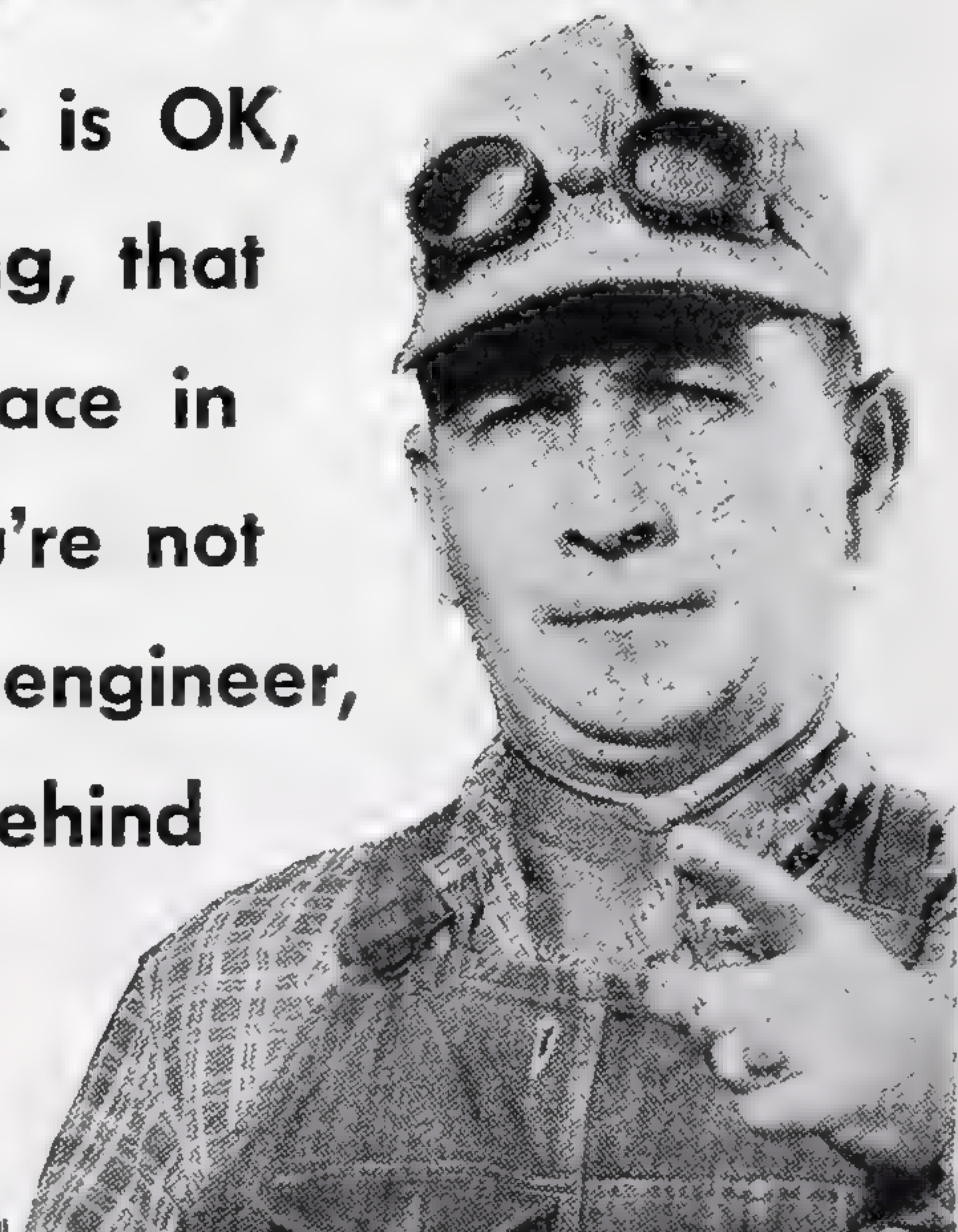
If . . . Janet Leigh changes her name to Mrs. Barry Nelson. Janet, the most popular young actress in Hollywood, is madly in love with Barry, as of this writing. Her radiance is almost blinding. She will not be free to marry, however, until the late summer of 1949.

If . . . Victor Mature manages to hang on to his third matrimonial effort. There have been some hectic goings-on in the Mature menage for the past six months.

## "TRAINS DON'T RUN ON HOT AIR.

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## FREEDOM IS EVERYBODY'S JOB!



But I honestly believe that Victor loves his Dorothy. She's good for him. And Vic, with his vital personality, is a powerful battery to recharge Dorothy's delicate health. Besides they are in love with each other—as of this writing!

If . . . June Allyson and Dick Powell take all of their 1949 vacations together.

If . . . Jimmy Stewart finally breaks down and takes unto himself a wife. Jimmy will be forty-one in May. Just before he reached the forty mark, Jimmy solemnly assured me that the time had definitely arrived for Stewart to find a wife. So I watched and waited. Would it be Myrna Dell? "We go together for laughs," Jimmy told me with his usual candor. Myrna harrumphed and walked out of his life. Will it be Gloria McLean in 1949?

If . . . June Haver wins a church annulment from Jimmy Zito—she divorced him in California during 1948. And if she marries Dentist John Duzik, the man she should have married the first time out.

If . . . Margaret O'Brien realizes that it is not fair to disapprove when her mother wants to marry again. The very attractive thirty-ish Gladys received two proposals of marriage to my knowledge during 1948. One she turned down because she didn't like the man. The second suitor was refused because Maggie doesn't want her mama to marry. That's all very well for now. But what kind of lonely life looms for Mrs. O'Brien in, say 1957, when Margaret will be nineteen and probably married, with a life of her own?

If . . . Burt Lancaster gives up his awful idea of retiring as a movie actor to direct and produce pictures. Here a guy comes along who oozes personality, an honest

actor and a pleasure to watch and all he talks about is "When I retire"!

If . . . Jennifer Jones gets off that high horse and reverts to the easy-to-get-along-with gal she used to be during her "Song of Bernadette" days. It is one of the more painful parts of my job to talk to Jennifer once in a while to get a line on her private and professional plans. It's like talking to a little piece of unbottled air. There's nothing there. Not only for me, but for everyone. Jennifer takes it on the lam like a frightened fawn. Maybe she will change—I hope—when she is actually Mrs. David Selznick and the "if" or "maybe" has been removed. The wedding is scheduled for early 1949.

If . . . Esther Williams announces that she is expecting a baby. The pretty swimming-champ movie star doesn't talk about it any more, but the loss of her expected baby last year is a tragedy that can only be cured when the stork comes calling again.

If . . . Elizabeth Taylor gets the word, "Come to Korea." Lizzie's heart lies in a little silver football she wears around her neck. It's inscribed with the name of Glenn Davis, the all-American Army football player. When Elizabeth and her parents said goodbye to Glenn when he left for duty in the Pacific, the sixteen-year-old star promised him solemnly that she would wait for him—forever, if necessary. It will be grand\*if the wait has a 1949 ending.

If . . . Frank Sinatra can actually accumulate some of the million dollars he earns annually. I keep hearing that Frankie not only can't save anything, but that he is always behind with his income tax payments. It sounds incredible and I hope it's just one of those Hollywood stories.

If . . . Larry Parks makes a lot of movies without the costly interruptions of law-suits.

If . . . Van Johnson does not make any matrimonial headlines. It isn't easy for Van and Evie to settle harmoniously into wedded bliss, not with the hurdles and headlines they had to battle at the beginning. But they are two swell people and if they get through 1949, the future is a cinch.

If . . . Mrs. Glenn Ford really means it about retiring from her dancing career. Glenn wants her at home. And Farley Granger's career goes into the high gear promised by the man in the driver's seat—boss Sam Goldwyn . . . and Peter Lawford would get back to being a nice kid again . . . and Gregory Peck could fire all the producers who own slices of the Peck pictures and make a few dollars for himself—it sure would be a wonderful 1949.

And if, every time a Hollywood star gets into a jam, it is understood by the public, that for every screwball here, we have a hundred decent movie personalities who don't make news because they are normal.

And above all, it will be a grand New Year in Hollywood if the great and black shadow of fear is finally erased from the movie capital of the world. It will be a great and terrific year if men and women in all stratas of the Hollywood scene can wake up in the morning without dread of losing their jobs because of a foreign quota law, or fear of losing their good characters because of distorted whispering campaigns inside the U.S.A.

So goodbye to 1948. I don't think it will be missed in Hollywood. WELCOME 1949!  
THE END

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IT'S GOOD TASTE

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## Easy to Love

(Continued from page 26) I am. Everything she is and all the happiness she enjoys, she credits back to her wonderful parents. I like that, because the pivot of my life has always been my old home with my dad, mother and brother.

Right now, as I dream up these notes beside our pool, she is tearing off in her car for the village of Pacific Palisades to buy a birthday gift for her mother. It is now five-twenty. She will arrive at the store two minutes before closing—or two minutes after—and go round to the back to pound on the door. She will buy several gifts for her mother, a few hundred trinkets for the house and a present for me.

"What you buying for me, sweetie?" I yell as she leaves. "Nothing," she yells. "I'm just going to the hardware store."

Well, I muse, she'll probably buy me just what I've always needed—a new Boy Scout knife.

We've never stopped buying presents and dating one another. And whenever we get a week or two free, we go on another honeymoon. With her picture schedules and personal appearance tours, my radio programs, we have had to scheme to match time for trips. But we have had five honeymoons in three years, since our wedding day, November 25, 1945.

When she is away on personal appearance tours I like to surprise-date her by airplane. She's like a kid about surprises.

It was a surprise date that acclimated me to being a star's husband. I had no idea how carefully a star is protected. All telephone calls are screened. No visitor gets to her without running a line. She is guarded like a precious piece of porcelain, surrounded by press agents, secretary, maid, dicks, harness cops and motorcycle squads. All this precaution is most gratifying to a husband until he finds she is protected from him, too.

Esther was doing five shows a day in New Haven, Connecticut, with "This Time for Keeps," when I made up my mind to see her. After my Saturday evening Joan Davis broadcast, I grabbed a plane and arrived next day in New Haven.

I called her hotel as soon as I landed. The alerted operator at the switchboard asked who was calling Miss Williams, please. "Her husband," I said.

"Her husband, oh sure," said the operator suspiciously. "That's a new one. What's Miss Williams's husband's name?"

I said, "Ben Gage."

"I know," said the operator. "And Mr. Gage is not in New Haven, he's in Hollywood, because I heard him on the air with Joan Davis last night."

Click! I was cut off that line.

I called back and explained I had flown 3300 miles just to date my own wife; surely the operator would reward such devotion by letting me say hello.

"Well," she said doubtfully. "I'll call her room and let you talk to her secretary." Her secretary proved just as skeptical. Sorry, Miss Williams had just left for the Yale gymnasium.

"The Yale gym?" I honked. "My wife doesn't attend Yale."

"She is being made Honorary Water Girl by the Yale team," the voice said. "You might see if you can gain admission to the Yale gym."

"What do I have to do, get on the Yale team?" I howled.

**I** WAS getting a little worried. I only had a few days to be with her and one of them was rapidly disappearing. I sped to the hotel and joined the crowd that watched her as she came out and got into a big limousine.

"Hi, Esther!" I yelled. "Look."

"Move along, bud," said a cop.

I decided to cool off with a Coke. This was going to take some fast action. I knew I couldn't make the Yale team in time to see her become their Water Girl.

After the third Coke, I had an idea. I skipped around to the theater where she would appear after Yale honors had been bestowed. The stage entrance was guarded and no Mr. Gage appeared on the day's agenda.

My coked-up scheme was to bribe an usher to let me carry flowers down the aisle to the footlights. The usher wasn't interested in the offer of my autographed photograph but responded to Lincoln's likeness on a fiver autographed by John W. Snyder, Secretary of the Treasury.

At the conclusion of Esther's show, which I was permitted to watch from the rear of the house, I waddled down the aisle, my

six-foot-five's worth of arms and legs telescoped as far down into the bouquet as nature permitted. For once, Esther's being a little nearsighted came in handy, but I was afraid she might recognize my bulk. I wanted to surprise her up close where the cops couldn't give me the bum's rush again.

Covering my face with the roses I walked upon the stage. She graciously thanked me and started away. When she saw I remained on the stage, she turned to look again. "Yeeeeee. Ben!" she screamed, with a beautiful double take.

The audience took it large though some of them probably suspected it was a gag for the show.

Fun is the basis of our married life. We put on our best shows for one another. I get lines for my radio show while kidding around with her in our little pool. It's just a three-stroke pool, but it's a good joke basin for a couple of happy performing seals.

When I say I not only love Esther, I like her, people ask what I like most about her. She laughs at my jokes, I say.

But above all, I like her because she loves people as I do. This afternoon a guest of ours called a taxi. When it arrived, Esther sang out to it, "Hello, driver, come on in." We get to know the best people that way. As with the Mexicans whom we love, our house is your house. A while ago, I heard a motorcycle come putt-putting up the road and stop outside the hedge which screens our garden.

"Who's that?" I said.

"Oh, that must be my little man in the hedge," Esther said.

"You got a little man in the hedge, darling? How long has this been going on?"

"Oh, for several weeks now. I saw him there in the hedge, while I was swimming in the pool one day," she said. "I asked him what he was doing there in the hedge and he said, 'I am watching you swim. Is it all right?' I said, 'Yes, it is all right but don't step on my begonias'. The little man said he would be careful."

While Esther was working in "Fiesta," on location in Mexico, we celebrated Christmas there and went all out for the country, especially for Acapulco with its grand swimming and fishing. We saved up pesos and bought a cottage—not a



The love scene all Hollywood is talking about: In "The Fountainhead," Pat Neal stares into mirror as Gary Cooper . . .



enters her room. Destined to fight the attraction they feel for each other, Pat runs from him, falls against the bed . . .



but she cannot escape the great magnetism that exists between them. Even as she resists, she yields to his embrace . . .



hacienda, please—but a very small cottage way up on the cliffs overlooking the sea. Just a couple of bedrooms, kitchen and vast porch that serves for a living and dining room.

This Acapulco place is our second honeymoon casa. The first is a small brown shake cottage that hangs by its brows to a hill in Pacific Palisades. It was an old house hidden in acacias, two stories with two bedrooms on the entrance floor, a living room, dining room and kitchen below on the garden level. We reshaped the interior with our own hands, making it comfortably early American—American as rocking chairs and flapjacks.

ON OUR last honeymoon trip to the casa at Acapulco, we went exploring down the Mexican coast. We had heard of a fine white beach, thirty miles away, where there was fine bass fishing at the mouth of a rivulet. The manager of a hotel at Acapulco assured us the roads were excellent and that we would find showers and bathing facilities at the beach.

We hired a beat-up old car. Esther had met two American girls who were spending their vacation in Acapulco and she invited them to come along.

The excellent roads lasted three miles. Then we started boulder jumping, the car shuddering and the occupants churning like ingredients in a cocktail shaker.

When we got to the fine white beach, it was mud. A hurricane had preceded us. The surf was so high we couldn't swim. We took a dip and then went for a shower. The shower didn't give. We remained coated in brine and barnacles.

"We might try fishing," Esther said brightly.

The fish obliged. They had been landlocked by the surf in the mouth of the rivulet and were probably bored. Anyhow, six or seven climbed onto our hooks.

Night came down before we were aware of it. The thought of jeeping back to Acapulco on those rocky roads caused me to scrounge for a telephone. I called the Acapulco airport and they agreed to send a plane. When it bounced down on the little clearing, we found it could accommodate but two passengers. Esther insisted that our girl friends must take it because they had only one day of vacation remaining. The plane promised to

return for us. It returned all right, made three passes over our heads and flew away toward Acapulco. Landing in the dark was too hazardous on the small field.

Esther and I hippity-hopped back to Acapulco in our jeepy-heap. It took us two hours. We were coming apart like the car when we arrived. But not a nasty word from my wife. The nearest she came to it was when she walked up to the hotel manager and said: "About your roads..." But she smiled when she said it.

We were to be guests at a party that night.

"Shall we call it off?" I asked.

"We can't," Esther said. "We promised we'd be there and they'll wait dinner for us."

The party went on past midnight. I comforted myself with the thought of sleeping a solid day. My comforting dream was short. Esther recollected we were due as honor guests aboard an American naval craft that had arrived from the East. Her old refrain: "We promised!"

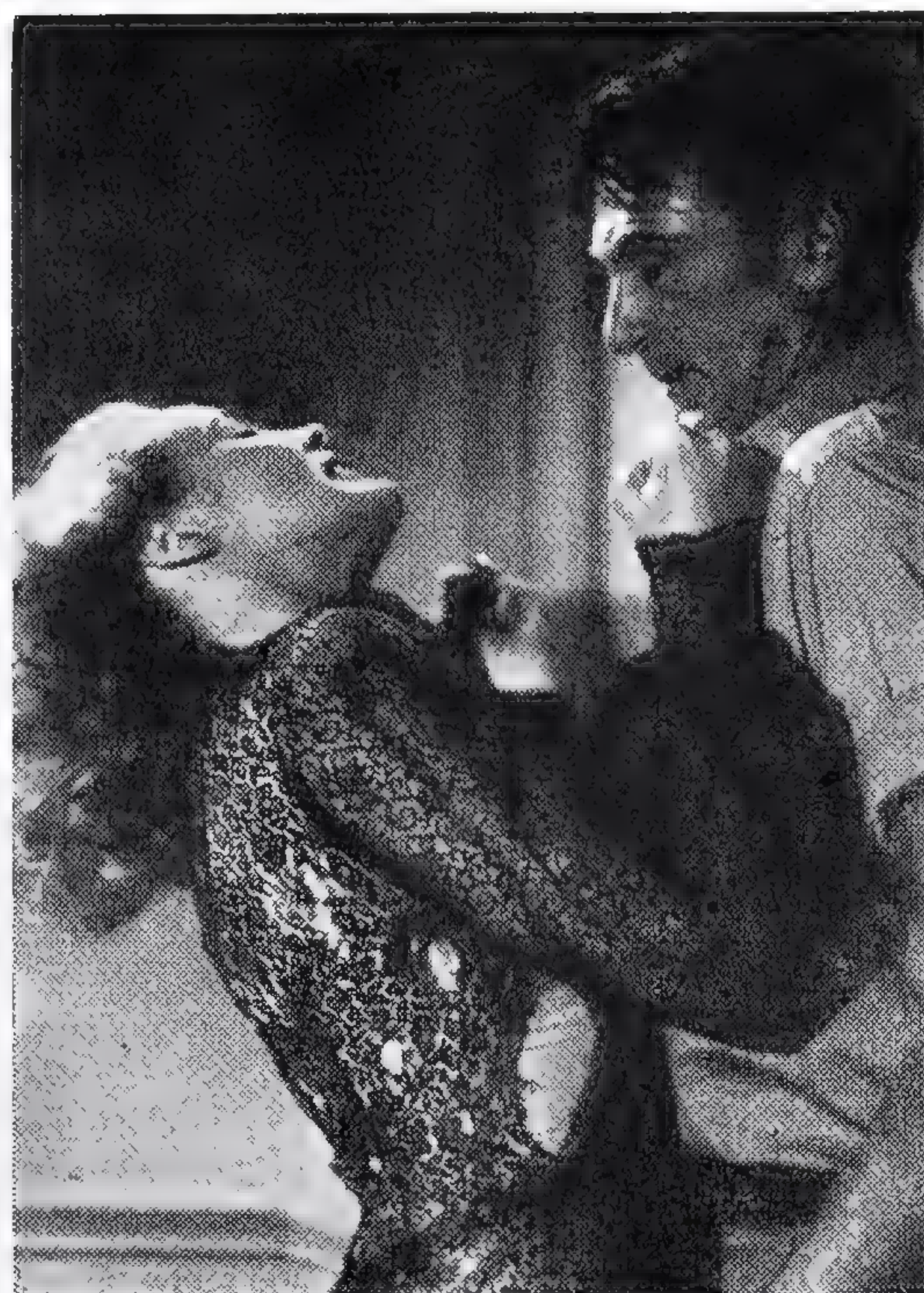
After a few hours sleep, I still felt worn and torn but Esther looked fresh as a daisy. She was the only woman among the fifteen enlisted men aboard the ship. I could see them standing back, waiting for her to be a movie star. Their language and manners were guarded and formal. Three minutes after she came aboard, she was looking at pictures of the cook's wife and babies. They forgot themselves, it became a family party. That's Esther, she makes it home wherever she goes. Someone has defined good manners as just showing your good heart. Esther is more than natural; she's transparent. There are no barriers between her and people, her heart is there to see and it's a good one. The best definition of her is herself, up there on the screen.

Late that afternoon we loafed together on the beach. The day was dreaming off into twilight. White wings of birds flecked the blue sky. It had been a perfect day and I had been awfully proud of her on shipboard. Now we were alone at last, relaxed, on our *playa encantada*—enchanted beach. The surf made music like Lohengrin and I looked up to her and said, "How many honeymoons can you have?"

THE END



With their kiss, Pat and Gary acknowledge the love that makes theirs the stormiest, most exciting romance ever screened...



But, as the kiss ends, Pat fights again, fiercely. Yet, even as she runs from him, she knows she cannot escape her destiny

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## Moving Day

(Continued from page 33) we were moving.

I hurried down for a last-in-the-house breakfast. Bob grinned, "Come on—stack it up, Doll. Lots to do today." Uncle Buck said, "Well, Queen, another move!"

I must tell you about Uncle Buck. He was a member of a song-and-dance team I used to watch as a kid at the old Liberty Theatre in New York City. My big sister Millie used to work in the chorus there and I haunted the wings, building my ambitions and loving every moment of it. Uncle Buck first encouraged me in my dancing. He'd talk about show business and when he went out to the delicatessen on Broadway to get a snack for the theater gang, he'd take me along. We had a regular little routine. Uncle Buck would ask me what I wanted and I'd always answer, "A turkey leg." "Turkey leg, huh?" he'd say, as though it were a surprise—then—"Well, Joe, give the little lady the finest you got. She's going to be a big star someday." I knew he was my friend. It seemed then I was always hungry. I thought when I became a star as Uncle Buck said I would, I'd be content to have only what I really needed.

ONLY what I needed! In these last busy weeks of getting ready to move, I came across mountains of things—things stored away for the day when we built the new house. The movie projector, the Steuben glass—things like that.

Acquiring that Steuben glass was quite a complicated process for me. Several years ago, I decided, for some unknown reason, that I must have a complete service for twelve. My business manager, that king of "no, no" men, said I couldn't afford it. I argued. Reasonably, he said, "Why? You don't need it." I countered, "But I want it." I remembered the day when I had pressed my nose against the Fifth Avenue window where Steuben's glittering display sparkled, gazing at the wonder of the incomparable glass, never realizing that some day a man would tell me—a star—that I couldn't afford it. He was right, of course, but I have determination. I decided I'd buy just a piece at a time out of the allowance I'm permitted. It wasn't long before I realized I'd be ninety-nine before I achieved that full glass collection. So I mentioned one day, casual like, that if anyone was aching to give me a birthday or Christmas present, why, some Steuben glass such as salt-and-pepper shakers would be just fine. Before my birthday was over I was saying, "If one more salt-and-pepper shaker comes through this door, I'll hang myself!" But I was glowing. One, because I was touched that so many were so generous and two, because I love all my Steuben. I got it in such quantity that I've never been able to unpack it all—there wasn't room in the small house in which we've been living!

This morning, with the moving men breathing down my neck, I walked over to the closet and took inventory of something else I don't need. Those rows of dresses and suits. But even these new things bring back memories and I found myself thinking of the first really warm winter coat I ever owned. I had had two jobs at once. One spot at the Shubert Theatre and another at a floor show at the Everglades, a night club just a block away from the Shubert. The timing was such that I could do my stint at the theater, frantically rush out of that costume, run through the snow and slush to the night club, rush into *that* costume, do my stint and tear back to the theater. It was quite a routine and I had to have a coat to protect me against the bitter wind sweep-

ing over my feverish body. I bought the coat on the installment plan and prayed the two jobs would hold out until it was paid for. They did. Since that time no coat has ever been so treasured.

I turned from the closet just in time to see the movers taking down my Paul Clemens painting of a dancer in her dressing room after an exhausting performance. Each time I look at it I feel as I did when I first saw it and knew I had to own it. Clemens created that painting with perfect understanding. I know, because my feet have been that tired. The painting brought back the memory of the moment when my luck turned me from a weary chorine into a definite personality. The story has been told often, but I never tire of it—just as I never forget Willard Mack, who taught me so much. Take, for instance, the opening night of "The Moose." When the curtain came down, everyone in the company knew with dismal misery that the play was a flop. But Willard, undaunted, went right to work. He changed the whole motivation, rewrote that tiny part of mine into the character.

We didn't leave the theater during those twenty-four hours of hectic rewriting and rehearsal—but countless cups of coffee later, when the curtain had come down again, Willard Mack, master showman, playwright and director had proved himself again. "The Moose" was a hit. An exhausted but happy company tramped off the stage. Mack stopped me, shook my hand and said, "Ruby Stevens is no name for a star." He glanced at the backstage walls covered with yellow playbills from old attractions. From two of them his quick eyes built a combination. He grinned. "Hello—Barbara Stanwyck." There I was, an ex-chorine, started on a long road.

I THOUGHT then that I'd come a long way from the day when my sister Millie stood with me, clutching a hatbox which contained all I owned. We had just become orphans and Millie, though she made a precarious living as a chorus girl, was determined to take the responsibility for me. She took me on that dreary day to meet the family in Brooklyn with whom I was to live. Every Friday, after school, I'd take the subway to New York to spend the weekend with Millie who was staying at the old Palace Hotel. She was dancing in "Glorianna," playing at the Shubert—that's where Uncle Buck came in and my dreams of stardom began. Those were the days when Ruby Stevens would gladly stay with someone's kid to get nickels and dimes so she could go to the movies. Yes, I was a movie devotee—passionately admiring my heroine, Pearl White. Then I'd go over to Prospect Park and jump off the rocks, trying to imitate the brave Pearl.

Yes, moving day was memory day for me. Maybe it's that way for everyone. Amidst all the other confusion of that morning the phone rang. At a time like this, no call was welcome, but this was a call for me to appear on the Lux Theatre of the Air. My hectic schedule for the next few weeks drew only a moment's hesitation. Lux Theatre has priority on my loyalty. You see, there was a time when I earned the title of "suspension queen" of Hollywood. One by one I had turned down scripts which I felt were not right for me. Naturally, with each refusal, the studio placed me on suspension. I had no backlog of savings. So I had to earn money somehow while I wasn't being paid. Danny Danker, who before his death handled the Lux show, heard about my stubborn self-created plight. With the warmth of understanding which marked him, he told me not to worry, I was welcome in radio. I

was cast time after time in the Lux shows. With those checks I was able to hold out until I was offered a role into which I could throw my wholehearted enthusiasm.

So I had a Lux show to do. And piled on a table were several scripts I had to read. Since the completion of "Sorry, Wrong Number," I've been reading scripts like mad—looking for my next picture. It's sort of like looking for a job.

REMEMBER, humorously now, though I didn't then, my job with the Condé Nast pattern department. Pattern customers frequently ask advice before they go home to whip up their own creations. I was a salesgirl bubbling with such advice. And I gave of it freely. That imagination and not experience prompted my suggestions didn't bother me at all. The inaccuracies descended upon my proud young head when customers came back complaining that I'd caused them to ruin perfectly good material. When I was fired, I bought a pattern and some material, intending to prove that my deductions were better than printed instructions. I deducted my way through gussets, plackets, facings and darts. I achieved an incredible garment—part of it would have fitted Sydney Greenstreet and part of it Margaret O'Brien.

While I was cleaning out my desk for this moving day, I took out the little New Testament I keep there. I'm not a hoarder, but a few things have moved with me through a lot of years and I wouldn't part with them for anything. Holding this Testament, I remembered the Dutch Reformed Church in Brooklyn, where I presented myself for baptism at the age of eleven. It was such a quiet little place and the pastor, Reverend George Carter, was so kind. He gave me the Testament after he had written on the fly-leaf, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him." I've forgotten that too often. But I've remembered it often, too. Without Him would I have all these contrasting memories?

In the back of the Testament is an old report card. I used to sign mine myself and envy the kids who had parents to sign theirs. Today, I thought of all the times I have been asked for autographs and laughed at how I had to sneak some of those early signatures. I thought of Public School 152—a place I hated except for a lovely teacher, Miss Phair. She was wise and gentle, understanding and patient with a dumb kid named Ruby, who hated so many things so earnestly—things like studying and not having any parents or pretty clothes. Ruby, who lived in a fantasy world, self-created. Who defensively jeered at all that Miss Phair tried to teach her. Today I thought of how right she'd been when she warned me in her soft, undemanding voice, "Life will deal you an awful blow, Ruby, unless you come down out of the clouds." I wish I could tell her how all these long years later, I remember her and her help and how, in some of the tough spots I found I had heard what she said when it seemed I wasn't listening.

Tonight in our new house, move-weary, Bob and I sat down in the midst of piled furniture and knickknacks and surveyed our possessions. However, our ever-present coffee maker was doing its job and I thought, adding up the memories, that life had been pretty generous to us. I thought how Spangler Arlington Brugh from Nebraska and Ruby Stevens from Brooklyn had come a long, long way to meet and merge their backgrounds, tastes, careers and ambitions. I thought, too, how our story is typically American—as realizing the dream of the founders of our country—we have pursued our happiness.

THE END



## Her Divided Heart

(Continued from page 49) "Angie had better show it," Hermes decided. After all, Betty had barely learned the steps. At two o'clock, the producer came in, followed by a retinue of all the most important people on the lot.

"Angie!" the assistant director bellowed. I was sitting next to Betty, muttering not so much to her as to myself, "I can't, I just can't, I'm too scared."

"I'll do it, kid," Betty put in at this point and whirled onto the set. She did the whole routine with great style, feeling no pain. Right after "what a dancer" in my little book, I wrote down "what a pal." Somehow I knew that she would be embarrassed if I thanked her. So I didn't. But without words we both knew that everything was going to be just fine.

Four more pictures went over the dam before Betty really let her hair down with me. It's not that she's stand-offish. She just isn't sure that you want to be friends. She has a rare kind of modesty for a girl who is, after all, a star. I noticed immediately the scarcity of the first person singular in her conversation. And later I realized that something more than modesty was involved. One evening, when my husband and I were at the Jameses' for dinner, Betty managed in the course of four hours to deprecate her dancing, her acting, her looks, and of all things, her gorgeous legs. "Skinny," was her verdict. My husband's mouth really fell open at this heresy.

"Becky," I said (we had hit upon this nickname and it had stuck), "don't tell me you have an inferiority complex!"

She puckered up her forehead at this and thought for a moment. She admitted that she thought that was it. She had been plunged into this business so early, she said. She had always, all her life, been working just one step ahead of what she had been able to assimilate and understand. Sometimes she thought she didn't even like the business. Sometimes she hated it! She laughed then, a little em-

barrassed by her own violence. I thought I knew one thing that was eating her. For too long a time her life had been all work—work and nothing more. And she knew there was more. I, for instance, though nobody at the studio but Betty knew, was going to have a baby.

"She should fall in love," I told Chuck, my husband, as we drove home, "if she only had time." She had time, as it turned out, soon after. During the production of "Springtime in the Rockies" Betty met Harry James. I was home with my new baby then but Betty and I hashed over everything every night on the phone. They were having lots of laughs on the picture, she said. But this wasn't startling. There are always plenty of laughs on a Grable set.

When Betty tore off to New York as soon as the picture was finished however (Harry was in New York), we all began to wonder. And when she came back, not talking but twinkling, we knew. At least I knew.

"When?" was all I said. She laughed. It would have to be quick, she indicated. She and Harry were going broke on all of those long distance phone calls. It was quick. The minute "Coney Island" wound up, Betty was off to join Harry and the Marrying Judge in Las Vegas.

While Betty and Harry honeymooned, everybody at the studio concentrated on thinking up a big program of work for the Glamour Puss as soon as she got back.

"Pin Up Girl" was next on the schedule and Hermes Pan and I were working out for it the toughest dance routine Betty ever had. The big number was an Apache dance which she was to do with Hermes himself, in which he threw her around like a rubber ball.

When we ran through it for Betty the first time, I thought she looked a little green, but she didn't say anything until later when the two of us were alone in her dressing room.

"Can you keep a secret?" she asked me

### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of PHOTOPLAY, published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1948.

State of New York  
County of New York ss

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Meyer Dworkin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of PHOTOPLAY and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) MEYER DWORIN

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1948.

(SEAL)

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Notary Public, State of New York,  
County of Residence, Bronx, Bronx Co.  
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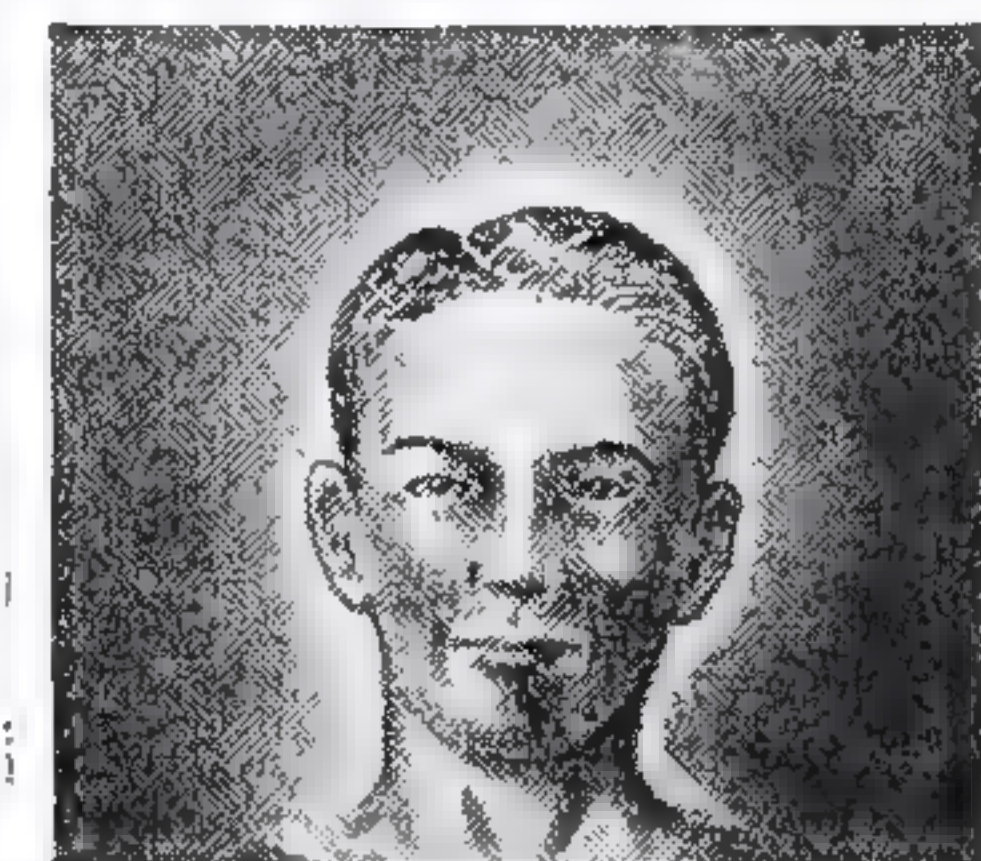


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then. I spent the next couple of days thinking up believable reasons for taking the punishment out of the Apache dance. It wasn't easy, since I couldn't tell the real reason—that Betty was expecting a baby.

I was happy. Betty was happy. With the advent of Harry James in her life and then after little Vicki's arrival and Jessica's, Betty began to bloom like a rose. There was a new depth in her work, apparently a new meaning, new object in her life. Betty and I saw a lot more of one another off the set now that we had our babies. My Dennis was a year-and-a-half older than Vicki and just old enough to make him feel the big, strong man. We bounced around from pony rings to merry-go-rounds on our days off and on weekends often wound up at Betty's and Harry's ranch in Calabasas.

At the ranch, you can really relax. Everybody wears blue jeans, Betty does the cooking and good! Everybody forgets about studio wrangles for awhile.

AT their lovely English house in town—which they plan to sell—Betty and Harry are scarcely more formal. They have a small formal living room but nobody ever goes into it. The babies' doll house was stored in there the last I knew. Center of their life is in the pine-paneled den, with its huge stone fireplace and gay, braided rug and often we stay right there for dinner. There is always a place for Vicki at the dinner table. She is almost five now and strictly the little lady. It is wonderful to watch Betty with her. When the dessert is all gone and coffee coming in, Betty winks at Vicki. "Time to say goodnight," she smiles. Off Vicki goes, without protest, to find Miss Parsons, her nurse, and go happily to bed. She knows Mama and Daddy are not brushing her off.

For a girl who is always complaining that she never had time to learn anything, Betty knows a lot about psychology. When Jessica was on the way, Betty took great trouble to explain to Vicki what was about to happen. "It will be your little baby, too," she said, "and you can take care of it, and love it. Mama and Daddy will love it, too, just the way they love their Vicki."

But it isn't all "fun with the kiddies" at the Jameses'. Betty is smart about Harry, as well as devoted to him. She knows how important it is that they go on having fun together. She is forever dreaming up gags. I sat in on one the other night that we'll laugh about for months. Harry and his orchestra were doing an engagement at the Aragon, a ballroom down at the beach. Betty decided to turn up at the place, in disguise, to see if she could fool him. We worked on the plan all day at the studio, digging up props. Marie Brasselle, Betty's hairdresser, went home with Betty for dinner and Kenny Williams, the dance director, and I were to arrive at the house at 9 o'clock to drive her down to the beach.

At 8:45, Betty phoned me. "Don't come yet," she said. "Harry hasn't gone yet." When we arrived later, Betty was getting ready. She had left her studio make-up on at dinner, to convince Harry she wasn't planning to go out. That was coming off now, and a new make-up going on. White, white powder, dark purplish lipstick, black eyebrows arched a la Dietrich. Marie had

brought along a slick, black wig. Then a tight black skirt, a flame-colored blouse. Shoes with very high heels and ankle straps. Finally, the wedding ring came off, to be replaced by my engagement ring. It was astonishing. Betty came downstairs, slowly. Kenny blinked. "You look," he said, "like the cashier at the Bijou Theatre."

On the way out, we picked out a name for our beauty. "La Von LaRue?" suggested Betty, breaking up. We settled for Lynn Kelley, the name of an Irish girl friend of mine. It seemed to fit. All of us were certain that nobody would guess that this black-haired sexboat was Betty Grable. You can fool your husband, if you're Betty Grable, as it turned out, but not your fans. Auto-graph hunters were clamoring five minutes after we got inside. A strange man came up, put his arm around Betty and said, "Hi, Betty, may I have the next dance?"

Betty gave us one of those "I thought you said it was good" looks and fled with Kenny and me into the darker cocktail lounge. Betty's sister and brother-in-law were sitting at a corner table, shouted "Hi" at us. Kenny thought fast, introduced "Miss Kelley." There were polite how-de-dos all around. This was more like it. Betty signaled that I should go backstage and dig up Harry. I found him, signing autographs.

"Hi Harry," I said. "Why don't you come out front for a few minutes. Girl friend of mine from New York wants to meet you."

He came back, after the next set, met "Miss Kelley" with no sign of recognition. He pulled up a chair, made polite noises. What did Miss Kelley do, he wanted to know. "I'm a dancer," said Betty, playing it straight. She was from Flatbush, she said. As if Harry couldn't tell. She waved my ring under his nose. "What did you say her name was," Harry whispered to me. "Lynn Kelley," I whispered back.

"She's rather attractive," he said. At this Betty whooped. The beautiful Grable teeth flashed and the game was dead.

There are some evenings with Betty that are not so merry. If Harry is away, especially if he's flying, she is frantic. If one of the kids is sick, she's upset and unhappy all day long. I know her moods by now and when she's feeling low I just don't talk to her. "You know, don't you, Angie," she said to me once, "that I can't be Laughing Girl all the time." Sure I know. That divided heart! I know that sometimes when the slapstick is wildest on the set, Betty would give anything to be at home with her family, in her old clothes, out of the spotlight for a bit. Her terrific loyalty! When the axe began swinging at the studio a few months ago I thought my number was up. I was all set for the pink slip but it never came. Betty would never tell me and she wouldn't confess if I braced her with it but I know that she went to the front office and sewed my job up tight.

You always know where you stand with Betty. She takes a good long time to make up her mind but when it's made up, it's made up for good. I'm lucky. I made the "like" list.

"Of all the people around here, Angie," she said to me the other day, "you wear the best." I could have cried. From a girl who doesn't know how to gush, that's sweet music.

THE END

# Photoplay Fashions

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Lovely Dorothy Hart, photographed at The Sportsman's Lodge, in Hollywood, is seen next in Universal-International's "The Countess of Monte Cristo"

An exciting 100% wool jersey dress with this season's fashion hit — a matching fringed stole. Designed by Felix Safian in many bold contrasting colors. Sizes 9-15. \$19.95 at Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C., and The May Company, Cleveland, O.

## LIFE ON THE CROSBY RANGE

Wally Westmore, Paramount make-up artist and an old friend, explodes a few gags and reveals a different Bing in a smash February Photoplay story

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 79.







# Sophisticated

*Ilona Massey* is the beautiful blonde who charms the Marx Brothers in the Lester Cowan Production, "Love Happy," a United Artists Release

A moss crepe dress with beautiful skirt detail, small round collar and bracelet sleeves. An R & K Original in bright or dark shades. Sizes 9—15 and 10—16. About \$17.95 at Oppenheim Collins, New York, N. Y., and Brooklyn, N. Y., and The Hub, Baltimore, Md.

*For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 79*





# Lady

A trim iridescent faille jacket and slim crepe skirt with flat back pleats will bring you lots of compliments. And you can wear it on and on, even during summer. Design by Majestic in sizes 10-18. Jacket \$8.95. Skirt \$5.95 at Forbes & Wallace, Springfield, Mass., and Robertson Brothers, South Bend, Ind.

*For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 79*

*If you feel the need* for a wardrobe pick-up this time of year, and who doesn't, here are a few suggestions: For an unusual flash of color, line your deep-toned coat with a bright plaid or a novelty print. Line the pockets, too. You'll be as perked up as if you had a whole new outfit.

Some of the beauties of Hollywood pin a deep red velvet rose under the turned-up collar of a suit or dress or clip a rose low on the neckline of a dressier jacket (similar to the one we show on this page) for that extra glamour touch.

Scatter-pins are wonderful pinned on a scarf or suit lapel and for the evening, pin them on a ribbon around your neck. With a low neckline this adds an elegant note.

Shell-foot stockings are the perfect accessory to wear with the "oh-so-important" shell pumps. And have you noticed how pretty feminine pumps make all clothes seem much smarter?





PHOTOPLAY'S

# Pattern of the Month

*Doris Day's* robe designed by Milo Anderson for Warner Brothers' "My Dream Is Yours," a Michael Curtiz Production

Here is a robe cut along the classic lines everyone loves. If you wish to be elegant in it, choose a rich fabric. For the budget-wise woman who wants a lovely robe that will serve double duty, it is perfect for lounging or boudoir wear. Cohama's Metalaine—a lightweight wool and rabbits hair, woven with nontarnishable aluminum yarn—is a superb fabric for this pattern and it comes in various flattering shades

For sketches and stores selling Photoplay Patterns see page 79

PHOTOPLAY PATTERNS,  
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Enclosed find thirty-five cents (\$.35) for which please send me the Photoplay Pattern of the Doris Day—"My Dream Is Yours" robe in size (Circle size you wish) 12—14—16—18—20

My name and address is:                      Size:  
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## Milo Anderson

designer of Doris Day's  
robe in "My Dream Is Yours"

Milo Anderson, ace designer for the feminine stars at Warner Brothers Studio, believes that his creed, "dress to yourself," is a rule that should hold for any woman who wishes to present herself at her best; to accentuate her personality.

"American women have acquired a new freedom in their wardrobe choices," says Milo. "No longer will they take dictation on what is fashionable and correct for a particular time or place. Instead they choose always what is most becoming to their figure and personality."

The lounging robe Milo designed for Doris Day in "My Dream Is Yours," our pattern this month, is an example of the Anderson devotion to simple lines and rich fabric. It further follows his credo in that it is suited to Doris's personality. She prefers modified tailored lines in her personal and screen wardrobes—no frills and ruffles.

So if you, too, find simple lines more becoming, this Milo Anderson robe is the robe for you. Why not make one for summer in cotton, either plain or patterned—with white pique collars and cuffs for easy tubing.

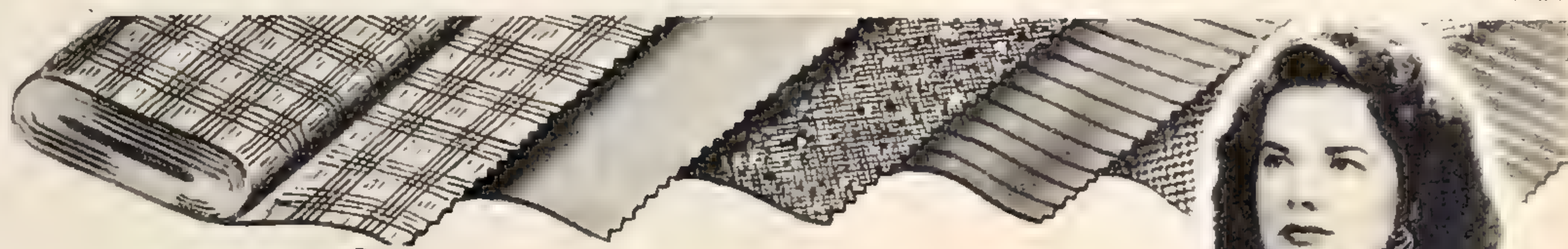
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# Smooth

*Martha Vickers*, slim and lovely, is seen in "Daughter of Ramona," a Martin Mooney Film Classics release

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*For store nearest you write direct to manufacturer listed on page 79.*

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS





Continued from page 30) I have lived in Hollywood, New York City, that fashionable part of New York State called Westchester and the "Bohemian" part of Connecticut called Westport. Even before I was born, Joan Crawford was destined to be my godmother and I was destined to be named after her. Joan had been my mother's closest friend for simply years. Right from my cradle, I've been meeting famous actors, playwrights, reporters and magazine editors.

My parents, whom I've always called by their given names, are both writers. Katherine, after being a minor movie actress, became a Los Angeles newspaper writer, then a publicity girl at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (that's where she first met Joan Crawford) then a writer on this very magazine, Photoplay. And since she has been married to my father, she has collaborated with him in writing plays.

My father, Dale Eunson, besides, being a short story writer and a magazine editor, was coauthor of the stage hits, "Guest in the House" and "Loco." So you can see why I've never gone hungry—until this last August 30th when Mr. Goldwyn signed me, when I starved. Because Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Goldwyn's executive talent director, told me: "Lose that baby fat!" And this was followed by a similar order from Mr. Goldwyn, who said: "You must drop ten pounds." It was rough, awfully rough.

Of course, my neatest trick, I suppose, was in picking such clever parents. If Dale hadn't written "Guest in the House," I might never have had the chance to go on stage in a perfectly slick child part at the age of nine, and so to decide I wanted to be an actress and not a ballet dancer.

When "Guest in the House" was to be played at Cambridge, Massachusetts, Dale recommended me for the little girl part.

Outside the billboards said, "Guest in the House" starring Richard Hart (yes, the very same Richard Hart who was Diana Turner's leading man in "Green Dolphin Street") and introducing Joan Eunson. As I stood in the wings, waiting for my entrance cue, I was very, very nervous. I didn't know what I'd do when I got out there in front of a real audience. But then, suddenly, I *did* hear the right words. I walked on and I began speaking and moving and as I heard myself talking, I thought: "If I feel as nervous as this every night, it just won't do." Right after that, I became perfectly calm and I always have been ever since. In fact it all went so well I began to hope that someday, after a lot of work, I would be a little important, maybe. But in my wildest dreams I never conceived that only four years later I would be co-starring with Farley Granger.

It was odd—the way it all happened. When Mr. Goldwyn and Cathy O'Donnell parted company, Mr. Selwyn, Goldwyn's talent expert, was sent all over the country on a scouting expedition. When he phoned Catherine Willard, Ralph Bellamy's ex-wife and a family friend, asking if she'd seen any promising girls, she told him to look me up.

The next morning, he called and asked me to come to the Goldwyn office and get a script. Katherine told me not to get too excited. I read for Mr. Selwyn and two days later, I made a test.

Two whole dreadful weeks elapsed after that. It couldn't have been more grim. No telephone call. Then finally a wire came for Dale from Mr. Selwyn. While Dale took the telegram over the phone, Katherine and I were dying. As I said later, he might at least have talked like you do on a stage telephone. You know, said stuff like, "Well, do you want me to tell my daughter

that she has the part?" Instead, he just stood there saying, "Uh-huh . . . yes . . . uh-huh . . . yes." Then he hung up and said, "What do you want to know?" which simply infuriated Katherine and me.

What the wire *had* said was, could I leave the next day for the Coast. I could have left in five minutes.

Katherine and I arrived in Los Angeles the next Monday and by three, Mr. Goldwyn saw us. I was told to report for another photographic test the next morning. That's when I met Irving Reis, the director, who is terrific, and Farley Granger, who is a dream walking. We went over the script, rehearsing love scenes, which we shot as a test on Saturday. During the test I was calmer than I had been any day since we arrived. I played my scenes with Farley as though he were a long-lost uncle. I was wearing Merle Oberon's dress from "Wuthering Heights." My hair was lightened and the sound stage was so cold that even though I wore a woolen bathing suit under the nightdress that the scene called for, I shivered and shook violently. They brought me coffee to warm me up. I don't like coffee, but I gulped it down so fast I burned my tongue.

Now I lived over that weekend I don't know. The suspense was perfectly dreadful. But finally it got to be Monday once more and I was told to come to the studio.

On the way over, I gave myself a real talking to. I told myself that (A) I'd get the part of *Roseanna*. (B) Mr. Goldwyn would say he liked me but that I was too young and that I was to come back in three years. (C) He wouldn't like me at all and I would be sent back to New York and all Katherine and I would have had out of the trip would have been our chance to see our old California friends. But the moment we walked into Mr. Goldwyn's office, I *knew*. Because he gave me a great big grin and I didn't even have to wait to hear him say, "You are *Roseanna*."

Then it began! Giving biographies, going to court to have my contract approved, changing my name. There were interviewers and photographers everywhere. Joan Crawford gave a party to introduce me to the press. She brought along a perfectly gorgeous wrist watch as a gift for me to remember her and the day by—not that I shall ever need that heavenly reminder.

Everybody and everything has been so wonderful. Even before we started shooting I was putting in a seven-hour day, which included just about everything but the good square meals I craved. I had to keep up with my school work. I had to take a daily riding lesson, because even though I rode horseback some, when I was younger, I am not expert.

There's only one thing I regret. It doesn't seem quite right that now I am called Joan Evans, even if Evans is my grandmother's name. I take pride in my family name of Eunson. But I do know that Eunson, which is pronounced as if the "E" weren't there, is a name that looks difficult.

I write Katherine and Dale every night. They have gone back to New York—because that is where their careers require them to be—leaving me out here in charge of a friend. But I will join them as soon as the picture is finished. By being in New York between pictures they hope to keep me from "going Hollywood."

But whenever I'm home, I know I'll be waiting for the phone call that will bring me back to the suspense of tests, chilly sets, diets, new work, new friends and the magic that is Hollywood. For, just like *Cinderella*, I've left my heart at the ball.

THE END

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## Stores Selling Photoplay Patterns

Gimbels  
New York, N. Y.

Lit Brothers  
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Hecht Company  
Washington, D. C.

## Pattern Sketches



Front



Back



(Continued from page 52) citizen?

A: Both. I believe one can be the most versatile citizen as an actor. The acting profession gives a citizen the best opportunity to give voice to something he objects to or believes in.

7. Q: What's the toughest speech you ever had to make?

A: It wasn't exactly a speech but it was my most nerve-racking moment. When I appeared before the Investigating Committee in Washington. I have only disgust and disapproval for Communists—but, on the other hand, I could not approve of the way the Committee handled the Hollywood investigation. I had seen our industry libeled from one end of the country to the other at times—and I wanted to defend it if I could and paint a more accurate picture of people in Hollywood. Yet, I didn't want to appear at any time to be in support of any individual who might be red in color.

8. Q: Do you think there are many Communists in Hollywood?

A: I don't think there are any more than in other key or important spots in the field of politics.

9. Q: Do you think Hollywood strikes are Communist-inspired?

A: No, but I think that after the strikes started, Communists profited actively by them, because they fit in with their own plans of stirring up chaos and disruption. Their interest has been in keeping a strike going and not in either side winning it.

10. Q: Do you think you have given too much time to outside activities?

A: I think I've overdone it a little—that trying to save the world single-handed. I've slowed down a bit now.

11. Q: Have such activities ever jeopardized your personal happiness?

A: Guess I'm due for a consequence. Edwards: Here's a hot one. You have to make a fiery speech—in other words, I'll ignite the script and you prove your ability as a fast-talker by finishing the page before the flame does.

12. Q: Do you think you are too serious-minded?

A: No, hang it, I don't. Just because for years you've been roped into doing things that have to be done, doesn't mean you always enjoy them. Lots of the time I'd like to be out having a good time.

13. Q: Let us in on a personal frustration—something you've wanted to achieve.

A: I've always wanted to be able to sing and dance. To out-croon Crosby and out-Astaire Astaire.

14. Q: What do you personally consider has been your biggest failure?

A: What do I have to do if I fail to answer?

Edwards: Well, you said you always yearned to sing and dance. Let's see you do an impersonation of Fred Astaire dancing and Crosby singing.

15. Q: Are you over-sentimental?

A: I'm a regular ham at heart. I can even get worked up about *Bugs Bunny*.

16. Q: What's the toughest decision you've ever had to make?

A: Choosing men to send overseas in the Army.

17. Q: What's the biggest thrill you can remember?

A: It was at the same time—my biggest thrill and my biggest disappointment. When I received an invitation to the White House during President Roosevelt's occupancy and was not able to accept it. But for a very good reason—Jane was having a baby at the moment.

18. Q: Ronnie, I know about that dream of yours that's taking shape—the school of speech at Eureka College. Have your plans changed regarding it?

A: Nothing in my personal life has altered the plans for the handling of the Wyman-Reagan School of Speech.

19. Q: Name a few screen stars who might profit by enrolling in it.

A: I'd rather take the consequence. Edwards: Okay. You're considered an expert horseman. Let's see you demonstrate your ability by taking this sawhorse over the jumps. I'll apply the whip!

20. Q: Do you think some columnists in Hollywood concern themselves too much with the private lives of actors?

A: Yes. I realize we are all in the public eye and as such must expect less privacy than other people. But there is a line of good taste beyond which they should not go, in their speculation on family and personal matters and there is no justification for it. I don't believe the mass of American citizens are busybodies who want to pry into things which they consider private in their own homes.

21. Q: Do you think Hollywood marriages have more strikes against them than others?

A: Yes. Marriage in Hollywood is definitely a tougher row to hoe. The daily work of people in our business is dealing with artificial emotion. You can't play a scene, say, of great bitterness all day and walk out the gate that night and not take some of it with you.

22. Q: What do you want for your children, career-wise?

A: I think they should make any important decisions for themselves, just as I did. I hope for their sake that they're attracted to show business, for I think it's the happiest profession in the world and that it offers the biggest rewards.

23. Q: Do your children ask questions you can't answer?

A: If I didn't admit that, I'd be the most unusual parent in the world. I think kids are born smarter than their parents.

24. Q: Ronnie, what would you have liked to be, if not a motion-picture star?

A: A rich man, so I wouldn't have to work. I have a great talent for yearning for a lot of things money can buy—expensive hobbies like horses and boats.

25. Q: What motion-picture star

would you not enjoy working with?

A: Walter Huston. I'm no fool. I'd like not do a picture with him because when he gets through acting, I'm going to look like an amateur. From him I'll take lessons—but not in front of a camera.

26. Q: What is your favorite performance?

A: I think the greatest performance I have ever seen is Jane Wyman's "Johnny Belinda."

27. Q: Give us a phobia.

A: Riding in an airplane. To my notion, they're not practical. In other words they'll never get them off the ground.

28. Q: Are you too practical?

A: No. I go off half-cocked on a lot of wild ideas. Sometimes I get them when I'm alone. I'll get all steamed up about something. But when I get to talking about it, I begin to run down, to realize it doesn't jell.

29. Q: Do you find others resent your accomplishments?

A: The farther up the ladder anyone goes, the lonelier it gets, don't you think?

30. Q: What's your most personally objectionable trait?

A: The one I hate most is my timidity. This is a prime one. I'm a timid soul. A Caspar Milquetoast in caution. If a waiter is rude to me, I double his tip. I have only thirty minutes to eat between a radio rehearsal and a broadcast and some fans outside want autographs, instead of telling them my problem, I go without dinner and sign. When I get behind the wheel of a car, I hate anybody else driving. They're my arch enemies. I feel they've no right to be on the road when they can't drive a car and driving along, tell them so. I yell at them like mad. But when we pull up at a stop light and the fellow glances over at me, I just smile. When I do that, I could kill myself.

31. Q: What's your best selling point?

A: My ability to talk fast enough to slow up the other person's thinking. A fast talker doesn't give him a chance to think about things.

Edwards: You ought to be in the State Department!

THE END

put on your  
thinking  
cap



And write a letter describing your favorite star—in twenty-five words or less. If your entry makes the ten-best grade you will receive an autographed picture of your favorite. Entries should be mailed to:

CONTEST EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY, 205 E. 42 ST., N. Y., 17, N. Y.

Last month's winners were: Eddie Brady, Pittston, Pa.; Floyd Covert, Lodi, N. Y.; Betty Sharpe, Vancouver, B. C., Canada; Angeline Sotis, Wilmington, Del.; Frankie P. Lovoi, New Orleans, La.; Kathleen Booth, Nampa, Idaho; Mrs. Frank Hanna, Gastonia, N. C.; Nell Attebery, Hooks, Texas; Gary Sergeant, Bremerton, Wash.; Henrietta Collins, Providence, R. I.



## '49 Fashion Steps

(Continued from page 56) kind of clothes except the most tailored.

Joan Fontaine has a voluminous cape of violet and black "iridescent" worsted that is but dashing for town or travel wear. And perfect it was while awaiting the arrival of her first baby. Joan's cape is full-length, lined with a matching block plaid taffeta. It also has a wide, high-riding collar for protection against chilling breezes.

Ever since Anne Baxter trimmed herself down to her current slimness, she's taken a mad interest in clothes. A designer who whipped up a lot of things for her is Boyh, of San Francisco. One of them is a pencil-slim lacquer-red slipper satin evening gown, the skirt of which has deep slits at the sides. The bodice is straight around, with wide straps over the shoulders. The dress has a short jacket, lined in yellow crepe with a bit of Chinese influence in the tiny, upstanding collar and its braid fastening. Stella of Magnin's, who specializes in designs for small women, has come through with a really practical and flattering skirt detail that is such a boon to all wearers of suits, you wonder why no one ever thought of it before. For a gray-green suit for Anne, she cut the front of the skirt on the bias, so that when Anne sits down it doesn't pull up over her knees or cling in unflattering folds. The back of the skirt, however, is cut on the straight.

**STOLES**, stoles and more stoles—are still the rage. Barbara Bel Geddes is draping a chamois-colored fringed wool stole, twenty-four inches wide and yards long, around her shoulders when she wears her pet circular skirt of dark brown gabardine, topped sometimes by white, sometimes yellow, sometimes matching brown blouses. Of course, the stole looks dreamy over dresses of dark jewel tones too—such as emerald green or sapphire blue.

In fact, "separates" are the key to spicing up a wardrobe. A new "twist" here or there; a complete change of accessories—or an added belt or button and presto! that old dress becomes a shining new thing. For instance: Barbara also "teams" a black satin sleeveless jacket with a new short-length evening skirt of black velveteen or crepe, plus little handmade tucked white silk long-sleeved blouses. This suggests any number of combinations to mate new and old clothes.

How about that suit or dress of silk or wool that is trimmed with velvet or fur collars and cuffs—and perhaps boasting heavy leather belts? Take off the wintry trimmings and substitute silk or lingerie

trimmings; substitute metal or novelty belts; throw away the upper or lower halves of those two-piece woollens and add a pastel-shade bolero or jacket—or a skirt of printed silk or even cotton, combined with the heavier half you're salvaging. And it's a whole new deal for spring.

The night that hundreds jammed into Cobina Wright's party, where some of the top glamour-pusses were modelling fashions, was really something. Among the "models" was Dinah Shore, wearing a whole raft of gorgeous evening clothes, most of which she took to London with her and wore for her stage stint there. And she really wowed 'em. One of the prettiest gowns was worn by Ann Miller. It was of mimosa-yellow silk taffeta and the tricky use of pockets in the huge skirt was a new detail. Ann wore black lace gloves, jet earrings and necklace with the striking gown. Later, everyone wandered out into the garden for a midnight feast of fancy hot dogs, barbecued hamburgers, and other informal goodies. Ran into Judy Garland and Vince Minnelli and Judy was sporting a lovely new necklace of jade, thousands of years old, that her spouse had just given her. One night at our own shack, Judy was wearing a gorgeous, filagreed, gold choker necklace with a scalloped edge, each outside scallop solidly edged with rather large round diamonds—the whole thing beautifully designed and made. "My only jewels!" exclaimed Judy, when we screamed in admiration over it. And you know—in a way, she's right. She has all kinds of semi-precious "jewel ensembles" of coral, jade, etc.—and we've long noted she seems to prefer this kind of adornment.

These are the days for "the little woman"—the very little look is the new look—and lines are getting sleeker to accentuate it. Suit coats are getting longer, but if you're long-waisted and short-legged, just skip the information! Mona Freeman is one little gal who is not only daintily but so well proportioned that she can wear them. She has a smooth, deep gray dressmaker suit that is really "the latest," with its longer jacket that features double flap-pockets at the hipline, accentuating her tiny waist. It fits snugly over a straight, slim skirt. The jacket buttons from its double pointed collar to the waistline. With it Mona wears a double-brimmed sailor of a slightly paler gray felt, with a flame of gray feathers jutting off one side. Purse and gloves are gray, and so are the shoes. These monotone ensembles sure emphasize "the little look"—and very nice, too!

THE END

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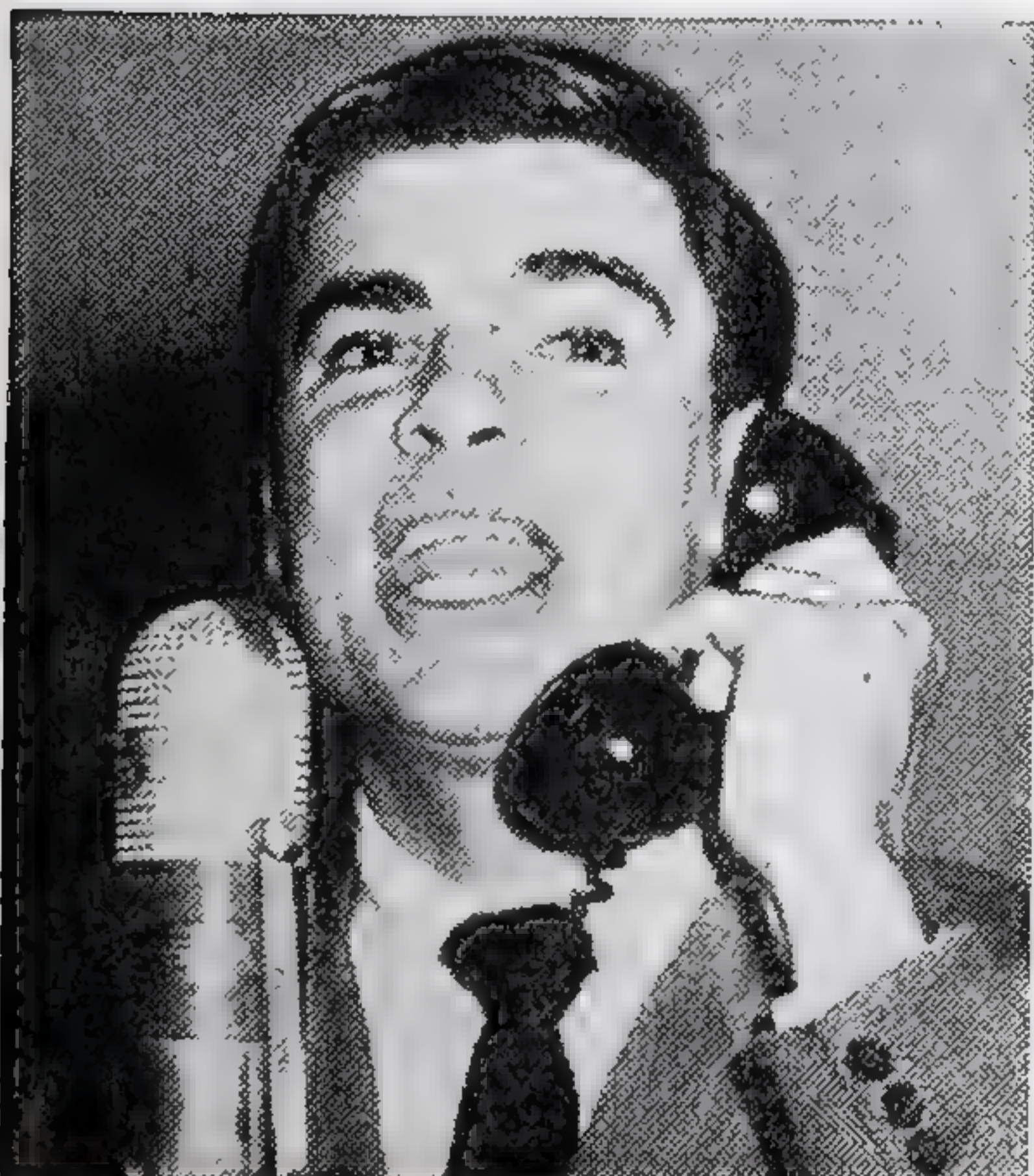
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# Bendix and the Babe



Bill waited twenty years to have the Babe sign the ball he caught at Yankee Stadium

TO become Babe Ruth for even a few days, be called that name, assume that character, Bill Bendix counts as the greatest thrill of his movie career. Yet it was fitting enough that Bill should play the *Bambino*. Both rose from obscurity—Bill from a poor family in New York and Babe from an orphanage—to a success beyond their dreams. Babe became the one thing Bill had hoped to be—a great ball player. As a kid, Bill used to hang around the New York Giants so persistently that they finally made him a bat boy. It was only when his father refused to let him follow the team into spring training that he gave up the idea of becoming a player. But he never lost his enthusiasm for the game and many a summer afternoon used to find him in the bleachers at Yankee Stadium, rooting and cheering himself hoarse for the mighty Ruth.

So, when years later, he was approached to play the *Bambino* after scores of other actors had been turned down, he accepted with joy and humility, especially when he knew that the Babe, himself, approved of him for the part.

Babe left his hospital bed in the East to journey to Hollywood to act as technical advisor for "The Babe Ruth Story," and to assist author John Considine with the script. Thinned by his illness and consumed by the pain of the throat cancer that claimed his life, Babe arrived in town smiling. If Hollywood expected a beaten man, they were mistaken.

Every morning he greeted those on the set with "Hello, kid!" He never knew anyone's name. He never bothered to learn. "Kid" seemed good enough to Babe.

"My name's Bendix," Bill said to him once. "Eh, oh yeah," Babe said. And the next morning it was "Hello, kid," again with maybe a slap on Bill's back which

would uproot his back teeth. A shadow of himself, he tried to maintain the strength of two men. But out of sight, on the set, Bill would find him gripping a support in his unbearable agony.

They traveled, Bill and Babe, from casual acquaintanceship (they had met before in New York) to close friends during those three weeks that Ruth sat on the sidelines and watched Bill and Claire Trevor play *Mr. and Mrs. Ruth*. "He never raised one objection," Bill said. "He seemed pleased with everything we were doing."

They'd lunch together daily at the studio commissary. Babe would sit and enjoy Bill's stories, smoking one cigar after another and downing his mugs of beer. Because it gave him pleasure, and because there was no chance of recovery, he was permitted twenty-seven cigars daily and all the beer he could drink.

The studio, realizing that they were racing against time, rushed the film to completion and to an immediate world premiere at New York's Astor Theatre. His doctor permitted Babe to attend. They knew it would be a better medicine than anything they could offer. The roar of the crowd drowned out the noises of Broadway as Babe made his entrance.

He couldn't remain for the entire film, but he liked what he saw of it.

Perhaps it was better that he didn't stay for the scene in which Claire Trevor asked, "How long will my husband live, doctor?"

"No longer than six weeks," was the doctor's starkly prophetic reply.

And on August 17, three weeks from the night the film opened, Babe Ruth, mourned by millions, lay in the rotunda of Yankee Stadium in his final rest.

THE END



## Diamonds and Diapers

(Continued from page 22) upon her. Frankly, I was delighted to slip into the nursery mood. An interview via telephone was the best I could hope for with this unpredictable girl, because Lana intends to remain in the East until after the birth of the baby. "What are your plans for the baby?" I asked.

"Well, I want *him* born in the East, probably here in Greenwich, because this is Bob's home. Really, Louella," she said with that impulsiveness that is so much a part of her, "I have never been so contented and at peace in my life."

"You know—when I was expecting Cheryl I was unhappy. Things were not going well between Steve and me. But now I know that completely wonderful feeling of a woman who awaits a beloved baby with peace of mind and heart."

"Cheryl is getting to be such a big girl now, I had almost forgotten how much fun it is to be buying baby clothes, shopping for a nursery and doing all those things every mother enjoys planning for her baby. My days seem so lazy. And yet I am not at all restless. You know how active I've always been, wanting to do something every moment?"

"You wouldn't know me now," she went on. "It's a big day when I go into the village and order diapers or talk with the man who is enlarging one of the rooms for the nursery. The main thing is, I don't want to be tired before or after *he* is born. I'm not only resting under orders—I'm loving it!"

"How about your maternity wardrobe—is it as elaborate as your trousseau?" I asked, remembering all the publicized stories about Lana's trousseau.

"Oh, *that*!" she replied with a chuckle. "If you want to know the truth, I'm easing the seams of the skirts from that very trousseau and wearing blouses and sweaters with them. I could never be a model for the best dressed expectant mother!"

**N**OW *that's* something! And with Bob coming into a cool—or hot—\$4,000,000 from his mother's estate very soon. However, I did not mention this little detail for Lana, these days, is more interested in diapers than diamonds.

Pardon me for mentioning it—but I had been the first person in Hollywood in whom Lana had confided the news that she was expecting a baby and I knew the story hours ahead of her studio. Lana always gets into the mood of a character either on or off the screen and there had been a definite catch in her voice when she first told me, "Yes, I am going to have a—(catch) baby."

But the complications that news let loose were thoroughly in keeping with Lana's talent for tossing bombshells. Thousands had been spent in preparation for "Madame Bovary." The production was ready to roll with the advent of the glamorous star from her more or less stormy tour of Europe. Now, everything was in upheaval because the forementioned stormy petrel was dulcetly announcing from across the continent that motherhood was in the offing.

But what's to do? What are the plans of movies and corporations in the face of Nature taking its course? There was nothing to do but to wish the prospective mother the best of health and happiness. There were whispers asking, why hadn't Lana told her bosses sooner?

Lana must have read my mind, for she suddenly said, "The only thing I am sorry about is that I was not able to let the studio know about the baby and had to give them such short notice before 'Madame Bovary' was to start. But I

would like everyone concerned with the picture to know that the studio was notified just as soon as I was sure myself."

I have now written five chapters in the Life and Times of Lana Turner for this very Photoplay magazine, starting with Lana's own excited recitation of her elopement with Artie Shaw soon after her turbulent romance with Greg Bautzer ended.

I also duly reported the ending of *that* idyll, with Lana tearfully recounting how Artie had called her "dumb."

I suppose Chapter 2 should be headed "Steve Crane" since he was good for two stories—the marriage, the separation, and the remarriage, when Lana learned she was expecting a baby. The reconciliation with Crane was a beautiful romance. Then their eventual breakup, although they remained friends, was another story.

After this came Lana's most adult romance—her love story with Tyrone Power. She was *really* in love! I saw her a lot during the early blooming of that romance. Nothing in the world mattered to her but Tyrone. She told me she was changing the whole pattern of her life to match his. They gave a party together before he went to Europe. Their clinch at the plane was in every newspaper. Lana assured me this love was *sacred* to her. "I am not even going to dine in a cafe while Ty is gone," she said, dramatically.

But Lana is Lana. She made the mistake of going to Ciro's with Steve Crane on a night she was supposed to be at a dinner party attended by many of Ty's closest friends. This, and a visit to New York, where she did nothing that I could see was particularly wrong except to have a good time, were duly reported to Ty.

Tyrone came home to tell her it was "all over." Meantime, he had met Linda Christian who lost no time in soothing his pride and assuring him of her great admiration.

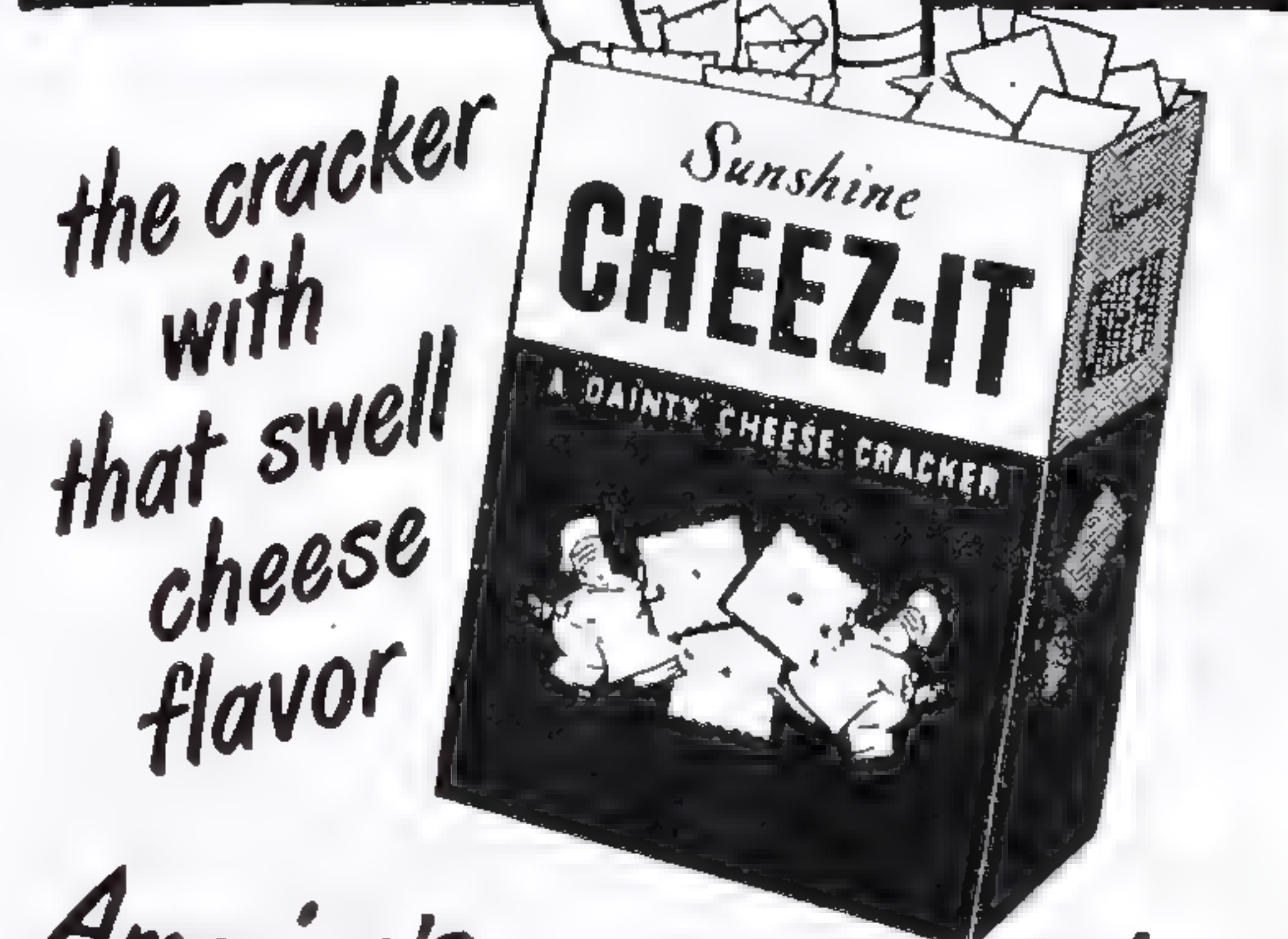
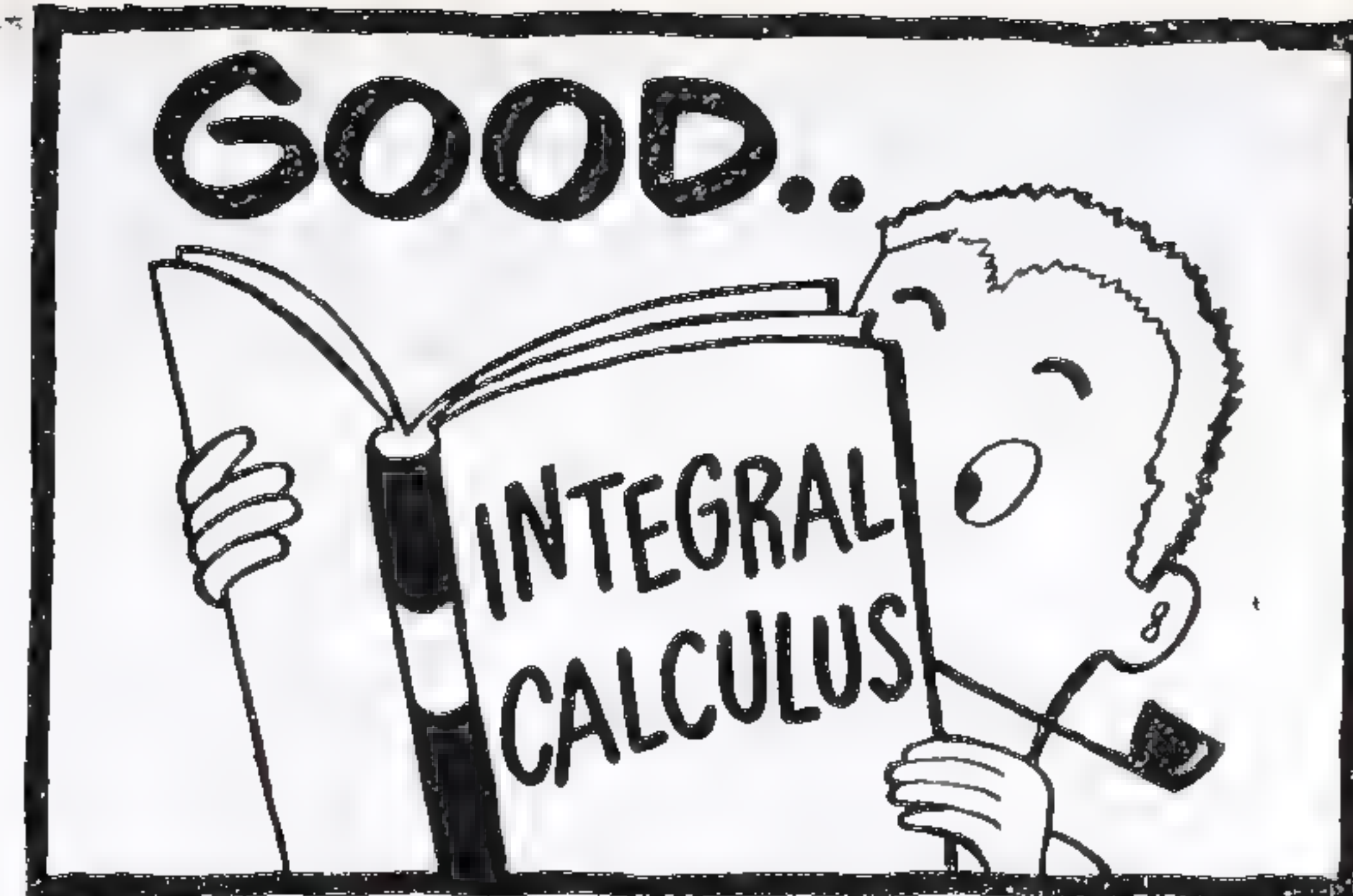
"And that's that!" Lana told me, bitterly, "I'm going back to New York to have some fun." That was her way of covering that great big ache in her heart and she knew I knew it. It was this trip to New York which developed into her front page romance with millionaire Bob Topping, their cross-country love story—the flashily reported \$25,000 trousseau and their wedding, sarcastically reported in most instances. Again I did a story about Lana and an interview with the groom.

As I read back over these many stories about Lana in many moods—excitement, happiness, heartache, sorrow, ecstasy, bitterness, I have been impressed by one thing: She is always completely sincere at the moment. She is as authentic in her private life dramas as she is in the roles she plays on the screen and even her critics cannot say she is not a good actress. Perhaps in dramatizing her private life moods, she sometimes twists things around to fit the particular "character" she is living at the moment—like an actress speaking appropriate dialogue.

I believe that may be why the English and the French reporters found fault with her—at the time she was on her European honeymoon. I'm sure she was playing to the hilt the role of the sensational, sophisticated, rich Mrs. Bob Topping, the beautiful movie queen on a wedding trip.

At heart, Lana is not that way. That is why it is too bad she had to make a wrong impression. She is much more like the girl I talked with on the phone, warm, friendly, cooperative. Perhaps she is embroidering the sentiment of being a Lady in Waiting, but she has proved she is a good mother and undoubtedly she is awaiting the new baby with real love and devotion.

THE END



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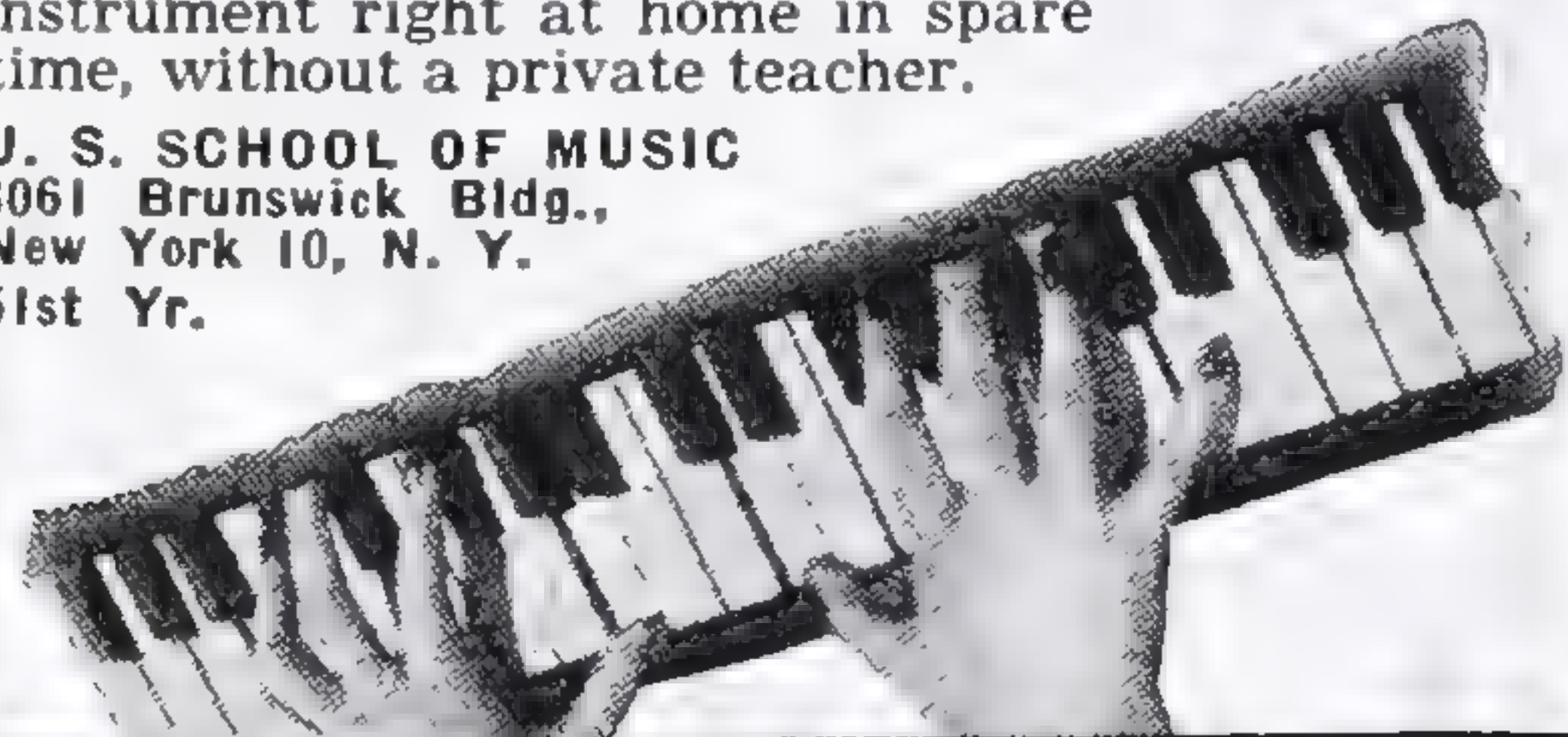


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## Star in Your Home

(Continued from page 54) for a more relaxed life, adapt some part of this Western decor to your own existence.

One good example to follow is Burl Ives's "Ballad Farm," as illustrated. His house has a most colorful interior. But their guests see it only in winter or during a heavy rain.

All their real living is done on their outdoor terrace. The terrace has a sturdy foundation of red tile. Tile may be too expensive for your pocketbook, but colored cement can be used just as effectively, and at half the cost. Either is completely permanent, waterproof and a cinch to keep clean.

TWO outdoor fireplaces have been built and both of them are adaptable either to cooking or to mere heating. These are expensive unless you build them yourself, and many do—costing anywhere up to a \$1000, depending on where you live and the height and width of the fireplace-barbecues you desire. But they make a lot of sense, especially where the climate also has a Western influence, meaning that it automatically gets chilly at sunset. And, again, like the tile or cement flooring, they are permanent—and if there is anything better than a charcoal-broiled steak and baked potatoes, prepared out in the fresh, sharp air before your eager eyes and twitching nose, it's yet to be discovered.

Mr. Ives has staged his patio in the shade of the old avocado trees. Handy, this. Western, too. For avocados give wonderful daytime shade as well as terrific eating fruit. You can even have your avocados and sell them, too, the trees bear so heavily. Actually, the Iveses raise almost all their own food. If you are out of an avocado zone, plan a terrace in the shade of other fruit trees.

Without reservation, however, if you want a Western accent to your outdoor living, copy the Iveses' use of redwood tables and tubular steel furniture—unless you prefer iron furniture of various types. Redwood tables and chairs with waterproof cushions are the best outdoor furniture from every angle. Rain doesn't harm it. You can start with it in its original color and, with a little oiling and any sort of decent care, it will last your lifetime. Or, if you prefer, you can paint it. And—important consideration—it is quite low cost. Of course, along these lines, the most sensible investment you can make is to buy some sort of tarpaulin to toss over your chairs and tables at night, as protection against storms, fogs—and birds, too.

However, you may not have as much wide-open space as Burl has. You may not like such a typically "farm" atmosphere. Well, as a Western touch on even a tiny scrap of back yard, you can follow Cathy O'Donnell's simple plan. Cathy and her husband, Robert Wyler, live high on a hilltop overlooking the Sunset Strip. Their house perches on a ledge with a yard not more than six-by-ten feet, their only outdoor space. But that doesn't stop them. They opened up the back of their indoor fireplace, to make it work outside, too. They have nests of glass-topped tables on which to serve refreshments. Glass-topped tables, obviously, are timesavers. The only major attention they require is fairly regular applications of paint to keep them weather-proofed. Completed by what Hollywood calls "director's chairs" and a redwood chaise or two, Cathy has lounging space, without which no true Western home can exist.

Now, where Loretta Young has gardens around her estate as formal as those of Versailles, and Claudette Colbert's house

is surrounded by sweeping lawns, seldom trod upon, the film colony usually adapts every bit of its entertaining to outdoor simplicity. Great picture windows, sometimes covering the whole side of a wall, and often forming sliding panels so that they can be used as doors, too, are practically standard equipment in a Western decorative scheme. Nothing—not even mirrors—makes a small room look as big and lazy as the use of such window-doors. Their initial cost is high, but except for accidents, that's the end of it and in the West, at least, they are not very difficult to keep clean. So, if you are building, consider using them and, for remodeling, nothing so "modernizes" a house.

Oddly enough, while the effect of these windows is modern, they go beautifully with old-fashioned materials, like calico, used as hangings, particularly when the fabric is quilted. The beautiful Joanne Dru, who is, of course, Mrs. Dick Haymes, used quilted calico, under a formal valance box of calico, around a window setting like this. She was her own decorator, and in her case, she was using a bank of windows, not one picture window, but windows that extend across the whole wall, going up almost to the ceiling, though not down to the floor. It was Joanne's inspiration to use louver shutters across the windows, a most practical idea, as the light can be adjusted exactly as you desire it at any time and, also, there is no upkeep cost on louvers after their initial price is paid. Below the windows, Joanne has a ten-foot-long couch covered in the same calico. The effect is delightful. And don't forget how cheap calico is.

Incidentally, the Haymes ranch—and it is that, indeed, with its horse corrals, chickens and dogs—is obviously designed around the happiness of the three Haymes babies. They have their own white-washed house, about twenty yards away from the main house, so their sleep won't be disturbed at night when Mother and Daddy are entertaining (Daddy has quite a tendency to give out with song on such occasions) but speakers from their house are wired into every room of the main house, so that the slightest sound from them is registered.

THE floors in the main Haymes house are hardwood, in very wide boards, which gives a definite "ranch" atmosphere, with braided rugs here and there. "The kids can spill milk to their hearts' content," Dick says, "and nothing is harmed."

The Western accent in decor means the elimination of bric-a-brac in the usual meaning. Great masses of silver are not about, either, any more than bits and pieces of china, that demand cleaning and dusting. Plants, however, are used dramatically, like the huge split-leaf Philodendron in soapstone pots, or small, quickly growing fig trees. Here, again, you have a type of investment. The figs don't bear, but if kept in half shade—as the Philodendron should be, also—they grow lushly, their dark, shiny leaves very beautiful and cool looking in any setting. They may cost you anywhere from ten to fifty dollars, initially, depending upon their size—but they will double in height within a year, with good care, and they need not a twentieth of the attention bric-a-brac or silver requires. Twice a week watering and once a month plant feeding will suffice—and they are distinctly the "newest" thing in interior touches—as you can see in any movie scene indicating a smart home or apartment.

The West also seems to be pioneering outdoor lighting of gardens or yards that make the most romantic nighttime vistas.



You can do it with any amount of space, with anything from one light to a hundred. Such lights cost about seventy-five dollars each. They are, admittedly, a luxury, but they give great drama—and again, they demand no upkeep. Consult both a good electrician and also, if possible, a good landscape architect before installing them, unless you have a genius eye of your own.

Much of the East seems to labor under the delusion that Western decoration means an exclusive use of boots and saddles, of "brands" on the cretonne and silver ashtrays shaped like cow-puncher's hats. Well, sometimes, in very casual settings, such motifs are still used—but they are definitely dated, and going out.

The Bill Boyds, on their ranch, do have some windows curtained in the softest, natural suede, under valance boxes covered with the suede and leather fringe and Indian silver rings used as the final ornamentation. This is good with Navajo rugs and good, solid ranch furniture. Sometimes, also, a most effective use is made of cowhide pillows, spotted here and there

upon a couch but the general tendency is to follow the principle the Dan Duryeas have in their rambling home which overlooks the San Fernando Valley.

The Duryea living room, a fairly formal one, with green walls, mulberry hangings and chairs in mulberry and yellow, opens out on a barbecue terrace. Here, as at the Iveses', you find an open fire for heating or the preparation of food. Here, also, is casual outdoor furniture, suited to lounging and the intense activity of two small boys. If you analyze this, it means that there is more than one aspect to such a house. It means the life that goes on in it can have variety without effort. Formal entertainment is quite as easy as "hamburger dates." The adults have room to live, as well as the children. No one needs to be inhibited, and everyone can enjoy life according to his mood of the moment.

Now *that's* living, partner. So why don't you get a bit of it yourself—rather than some elaborate clock or dust-catching "objet d'art" which won't give you any fun at all?

The End

## Why I'm Not Afraid to Marry Wanda

(Continued from page 24) Anyhow, I'm pretty positive now that it is the only marriage for me.

Of course, if I didn't really believe Wanda wanted it to be her only marriage, too, I wouldn't be getting into it at all. Because we've had to get over enough Hollywood handicaps as it is. It's the way we've managed to do this, incidentally, that gives me confidence in our future.

As I am writing this, my girl is in Rome, shooting on "Prince of Foxes." She's been there since last April. I'm in Hollywood, where I've just completed Allied Artists' "Bad Boy." Six thousand miles separating us. A fine romance, I think *not!*

I can't count how many times in the past eight months I've wanted to go kick down the Twentieth Century-Fox Studios for keeping Skipper in Rome all this time. Skipper, as I guess you've heard, is my pet name for Wanda, though sometimes I call her Charlie. That is, when I don't call her Slug. She calls me Soldier, but I'm trying to cure her of that. The mere sound of that word makes me afraid she's going to break out some "C" rations and my stomach still says "no, thanks" for *that* memory.

The crazy impulses I've had in these last eight months! Like the dozens of times when I've figured over and over how I could sneak into an airport, crawl into the back of a plane, along with some spare parts, and then bail out over Rome. Just when I'm set on some such scheme, a letter like the one Wanda sent me early in September arrives and stops me cold. Or, maybe I should say, warm. Warm with tenderness.

Skipper's no kind of a letter writer. Neither am I. Incidentally, I could go on with this "she isn't and neither am I" routine for hours. You know how it is when you're in love. The big thrill is discovering all those "I liked such-and-such and so do you" and "I don't like such-and-such, and isn't it wonderful that you don't either."

Well, Skipper doesn't smoke or drink and I don't either. I never asked her why she doesn't, but I'm glad it's a fact. With me, keeping off liquor and cigarettes isn't moral. I just hate the waste of them—the waste of time and money.

I'll explain about that letter my girl sent me in September. There was a photograph enclosed of a little dark-eyed kid. Some little Italian boy, I suppose. But on the

back of it, Wanda had written, "This is Danny." That broke me up completely. Why? Because Danny's the name of our son-to-be. Our first-born-to-be. After Danny, we plan to have Kathleen. We hope. Then we get two others, another boy, followed by another girl. Or maybe what we'll get is four girls in a row, like Eddie Cantor, or four boys, like Bing. But we will have four and we want them soon so that we can grow up with them. Then maybe later, we will have three or four more.

Even having those first four is looking a long way ahead. But that's the way Skipper and I dream. And what else is marriage but two people dreaming the same dream for their whole lives and working together to make it come true?

Listen to me! I guess I should confess I didn't expect to get married so soon and least of all to a movie actress. Girls—or so a certain little girl who is a movie actress has told me—think about marriage all their lives. A fellow doesn't do that. The way it is with a guy is that he starts with an idea of his dream girl. Then, if he finds her and she lives up to the dream, the mood of marriage just sort of drifts over him. He's trapped for life and scared about it and glad about it, all at the same time. During the war, my dream girl began to take form. Back home in Kingston, Texas, I never had a steady girl. Never had the time or the money for a steady girl.

I'm the second oldest of us seven Murphys. My father died when I was twelve, my mother when I was sixteen. The three youngest kids had to go into an orphanage. We all hated that, but it was the best we could do. The first thing I did when I hit Hollywood and collected some dough was to get them out of there. They've got a real home now, or at least as good a home as you can make when there's no mother and father.

I went to work at twelve. I tried to get into the Marines in 1941 when I was seventeen. The next year, the Army took me. I didn't have any girl to write to while I was overseas. I wished I did.

My idea of a girl was of one who was petite, not beautiful, but nice. I wanted a girl who was all woman, but not one you would have to carry around on a pillow. When they washed me out of service with a fifty per cent disability that includes a trick stomach, a hip that snarls in cold

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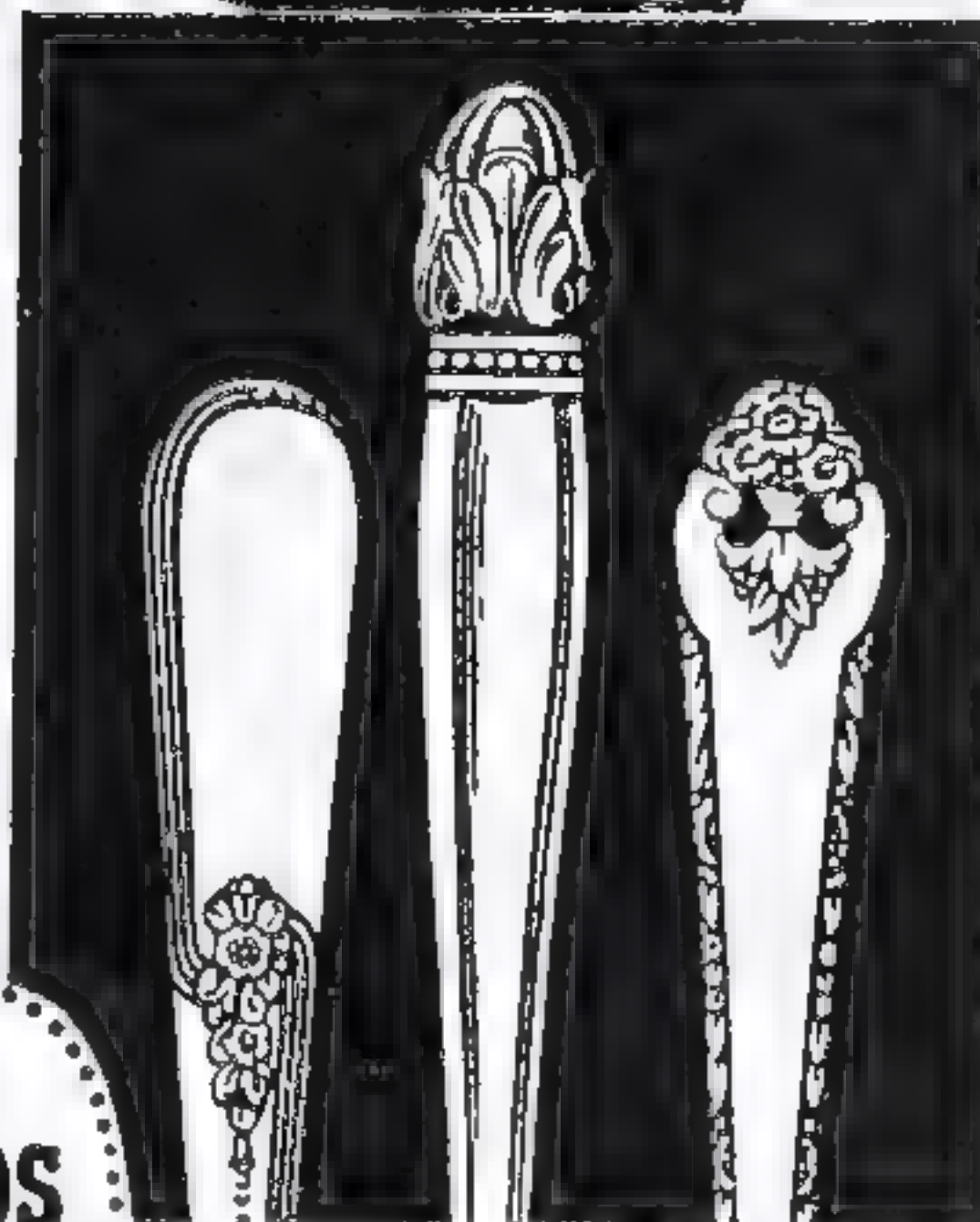
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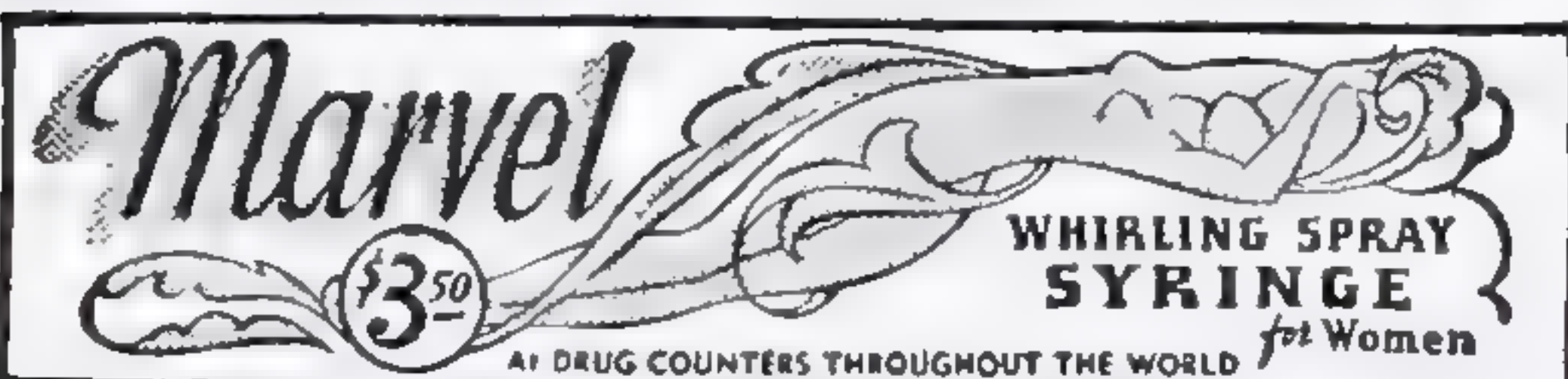
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weather and some ex-frozen feet that hate winter, I knew I was a lucky character, getting my chance through Jimmy Cagney to come to California. I didn't know whether or not I could act (I still don't know) but I was positive I could use that California sunshine. Jimmy Cagney and his wife couldn't have been nicer. I lived out on their ranch. I couldn't eat much because of my trick stomach. I didn't know anybody in Hollywood and I felt shy, anyhow. My hip ached and my feet, as the saying goes, were killing me.

Six months went by. Why they didn't put me before a camera, I don't know. Then one day, I picked up an old copy of a magazine and saw Wanda's picture on the cover. You've probably heard that part of the story. It's been told a lot. So I'll just repeat that I set up a date through friends, for us to meet. We all had dinner in the Cagney guest house.

Wanda was prettier than even I had expected and nicer than I'd dared hope. I took her home at ten o'clock and we shook hands. I told her I'd call her and because I didn't want to look too eager, I waited a week. But that week seemed to be nineteen months long. It's the second date that counts. And then the third. And then the fourth. After that, zing go the strings of your heart, if you don't look out. And I didn't look out, particularly after that weekend Wanda, her parents and I spent together in the High Sierras.

I was delighted when I found out that if my girl wasn't exactly a sharpshooter, at least she wasn't afraid of a gun. I've hunted all my life. Had to, for food. But I love hitting a target and it was a thrill to see Skipper learning how to do that, too. And I got a big bang out of our going fishing, and horseback-riding—discovering she was a real outdoor girl, who could also be just the opposite—all glamourised up—when she chose. It was good to find out that Wanda had grown up in Jacksonville, Florida, scratching for pennies, just as I had. She'd gone to work at fourteen, in little theaters.

Her father, whom I admire a lot, is a carpenter. We talked man to man, understanding each other. And it was nice, too, to find out the girl could cook, particularly Southern fried chicken. I did my own cooking for a year, so I appreciate good cooking, when I get it. Once the Hendrix family owned a restaurant, so Mrs. Hendrix knows about food and she taught Wanda.

By the time the Christmas holidays of 1946 approached, we were engaged. That's why we hope to be married this year at the

same season. Sentimental once more, you see. And our love letting both of us rise above our Hollywood fears.

Wanda wants to stay in movies for a few years, and as long as she's happy, that's what I want, too, but I'd hate to have her stay in pictures too long. We both think it's bad for children to grow up separated from their parents.

After not getting into any pictures and only playing a bit in Alan Ladd's picture, "Beyond Glory," I'm now under contract to Paul Short, and I've had this swell chance at "Bad Boy." I like the picture because I think it will have a good effect on kids. Being an orphan, just like the kid in the story, I know I could have done the same thing he did. I'd always like to do movies that may do some good in the world. That is, if possible. But what we are mostly guarding against is beginning to believe our own publicity. Once you start that—begin to let other people live your life for you—you are in trouble.

Right now, I'm getting our apartment ready for my girl's return. I'm not doing any decorating, because I think I'm color blind, but I'm getting the furniture and Wanda can do all that stuff about buying carpets and curtains when she gets here. Nights, I write her about the shape of every chair I buy and such-like, except those nights I work on my book, "To Hell and Back," which Henry Holt and Company are going to publish this coming spring. But when I start writing about those war days and nights, I interrupt myself thinking of Skipper and how she's changed me, making me a kinder person. I like being nice to nice people, but it's tough for me to act that way to people I don't like. Wanda has a way of being nice to everyone. She's a gentle girl. She's a pretty girl, even if she has got a complex about her figure. I like her tiny, the way she is, and I think she's built just right.

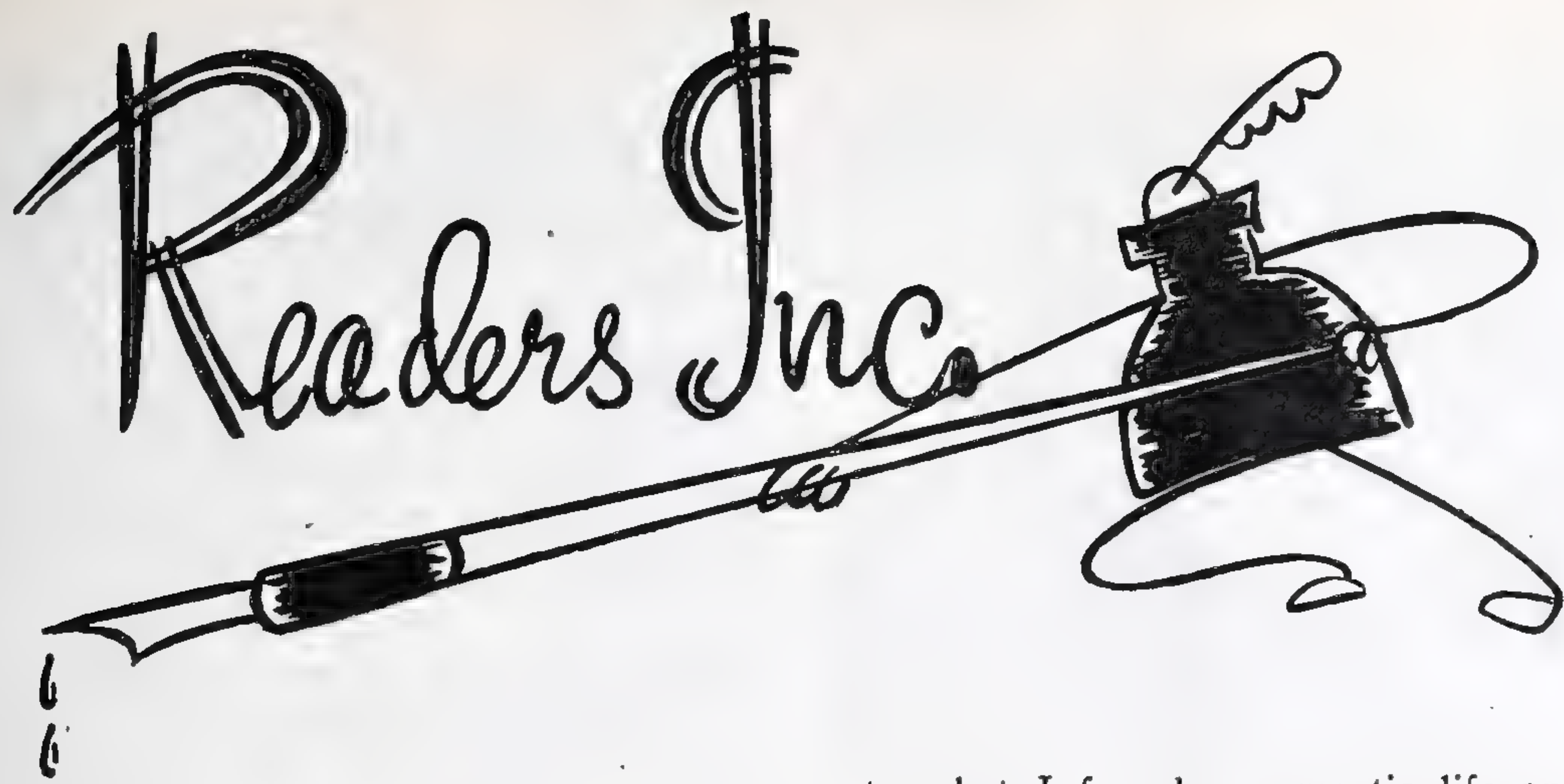
The critics say she has a new glamour in "Miss Tatlock's Millions," with all those glittering clothes she wears and her hair cut and dyed red. So, okay, that's her career side. But they don't know the half of it. They ought to know the girl I know. Especially on those outdoor dates, wearing old riding clothes and her face so happy and shining that you can't look at anything else in the world. With those green eyes of hers twinkling and her face framed by that brown hair of hers! Won't Danny and Kathleen and all the other little Murphys be lucky, too, having a mother like that? And won't I be lucky, too, having such a wife? I'm telling you!

THE END



Buying furniture for their new apartment keeps Audie busy while Wanda's away. Choosing the right rugs will be her chore—but a fellow can look, can't he?





### Cheers and Jeers:

I used to like Peter Lawford, but when he was in Cleveland he reported he thought nothing of teen-agers and wanted nothing to do with them when a group of us went to get his autograph. Wasn't it teen-agers that boosted him to stardom?

JEAN SCHREIBER  
Olmsted Falls, O.

Have just finished reading "A Gay History of Hollywood" and I will say it is one article that held my interest from beginning to end. How about asking Hollywood to produce an article like that in pictures and call it "The Hollywood Story." Tell them to round up all the stars, show some flashbacks and produce the biggest movie of all time. Contact Howard Hughes. Maybe he'd produce it.

NED R. CAPORUSCIO  
Altoona, Pa.

I read in a magazine that Lana Turner and Bob Topping took a lambasting from English reporters who felt the honeymooners gave them a brushoff. I wish I could cry out to them that they are absolutely wrong. I know Miss Turner through her pictures since I was a little girl and even in her bad roles, you can see the gentleness in her eyes.

MRS. D. VALSAMY  
Istanbul, Turkey

### The Mitchum Question:

I just read "The Strange Case of Robert Mitchum" (November). I, for one, do not believe he has been using reefers for "two years." Does he look it? Perhaps he was blue and only experimenting. He's had bad breaks before and came through. He'll fight. And my best wishes to the best actor on the screen.

NANALEE HALL  
Leon, Ky.

Personally, I think Bob Mitchum's case is not only a strange case, but a hopeless one, unless he does something about it. Bob had better get wise to the fact that he has a career, a wife and two children to look after, and had better settle down.

NANCY MCCARTHY  
Milwaukee, Wis.

### Poll Post-mortem:

Let me laugh at the hopeless "Choose Your Star" results. Out of the four or five personalities named who will still be prominent five years from now, your readers chose only one (Howard Duff) for a top-six spot. Mr. Duff will still be there because he is versatile—and he intends to stick. He's not my dish of tea, but I admire him for getting what he wants. Wanda Hendrix should go to the

top, but I fear her romantic life and a limitation of suitable roles will discourage her. Without Shirley Temple's well-meant but misguided influence, John Agar would fall by his own weight.

PEGGY G. MILLAY  
Osborn, O.

I just finished reading "Hollywood's Most Dangerous Women" (Nov.). Congratulations! I was wondering if it would be possible for you to do the same thing again—only this time charting Hollywood's most dangerous men. I am anxious to see if my list corresponds with yours.

LOUISA LIVINGSTON  
New York, N. Y.

(See how your list corresponds with Dorothy Kilgallen's on page 28.)

### Question Box:

We gals in Kentucky want to know what's happened to Hurd Hatfield. After his wonderful performance in "The Picture of Dorian Gray" we expected at least two pictures a year.

PEGGY TUCKER  
Louisville, Ky.

(Hurd's last role was Father Pasquerel in "Joan of Arc." He is devoting his time now in New York, looking for a play.)

Was Al Jolson's first wife's name used in "The Jolson Story"?

CONNIE TITMUS  
Ogden, Utah

(Ruby Keeler, Al's real third wife, was the one portrayed in the film. His first wife was Henrietta Keller, his second Ethel Delmer—all of whom were parted from him by divorce.)

The other night I saw an article that stated Rory Calhoun's real name was Francis Timothy Durgin. In your February issue, you said his real name was Francis McCowan. Could you tell me just what his real name was?

ANN TYNDALL  
Millbrae, Cal.

(Rory was christened Francis McCowan. When his mother remarried, his name was legally changed to Durgin.)

Could you give me any information as to when or if "The Robe" will be made?

RICHIE WATKIN  
Knoxville, Tenn.

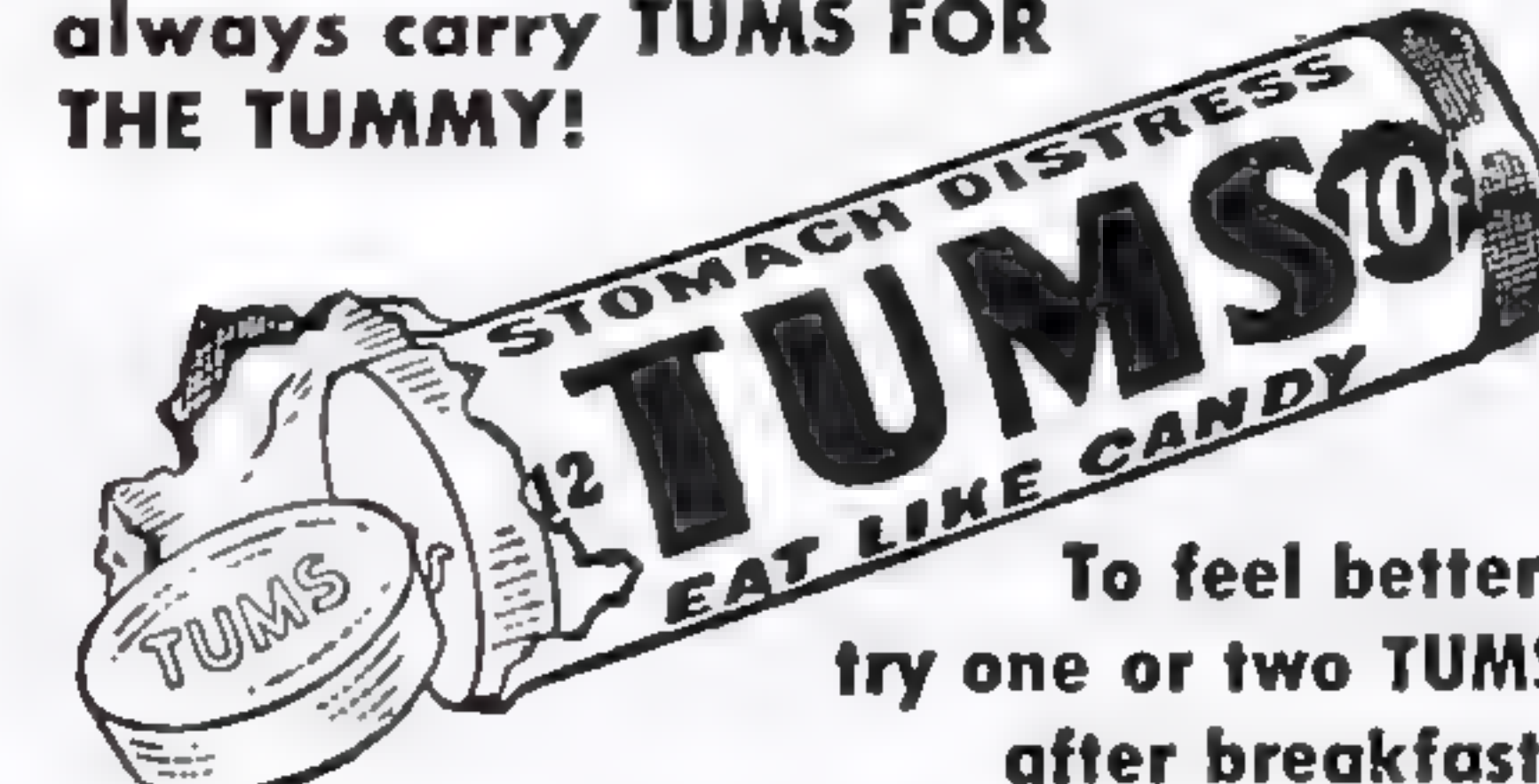
("The Robe" was set to go into production with Gregory Peck heading a tremendous cast when Howard Hughes came to RKO and shelved it for reasons of economy.)

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## Power's Progress

(Continued from page 39) The food and old wines, served by three men in livery, were out of this world. Linda, very beautiful, sat at the foot of the table.

A strong, dominant character, Linda. Educated in Switzerland and more cosmopolitan than most girls her age, she ordinarily influences Tyrone greatly. Just as Annabella did previously and as I believe women always will. However, a famous fortuneteller appeared at the Di Frasso house the day of the breakfast, I noticed, and Linda disappeared with her. Her Mexican background, of course, would make her susceptible to fortunetellers. However, any girl in the position in which she found herself that day might wonder about the future. Actually, unless Linda marries Tyrone, she is in a curious position. She hoped to play in "Prince of Foxes" with him until little Wanda Hendrix was brought over for the role. Linda's screen career, thus far, has not been promising. It may be she is not photographically appealing. Or it may be that she has neglected her career for her romance. She very much wants to marry Tyrone, I think.

The evening Orson Welles entertained for her and Tyrone at his Frascati villa, she danced again and again with Orson. Orson, true, sambas and rumbas divinely and does all the South American dances extraordinarily well. But Linda, I felt, hoped to disturb Tyrone who, talking with friends, seemed not to mind her enthusiasm for Orson's terpsichore at all, in spite of the fact that he is really devoted to her. If you ask them to dine, he turns to her at once to ask "All right, Linda?" Their manners, really, are those of a married couple.

Tyrone, at the wedding breakfast, sitting at the head of the table, gave the impression of a grand seignior. And although the circumstances of a wedding breakfast without a wedding—and no word of a wedding—might very well be embarrassing, Tyrone conducted himself with warm dignity.

HE HAS matured in the most admirable way. He dresses well, wearing his clothes, made by the finest tailor in Rome, with easy grace. His gray trousers are a special shade. His socks are gray too, and his shoes. He talks well. And he listens well. He is more charming and gentle—a nicer man in every way—every time I see him. And his unpretentiousness, quite remarkable really, is illustrated by the casual way he goes about. One day when his company was working a few miles outside of Florence, and he was in costume and make-up, he was taken with one of those sudden, violent toothaches. There was consternation, of course, for he was vital to that day's shooting.

"Give me an hour," he told his director, as he dashed to his car. He drove to Florence and sought a dentist to whom he had been recommended. There was great excitement in the piazza when the darkly handsome young man in fifteenth century clothes rushed through the gathering crowds—such excitement, in fact, that Tyrone borrowed his dentist's overcoat for his return to his car.

Tyronie Povoro, they call him over there. And they adore him. After some of the demonstrations he has experienced, it would be reasonable if he saw fit to protect himself. But that would not be Tyrone. With his mind on so many things, he has only a little time to think of himself.

Which reminds me of my holiday in Venice with the Shah of Persia's cabana next to mine. The first day the Shah came to swim, there were thousands awaiting

him. Whereupon, thoroughly frightened, he swam out to sea.

"Your Majesty," I sought to reassure him, "it will not happen again, I promise you. They thought you were Tyronie Povoro."

"Tyronie Povoro," he said. "He is someone in the movies, is he not?"

"Ask the two thousand people that mobbed you who he is," I suggested.

He believed what I told him, I hope, because from then on he was left beautifully alone. The movie stars really have taken over Europe!

MORE than ever, Tyrone is interested in his work. Not a rich man—his divorce settlement to Annabella, among other things, was, I think, too generous—he needs money. But above his practical needs, he takes great pride in what he does. He's a very nice star actually. He doesn't make trouble. He isn't temperamental. Those who work with him—executives and members of his company and crew adore him: Talk among themselves of his sweetness and wish sometimes that, for his own good, he was less sweet. But this, I am sure, will never be. For, however he grows, the fundamental strains I have known in him never alter.

He is interested, too, in seeing the world. History excites him. He does not talk of returning to Hollywood. He talks of making pictures in different parts of the world. "Next," he says, "I want to make a picture in Sweden. I want to be an international star, Elsa. I can, after all, work anywhere. A magnificent opportunity that. I do not mean to neglect it."

Enormously responsive about all manner of things, he especially enjoys people. Last year, for instance, when he was in Italy—long before he knew he would be filming "Prince of Foxes" there, he met a young musician, poor and obscure. "I want to play for you, Mr. Power," said this young man. Tyrone recognized his music as lovely. And when he returned to Rome last spring, he spoke of this young man to his company's musical director. Now the young composer is surely on his way to fame; for he has done the entire musical score for "Prince of Foxes."

Another time, ten years ago, when Tyrone was in Cannes, a young French boy begged to see him.

"Mr. Power," he asked Tyrone, "do you think there is any chance I will become an actor?" Tyrone sought to learn of his experience. "Very little," he admitted, "only a few bits as an extra at a Paris studio." Tyrone, liking this young man, said, "You cannot tell how things will go. If you ever come to Hollywood—look me up." And he gave him a little gold camera he was wearing on his watch chain. "For luck!"

"Just before I left Hollywood," Tyrone said, "I went to dine with friends. One of the guests was a handsome young man who is now a star. He came over to me and handed me a little gold camera. 'Do you remember, Tyrone Power,' he asked, 'that you gave this to me ten years ago in France?'"

"It was Louis Jourdan!" Tyrone was pleased as Punch.

You feel these days that Tyrone is gratified by life and anticipates the future. He has his faith . . . He has his work, good in itself, and offering the satisfying opportunities of seeing the world and knowing many people . . . And, it may be, he will have marriage too.

I never heard, you see, what that fortuneteller told Linda.

THE END



## Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ (F) *APARTMENT FOR PEGGY*—20th Century-Fox: A college campus serves as the setting for a heartwarming story of a young couple who bravely tackle their housing problem with the reluctant aid of an elderly professor. Jeanne Crain and Edmund Gwenn are perfect, Bill Holden pleasing as a veteran-student. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

✓ (F) *BABE RUTH STORY, THE*—Del Ruth-Allied Artists: Sentimental saga of baseball's beloved "Babe" Ruth, his ups and downs through the years. William Bendix plays the big-hearted *Bambino* with Claire Trevor, Charles Bickford, Sam Levene. (Oct.)

✓ (F) *BLACK ARROW, THE*—Columbia: Robert L. Stevenson's romance of 15th century England with Louis Hayward playing the gallant knight rescuing Janet Blair from George Macready. (Oct.)

✓✓ (A) *BLANCHE FURY*—Rank-Eagle Lion: Handsome Valerie Hobson and stalwart Stewart Granger, too ambitious for their own good, lend reality to a turbulent romance of the Victorian era. (Nov.)

✓ (F) *CORONER CREEK*—Columbia: A grim and gory Western with rugged Randy Scott on dastardly George Macready's trail with Forrest Tucker, Marguerite Chapman and Wallace Ford. (Oct.)

✓ (F) *CRY OF THE CITY*—20th Century-Fox: Realistic crime chronicle with Vic Mature as the cop, Richard Conte as the killer, Debra Paget as Conte's girl and Tommy Cook as his kid brother. Shelley Winters and Hope Emerson are the not-so-innocent bystanders. (Dec.)

(F) *EMBRACEABLE YOU*—Warners: Dane Clark and Geraldine Brooks fall in love the hard way in this weepy gangster tale strewn with bullets and roses. (Oct.)

✓ (F) *EYES OF TEXAS*—Republic: A fast-'n'-furious "hoss" opera with Roy Rogers as a U. S. Marshal out to solve a murder. (Oct.)

✓ (F) *FOR THE LOVE OF MARY*—U-I: Deanna Durbin is the center of this tempest-in-a-teapot affair. A White House telephone operator, she's pursued by Don Taylor, Edmond O'Brien and Jeffrey Lynn. The President and Supreme Court interfere with moderately amusing results. (Dec.)

✓ (F) *FURY AT FURNACE CREEK*—20th Century-Fox: Gambler Vic Mature turns detective to vindicate the honor of his army-general father implicated in an Indian massacre. A lively six-shooter with Coleen Gray, Glenn Langan, Reginald Gardiner. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *GOOD SAM*—McCarey-RKO: This domestic comedy with a dash of drama and lots of humor has Gary Cooper playing the *Good Samaritan*, much to wife Ann Sheridan's distress. With Ray Collins, Joan Lorrington, Dick Ross. (Oct.)

✓✓✓ (A) *HAMLET*—Rank-U-I: Shakespeare's brilliant tragedy done to perfection with Laurence Olivier as the *Melancholy Dane*, Basil Sydney as *Claudius* and Jean Simmons as *Ophelia*. A magnificent and thrilling production. (Oct.)

✓ (F) *HOLLOW TRIUMPH*—Eagle Lion: A lurid meller with Paul Henreid in the dual role of a fugitive crook and a psychiatrist he strongly resembles. It's Joan Bennett's sad fate to fall for the guy. With Leslie Brooks, John Qualen. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *ILLEGALS, THE*—Levin-Mayer-Burstyn: An impressive and moving documentary recording the woes of Europe's displaced Jews seeking entry into Palestine via the underground railway. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) *INNOCENT AFFAIR, AN*—Nasser-UA: A saucy, glossy comedy about a pair of Young Mar-

rieds. Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll are at their comical best with able assistance from Charles Rogers, Rita Johnson, Louise Allbritton. (Nov.)

(F) *ISN'T IT ROMANTIC?*—Paramount: Veronica Lake, Mona Freeman, Roland Culver, Billy De Wolfe and Patric Knowles are involved in a slow-paced and feeble turn-of-the-century film musical. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *JULIA MISBEHAVES*—M-G-M: Greer Garson goes gay in a frivolous farce. Walter Pidgeon plays Greer's ex-husband, Cesar Romero her current boy friend, Liz Taylor her about-to-be-married daughter and Peter Lawford her would-be son-in-law. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *JUNE BRIDE*—Warners: Bette Davis is a super-efficient magazine editor and Bob Montgomery is her hard-to-get swain in an amusing comedy full of bright chatter. With Betty Lynn, Jerome Cowan, Fay Bainter. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *LARCENY*—U-I: John Payne plays a 14-carat faker who sets out to steal Joan Caulfield's money and winds up stealing her heart. Swift action, snappy dialogue and a corking cast, including Dan Duryea, Shelley Winters and Dorothy Hart. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *LIVE TODAY FOR TOMORROW*—U-I: It takes a personal tragedy to make Fredric March less of a judge and more of a human being in this somber drama. He turns in a fine acting job, receiving substantial support from Edmond O'Brien, Florence Eldridge, Geraldine Brooks and Stanley Ridges. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) *LOVES OF CARMEN, THE*—Columbia: Leave the kiddies at home when you see this sizzling story. Rita Hayworth is magnificent at *Carmen*; Glenn Ford is the unhappy *Don Jose*. With Victor Jory, Arnold Moss. (Nov.)

✓ (F) *LUCK OF THE IRISH, THE*—20th Century-Fox: This Irish folk tale in modern dress has newspaperman Ty Power playing tag with a pixie, no less. He's Cecil Kellaway and he's out of this world. Sweet Anne Baxter and sophisticated Jayne Meadows compete for Ty's affection. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *LUXURY LINER*—M-G-M: A joyful musical jaunt full of melody and fun with George Brent, Jane Powell, Frances Gifford, Tommy Breen, Lauritz Melchior. (Nov.)

✓ (F) *MISS TATLOCK'S MILLIONS*—Paramount: Barry Fitzgerald hires John Lund to impersonate the nitwit heir to the *Tatlock* fortune. Lund saves his "sister" Wanda Hendrix from her vulture-like relatives, especially ne'er-do-well Robert Stack. Some funny shenanigans with Ilka Chase and Monty Woolley. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) *MR. PEABODY AND THE MERMAID*—U-I: Fun and fantasy are deftly blended in this hilarious comedy. With William Powell, Irene Hervey, Andrea King and alluring mermaid, Ann Blyth. (Oct.)

✓ (F) *MY DEAR SECRETARY*—Popkin-UA: All those boss-secretary stories you ever heard are embodied here with fancy frills; Laraine Day is the pretty secretary, Kirk Douglas her playboy boss. Keenan Wynn amusingly referees their squabbles. With Helen Walker, Rudy Vallee. (Dec.)

✓ (F) *NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES*—Paramount: His power to predict the future is the curse of Edward G. Robinson's life. When he foresees dire events for Gail Russell, you can't blame Gail's fiancé, John Lund, for claiming it's a hoax. (Oct.)

(F) *NO MINOR VICES*—Enterprise-M-G-M: Here's a comedy that out-smarts itself, drowning its chuckles in a torrent of talk. A capable cast includes

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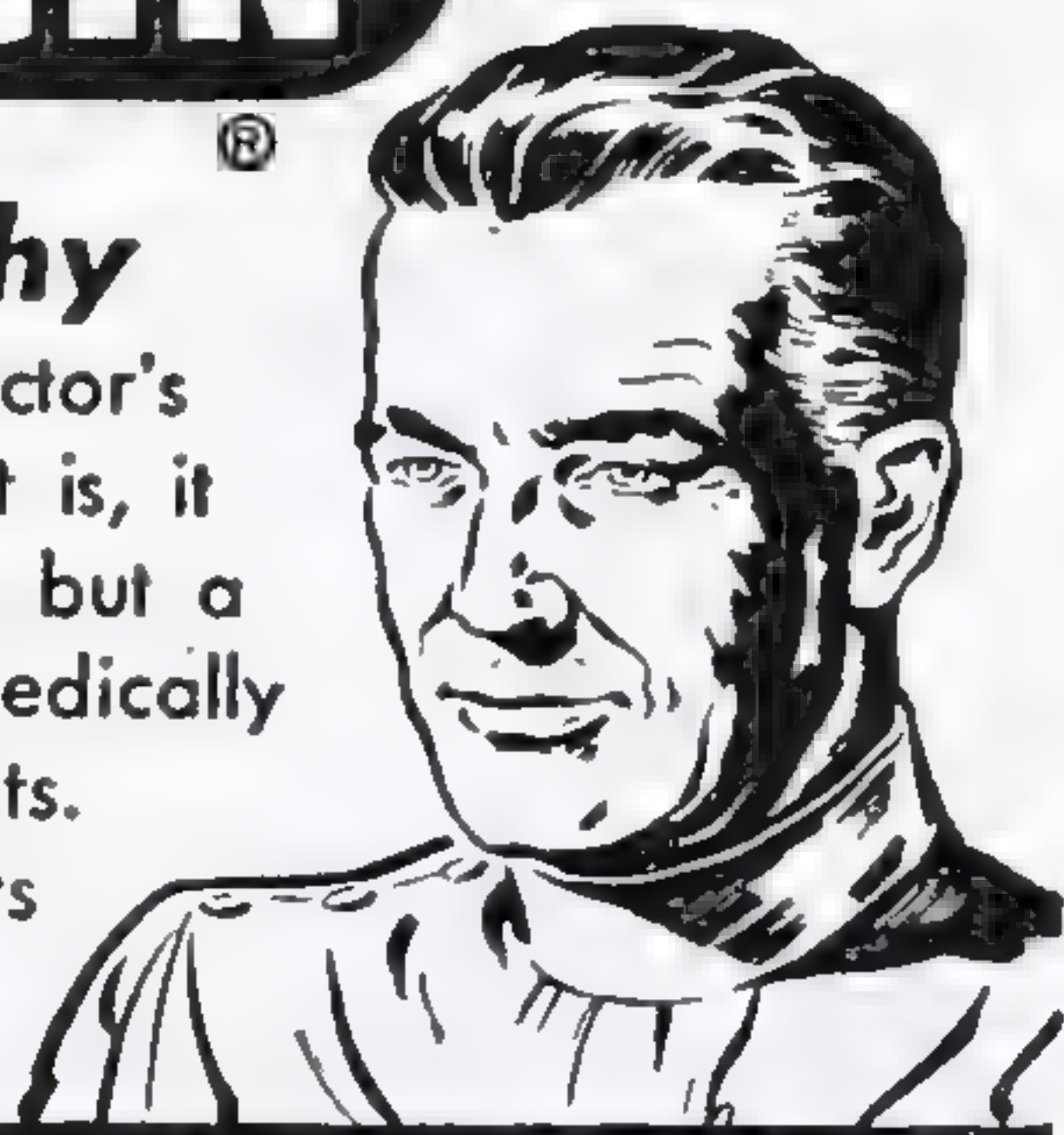
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# NERVINE

Dana Andrews as a doctor, Lilli Palmer as his wife,  
and Louis Jourdan as a screwball artist. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) **ONE TOUCH OF VENUS**—U-I: Boy  
meets goddess in this piquant comedy with musical  
trimmings. With Ava Gardner, Bob Walker, Olga San  
Juan, Dick Haymes. (Nov.)

✓✓ (A) **PITFALL**—Regal Films-UA: Indiscre-  
tion leads to tragedy in a strong domestic drama in-  
volving Dick Powell, his wife, Jane Wyatt, and the  
"other woman," Elizabeth Scott. (Oct.)

✓ (F) **RACE STREET**—RKO: This sinister gang-  
ster story has bookie George Raft tangling with a  
rival gang. After Raft's pal is murdered, police officer  
Bill Bendix steps in but Georgie insists on settling the  
score personally. (Dec.)

✓ (F) **RACHEL AND THE STRANGER**—RKO:  
Unusual pioneer picture with Loretta Young, Bill  
Holden, Bob Mitchum. Bill weds Loretta so she can  
look after his motherless boy, Gary Gray, but it's Bob  
who woos her. Indians stir up some excitement. (Oct.)

✓✓ (F) **RETURN OF OCTOBER, THE**—Colum-  
bia: A racetrack romance that's different, galloping  
along briskly with Glenn Ford and Terry Moore at  
the reins. James Gleason, Albert Sharpe, Dame May  
Whitty contribute to the fun. (Dec.)

✓ (F) **SAXON CHARM, THE**—U-I: Interesting  
portrait of an egocentric producer who creates havoc  
and heartbreak at every turn. Bob Montgomery is the  
chap who gives playwright John Payne and his wife,  
Susan Hayward, such a rough time. With Audrey  
Totter and Heather Angel. (Nov.)

✓ (F) **SEALED VERDICT**—Paramount: Uneven  
but interesting topical drama inspired by the Nurem-  
berg Trials. Ray Milland is an American prosecutor  
stymied by insufficient evidence against Nazi John  
Hoyt. Florence Marly is the romantic interest. (Dec.)

✓ (F) **SONG IS BORN, A**—Goldwyn: Lots of jam  
and a little corn is what you'll get in Danny Kaye's  
latest comedy. Danny is an unworldly professor, Vir-  
ginia Mayo a night club singer who plays him for a  
sucker. Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Louis Arm-  
strong give out with some swell music. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) **SORRY, WRONG NUMBER**—Para-  
mount: A hair-raiser, crammed with suspense, team-  
ing Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster to fine  
advantage. Babs is a woman marked for murder. Burt  
is her morally weak hubby. (Oct.)

✓ (F) **SOUTHERN YANKEE, A**—M-G-M: Red  
Skelton in a slapstick farce of Civil War spies with  
Red knocking himself out to win laughs, Arlene Dahl  
is the feminine foil, George Coulouris and Brian Don-  
levy a pair of knaves. A small-fry special. (Dec.)

✓ (F) **STATION WEST**—RKO: Dick Powell goes  
rugged when he trails a gang of gold hijackers. Gam-  
bling queen Jane Greer, on the wrong side of the law,  
is bound to come to a bad end. A slam-bang oat opera  
including Agnes Moorehead, Burl Ives. (Dec.)

(F) **THAT LADY IN ERMINE**—20th Century-Fox:  
For all its royal trappings, this fancy folderol fails  
to come off. Betty Grable plays a glamorous Italian  
countess whose honeymoon with Cesar Romero is  
rudely interrupted by Doug Fairbanks. (Oct.)

✓ (F) **THEY LIVE BY NIGHT**—RKO: Love  
hasn't much of a chance in this pathetic tale of a run-  
away convict and his girl. Fine acting by Farley  
Granger and Cathy O'Donnell. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) **THREE MUSKETEERS, THE**—M-G-M:  
The Alexandre Dumas novel provides lively, lusty film  
fare. Gene Kelly is the dashing *D'Artagnan*, Lana  
Turner the bewitchingly bad *Lady de Winter*, June  
Allyson the lovely *Constance*, Van Heflin an unhappy  
musketeer, Vincent Price a deep-dyed villain. It's  
colorful, exciting and oh, so romantic! (Dec.)

## Photoplay's Industry Engineered Dream House

(See page 21 for rules of contest and entry blank.)

### The Dream House Will Have:

A Kitchen, Bath and Heating Unit by  
Borg-Warner  
Hardwood Floors by E. L. Bruce  
Framing, Lumber, Sheathing and Siding by  
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Roofing by Asphalt Roofing Industries  
Millwork by Ponderosa Pine  
Wallboard by Gypsum Association

### The Furnishings Will Be:

Rugs and Carpeting by Alexander Smith  
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Clothes Washer, Dish Washer and Gladiron  
by Thor Corp.  
Two Bedroom Suites by Mengel  
Furniture Co.  
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Dinette Suite by Mengel Furniture Co.  
Crosley Radio by Avco Mfg. Co.  
Desk and Bookcase by Mengel  
Furniture Co.  
Cedar Chest by Lane Chest Co.  
Closet and Wardrobe Accessories by  
E-Z-Do and Princess House  
Electronic Blankets, Beauty Rest  
Mattresses by Simmons Co.  
Window Shades and Drapes by Clopay  
Corp.

Sheets and Pillowcases by Dan River  
Mills, Inc.

Towels by Dundee Mills, Inc.

Shower Curtains by I. B. Kleinert  
Rubber Co.

Wallpaper by United Wallpaper  
Vacuum Cleaner by Apex Electrical  
Mfg. Co.

Lamps for Bedroom, Living Room and  
Kitchen by Certified Lamp Makers  
Modern Hall Clock and Door Chimes by  
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Ozite Under-rug Cushions by American  
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### FLOOR PLAN





## Casts of Current Pictures

**ACCUSED, THE**—Paramount: Wilma Tuttle, Loretta Young; Warren Ford, Robert Cummings; Lieut. Ted Dorgan, Wendell Corey; Dr. Romley, Sam Jaffe; Bill Perry, Douglas Dick; Susan Duval, Suzanne Dalbert; Mrs. Conner, Sara Allgood; Jack Hunter, Mickey Knox.

**BLOOD ON THE MOON**—RKO: Jimmy Garry, Robert Mitchum; Amy Lufton, Barbara Bel Geddes; Tate Riling, Robert Preston; Kris Barden, Walter Brennan; Carol Lufton, Phyllis Thaxter; Jake Pinkalest, Frank Faylen; John Lufton, Tom Tully; Milo Sweet, Charles McGraw; Joe Shotten, Clifton Young; Frank Reardan, Tom Tyler; Fred Barden, George Cooper; Ted Elser, Richard Powers; Cap Willis, Bud Osborne; Nels Titterton, Zon Murray; Bart Daniels, Robert Bray.

**DECISION OF CHRISTOPHER BLAKE, THE**—Warners: Evelyn Blake, Alexis Smith; Kenneth Blake, Robert Douglas; Christopher Blake, Ted Donaldson; Richard Caldwell, John Hoyt; John Kurlick, Art Baker; Clara, Mary Wickes; Judge Adamson, Cecil Kellaway; Ruth, Alexis Smith.

**GALLANT BLADE, THE**—Columbia: Lt. David Picard, Larry Parks; Nanon de Lartiques, Marguerite Chapman; Marshall Mordore, Victor Jory; General Cadeau, George Macready; Madame Chauvignac, Edith King; Paul Brissac, Michael Duane; General de la Garance, Onslow Stevens; Sergeant Jacques, Peter Brocco; Major Lanier, Tim Huntley; Henri, Ross Ford; Georges, Paul Campbell; Lawrence, Fred Sears; Sergeant Martine, Nedrick Young; Duc d'Orleans, Wilton Graff.

**HE WALKED BY NIGHT**—Eagle Lion: Davis Morgan, Richard Basehart; Marty Brennan, Scott Brady; Police Sergeant Breen, Roy Roberts; Reeves, Whit Bissell; Chuck Jones, Jim Cardwell.

**HILLS OF HOME**—M-G-M: Dr. William MacLure, Edmund Gwenn; Drumsheugh, Donald Crisp; Tammas Milton, Tom Drake; Margit Mitchell, Janet Leigh; Mr. Milton, Rhys Williams; Hopps, Reginald Owen; Jaimie Soutar, Edmond Breon; Sir George, Alan Napier; Geordie, Hugh Green; Lord Kilspindie, Lumsden Hare; Belle Saunders, Eileen Erskine; David Mitchell, Victor Wood; Burnbrae, David Thurmsky; Dr. Weston, Frederick Worlock; and Lassie.

**JOAN OF ARC**—Sierra-RKO: Joan, Ingrid Bergman; Isabelle d'Arc, Selena Royle; Jacques d'Arc, Robert Barrat; Pierre d'Arc, James Lydon; Jean d'Arc, Rand Brooks; Durand Laxart, Roman Bohnen; Catherine le Royer, Irene Rich; Henri le Royer, Nestor Paiva; Jean de Metz, Richard Derr; Bertrand de Poulengy, Ray Teal; Jean Fournier, David Bond; Constable de Clervaux, George Zucco; Sir Robert de Baudricourt, George Coulouris; The Dauphin, Jose Ferrer; Jean, Duke d'Alencon, John Emery; Georges de La Tremouille, Gene Lockhart; Regnault de Chartres, Nicholas Joy; Charles de Bourbon, Richard Ney; Court poet, Vincent Donahue; La Hye, Ward Bond; Dunois, Leif Erickson; Jean de la Boussac, John Ireland; Giles de Raiz, Henry Brandon; Poton de Xaintrilles, Morris Ankrum; Raoul de Gaucourt, Tom Brown Henry; Louis de Culan, Gregg Barton; Jean d'Aulon, Ethan Laidlaw; Father Pasquerel, Hurd Hatfield; Count of Luxembourg, J. Carrol Naish; Duke of Bedford, Frederic Worlock; Sir William Glasdale, Dennis Hoey; Duke of Burgundy, Colin Keith-Johnston; Countess of Luxembourg, Mary Currier; Wandamme, Roy Roberts; Jean le Maistre, Cecil Kellaway; Pierre Cauchon, Francis L. Sullivan; Father Massieu, Shepperd Strudwick; Bishop of Avanches, Taylor Holmes; Earl of Warwick, Alan Napier; Jean d'Estivet, Philip Bourneuf; Jean de La Fontaine, Aubrey Mather; Thomas de Courcelles, Stephen Roberts; Isambard de la Pierre, Herbert Rudley; Nicolas de Houpeville, Frank Puglia; Guillaume Erard, William Conrad; Jean Beaupere, John Parrish; Nicolas Midi, Victor Wood; Cardinal of Winchester, Houseley Stevenson; Prison guard, Jeff Corey; Executioner, Bill Kennedy.

**KIDNAPPED**—Parsons-Monogram: David Balfour, Roddy McDowall; Aileen Fairlie, Sue England; Alan Breck, Daniel O'Herlihy; Captain Hoseason, Roland Winters; Shuan, Jeff Corey; Ebenezer, Houseley Stevenson; Rankeillor, Erskine Sanford; Fairlie, Alex Frazer; Innkeeper's Wife, Winifred McDowall; Ransome, Bobby Anderson; Janet Clouston, Janet Murdoch; The Red Fox, Olaf Hytten; Mungo, Erville Alderson.

**KISS THE BLOOD OFF MY HANDS**—U-I: Jane Wharton, Joan Fontaine; Bill Saunders, Burt Lancaster; Harry Carter, Robert Newton; Tom Widgery, Lewis L. Russell; Landlady, Aminta Dyne; Mrs. Paton, Grizelda Hervey; Sea Captain, Jay Novello; Judge, Colin Keith-Johnston; Superintendent, Reginald Sheffield; Publican, Campbell Copelin; Tipster, Leland Hodgson; Young Father, Peter Hobbes.

**MACBETH**—Republic: Macbeth, Orson Welles; Lady Macbeth, Jeanette Nolan; Macduff, Dan O'Herlihy; Malcolm, Roddy McDowall; Banquo, Edgar Barrier; A Holy Father, Alan Napier; Duncan, Erskine Sanford; Ross, John Dierkes; Lennox, Keene Curtis; Lady Macduff, Peggy Webber; Siward, Lionel Braham; Young Siward, Archie Heugly; Fleance, Jerry Farber; Macduff Child, Christopher Welles; Doctor, Morgan Farley; Gentlewoman, Lurene Tuttle; First Murderer, Brainerd Duffield; Second Murderer, William Alland; Seyton, George Chirello; A Porter, Gus Schilling; The Three, Brainerd Duffield, Lurene Tuttle, Peggy Webber.

**O'FLYNN, THE**—U-I: The O'Flynn, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Lady Benedetta, Helena Carter; Lord Sedgemouth, Richard Greene; Fancy Free, Patricia Medina; Dooley, Arthur Shields; Timothy, J. M. Kerrigan; Viceroy, Lumsden Hare; Hendrigh, Ludwig Donath; Van Dronk, Otto Waldis; Lt. Carpe, Henry Brandon; Pat, Harry Cording.

**PALEFACE, THE**—Paramount: "Painless" Peter Potter, Bob Hope; Calamity Jane, Jane Russell; Teris, Robert Armstrong; Pepper, Iris Adrian; Toby Preston, Robert Watson; Jasper Martin, Jack Searl; Indian Scout, Joseph Vitale; Governor Johnson, Charles Trowbridge; Hank Billings, Clem Bevans; Joe, Jeff York; Commissioner Emerson, Stanley Andrews; Jeb, Wade Crosby; Chief Yellow Feather, Chief Yowlachie; Chief Iron Eyes, Iron Eyes Cody.

**RED SHOES, THE**—Rank-Eagle Lion: Boris Lermontov, Anton Walbrook; Julian Craster, Marius Goring; Victoria Page, Moira Shearer; Ivan Boleslawsky, Robert Helpmann; Ljubov, Leonide Massine; Ratov, Albert Basserman; Boronskaja, Ludmilla Tcherina; Livy, Esmond Knight; Terry, Jean Short; Ike, Gordon Littman; A Balletomane, Julia Lang; Her Mate, Bill Shine; Professor Palmer, Austin Trevor; Dimitri, Eric Berry; Lady Neston, Irene Browne; Stage-door Keeper, Jerry Verno; Lord Oldham, Derek Elphinstone; Madame Rambert, Madame Rambert.

**ROAD HOUSE**—20th Century-Fox: Lily, Ida Lupino; Pete, Cornel Wilde; Susie, Celeste Holm; Jefty, Richard Widmark; Arthur, O. Z. Whitehead; Mike, Robert Karnes; Lefty, George Beranger; Sheriff, Ian MacDonald; Judge, Grandon Rhodes.

**ROGUES' REGIMENT**—U-I: Whit Corbett, Dick Powell; Lih Maubert, Marta Toren; Mark Van Rattan, Vincent Price; Martin Bruner and Carl Reicher, Stephen McNally; Col. Maclaure, Edgar Barrier; Erich Heindorf, Henry Rowland; Li-Ho-Kay, Carol Thurston; Tran Duy Gian, Phillip Ahm; Kao Pang, Richard Loo; Sam, Kenny Washington; Rycroft, Richard Frazer; O'Hara, Dennis Dengate.

**SNAKE PIT, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Virginia Cunningham, Olivia de Havilland; Robert Cunningham, Mark Stevens; Dr. Kik, Leo Genn; Grace, Celeste Holm; Dr. Terry, Glenn Langan; Miss Davis, Helen Craig; Gordon, Leif Erickson; Mrs. Greer, Beulah Bondi; Asylum Inmate, Lee Patrick; Dr. Curtis, Howard Freeman; Mrs. Stuart, Natalie Schafer; Ruth, Ruth Donnelly; Margaret, Katherine Locke; Dr. Gifford, Frank Conroy; Miss Hart, Minna Gombell; Miss Birby, June Storey; Virginia (Age 6), Lora Lee Michel; Mr. Stuart, Damian O'Flynn; Valerie, Ann Doran; Miss Vance, Esther Somers; Miss Sommerville, Jacqueline de Wit; Hester, Betsy Blair; Miss Greene, Lela Bliss; Lola, Queenie Smith; Miss Seiffert, Virginia Brissac; Countess, Grayce Hampton; Champion, Dorothy Neumann; Singing Inmate, Jan Clayton; Asylum Inmates, Isabel Jewell, Victoria Horne, Tamara Shayne, Grace Poggi; Visitor, Syd Saylor; Greek Patient, Angela Clarke; Boy's Mother, Mae Marsh.

**UNFAITHFULLY YOURS**—20th Century-Fox: Sir Alfred de Carter, Rex Harrison; Daphne de Carter, Linda Darnell; Barbara, Barbara Lawrence; August Henschler, Rudy Vallee; Anthony, Kurt Kreuger; Hugo, Lionel Stander; Sweeney, Edgar Kennedy; House Detective, Alan Bridge; Tailor, Julius Tannen; Dr. Schultz, Torben Meyer; Jules, Robert Greig; Mme. Pompadour, Evelyn Beresford; Dowager, Georgia Caine; Musician, Harry Seymour; Telephone Operators, Isabel Jewel, Marion Marshall.

**WALK A CROOKED MILE**—Columbia: Philip Grayson, Louis Hayward; Daniel O'Hara, Dennis O'Keefe; Dr. Toni Neva, Louise Allbritton; Dr. Ritter Van Stolt, Carl Esmond; Igor Braun, Onslow Stevens; Krebs, Raymond Burr; Dr. Frederick Townsend, Art Baker; Dr. William Forest, Lowell Gilmore; Anton Radchek, Philip Von Zandt; Dr. Homer Allen, Charles Evans; Carl Benish, Frank Ferguson; Alison, Jimmy Lloyd; Potter, Bert Davidson; Ivan, Paul Bryar; Feodore, Howard J. Negley; Carly, Crane Whitley; Adolph Mizner, Grandon Rhodes.



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LAKE LAB



(Continued from page 29) into a village drugstore prays will be sitting on a stool at the counter. The kind she hopes will take her to the Junior Prom. The general picture she has in mind when she dreams about graduation day at Annapolis, or flirtation walk at West Point. John looks like the all-American ideal you find on recruiting posters for the U.S. Marines—the ones with hair beguilingly tousled, every muscle beautifully in place. Clear eyes, good teeth, clean-cut every inch of the way—that's John. In fact, he looks just like the kind of a boy who would grow up to marry Shirley Temple.

**Montgomery Clift:** This lad's appeal is based on something else again. He has a sullen inscrutability that a large segment of the female population finds hard to resist. What's going on behind those sly, sliding eyes? What does he mean by those monosyllables? He's not big, but he's tough. He's sweet, but menacing. He gives the impression that he could get along without women easier than he could get along without cigarettes—something that invariably burns a lady and makes her go to great lengths to prove otherwise. For all these reasons, plus the fact that the boy can act, I think Monty is a cinch to be what Broadway calls "boff" (meaning box office). I venture to predict that the apex of his career will be reached with "The Heiress." For this drama contains an episode d'amour in which Montgomery makes love to Olivia deHavilland. It lasts five minutes and in those five minutes, he doesn't touch her once—yet he makes it the hottest exposition of passion ever shown on celluloid.

**Howard Duff:** With all due apologies to the WCTU, I must report that this curly haired gentleman affects doll-like creatures of my acquaintance much like a triple Scotch with no chaser. Potent and smooth, that is. He's got the face of a wayward cherub, the physique of a halfback and the impact of, well, I've already said it, a triple Scotch. Howard Duff, movie version, should captivate the lasses as easily as *Sam Spade*, his radio incarnation, captures criminals. Those who are attracted by his masculinity plus on the screen would be surprised if they could see him off screen with Ava Gardner. Howard, with his dream girl, is as eager as a puppy. One night, after a *Sam Spade* show, Howard and Ava went to the Brown Derby, where he spent the entire evening fussing over Ava as if she were a baby. When a friend commented about Ava's complete nonchalance, Howard commented: "I know—but I love it."

**Farley Granger:** This ruiner of bobby soxers' appetites is handsome enough to pose for collar ads or devastate debutantes in droves; but his big money-making fascination comes from the hint of weakness he gets into his characterizations. He's the well-bred juvenile delinquent type, the Dead End kid from the right side of the tracks. Sometimes when he looks into the camera in that came-the-dawn way, it's enough to convince the hardest cynic that he has nothing on his mind except bluebirds and poetry—but those are just moments. Most often he reminds you of the town doctor's son who turned out to be wild, or the Senator's boy who eloped with the waitress who was no better than she should be. 'E looks like trouble, that's wot 'e looks like and you'd be surprised at how many nice girls are just yearning to reform a type like that.

**Burt Lancaster:** Ah, those glistening, gleaming muscles! Those wide shoulders! That tapering torso! Not to mention the thick, streaked, wavy hair in shades of blond ranging from honey to molasses and the beautiful look of brooding. Burt doesn't give the impression of having strained his eyes reading Gibbon or Proust, but you know he takes his vitamins every day and he's fit as a fiddle and ready for action. For girls who like steak and potatoes, Burt is a perfect dish—and don't most girls like steak and potatoes?

**Peter Lawford:** This tall, broad-shouldered English-voiced hepcat is a hunk of sigh-bait if ever one walked across a strip of celluloid. There's a lot of Little Boy in his approach, to be sure, but when he contacts—wow! He suddenly grows up just enough. His catalogue of sure-fire girl traps includes a curly lock that strays over his forehead just often enough to be distracting, a soft intimate smile, one of those quick you - couldn't - possibly - be - mad-at-me-darling smiles. Despite the fact that he is as swingy a gate as could be found in a meeting of the Dizzy Gillespie fan club, he has a persistently genteel quality and if he were taking you home to meet the family you'd wear your black velvet dress with the white collar, because you just know his mother has a bosom and a Buckingham Palace accent.

**John Lund:** He's a younger, yummiest Gable. When Olivia deHavilland yearned for him through the years in "To Each His Own," no one thought it strange and when Marlene Dietrich and Jean Arthur competed for his affections in "A Foreign Affair," every girl in the audience wished she was in there pitching, too. It's his

strong, quiet, complicated quality that does it as much as anything. He looks difficult, hard to handle, moody, impossible to understand. This appeals to the type of girl who can't stay away from the crossword puzzles in the Sunday paper. Cinematically speaking, he has the air of a fellow who might easily do wrong by Nell. But that won't keep the Nells from swooning over him in large limp numbers.

**Gordon MacRae:** Oh, watch him! He's insidious in a very nice well-mannered way, and by the time he's been seen in half a dozen pictures, some of the well-established flicker fellows will find themselves moving over to make room. He's an easy-going, charming guy, sort of a junior Bing Crosby; his voice is baritone, his approach, effortless and amiable. The physique is not bad, not bad at all, and there are evidences of a college education. You've heard that music has charms—well, so has Gordon. And he's got music, too!

**Gregory Peck:** My position on this subject is, of course, well-known. Peerless Peck, I consider him, and I think he will be numbered among the box office vows not only five years from now but ten years from now, because his ability to act is more genuine than that of most of his contemporaries. Aside from his talent, he is an unbeatable blend of poet and peasant, a combination of man about town and man behind the plow. A girl accustomed to limousines might find herself tramping through the autumn woods on a nice long hike with Gregory and loving it; a lass with the brain of a bird might even go to the public library and snag herself a set of books just to please him. The "Yellow Sky" scene which got the most raves from the girls is that in which he throws Anne Baxter violently to the ground, slugs her a couple of times, grabs her in a strangle hold and finally kisses her. However, after reading the preview audience's comments, Greg commented: "Love techniques must be changing. If I'd wooed my wife in such a manner, I'd still be a bachelor." His brown eyes and that air of strength and the way he has of looking down at you as if you were a little girl . . . aarf!

**Richard Widmark:** Currently this boy's appeal lies in the fact that he looks as if he might twist your arm and you might just get to like having your arm twisted. But one of these days he is going to be cast in a movie role in which he is not called upon to make like a case of galloping neurosis and when that happens I predict a nationwide epidemic of swooning, high fever and even higher falsetto shrieks among the susceptible subdebs. Under the pasty gangsterish facade he's been forced to assume thus far, Dick Widmark happens to be a good-looking young fellow with a wonderfully sweet smile, regular features and a voice so smooth and persuasive it can make a lady's upsweep curl with delight. Of course, no one's heard the voice yet—all that gunfire in his movies drowns it out—but the day will come.

At a showing of "Street with No Name," by-standers were astonished to see an 87-year-old woman rush frantically after Widmark and request his autograph. "You're my favorite star, Mr. Widmark," she said. "I just had to see you up close." "Why me?" asked the astonished star. "Well," the woman explained, "all my life I've been looking for a man like you. The only trouble is that you came along 65 years too late."

NOTE: Phone numbers of the gentlemen may not be obtained by writing the editor.

THE END

tune in on the new CBS show

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